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THE MEMOIRS

OF

BARON THIÉBAULT

General Thiebault

from a miniature by Isabey

painted in 1806.

THE MEMOIRS

OF

BARON THIÉBAULT

(LATE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL IN THE FRENCH ARMY)

TRANSLATED AND CONDENSED

BY

ARTHUR JOHN BUTLER

Translator of Mémoires du Général Marbot

...On ne se lassera jamais de lire les récits relatifs à la Révolution et à l'Empire.

THIÉBAULT

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

LONDON
SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE
1896

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE rage for publishing the recollections left in manuscript by those who witnessed or took part in the conflicts that were distracting Europe a century ago, has brought to light during the last few years an enormous amount of material of very various merit. It is almost needless to say that for by far the largest proportion of this we are indebted to France. France is, and always has been, the chosen home of the *mémoire*. Other nations have produced equally great and perhaps more trustworthy historians; but from the days of Joinville till now, in the art of relating personal experiences, the Frenchman has stood supreme. As regards the particular period, moreover, it is only what we should expect. The gigantic part played by France in the world's affairs from 1789 to 1815 was surely enough to turn every Frenchman, conscious of the smallest literary faculty—and few Frenchmen are devoid of it—into a Thucydides. A vast number rushed into print before the echoes of the conflict had fully died away. They had their reward in a keener personal interest, but on the other hand trammels of "fear or favour" were upon them; and even if they could have succeeded in freeing themselves from these, *odium et amor* on the reader's part were still to be reckoned with. Those who, while writing when the impression was fresh, were able to lay by their work, and let it wait patiently for the day when a new generation should arise to read it, unhampered by first-hand predilections or prejudices, chose probably the wiser course for their own reputation, certainly

that most likely to be of interest and of value to their posterity.

General Thiébault belonged to the latter class; at least so we must assume from the fact that his memoirs have remained in manuscript for nearly fifty years after his death. The editor, M. Fernand Calmettes, does not indeed say in so many words that they have been so long withheld from publication by Thiébault's expressed desire; but considering the distinguished position which the writer held both as a soldier and as a man of letters, it would seem improbable that, without some such obstacle to their publication, his family would have allowed such an extremely valuable contribution to the history of the time to remain so long unknown.

For it is probably not too much to say that of the crop of previously unpublished memoirs, which the recent Napoleonic "boom" (if so colloquial a term may be allowed) has brought to light, none has been equal in value to that of which a sample—for it is really little more—is here offered to English readers. Without perhaps having the genius for hair-breadth escapes which distinguished his junior contemporary General Marbot, Thiébault saw plenty of adventure; while, owing to his having come into the world fifteen years earlier, he is able to give not only a most vivid picture of the "wild and whirling" years from '89 to '94, but also an eye-witness's account of the more creditable work done by the young Republic in protecting her frontiers. Again, though not placed like his senior, Barras, at the centre of affairs during a critical period, his rank was sufficient to bring him frequently and closely into contact with the men who played the chief part in executing the measures which were changing the face of France and of Europe. Over the last-mentioned worthy he has, too, the great advantage of being an honest man.

Thiébault was a disappointed man, and he makes no secret of it. His earlier years seemed to offer a promise of very high distinction. A general officer at the age of thirty, there was no position which, in those times, when shop-boys and notaries' clerks were in full career for thrones, he might not have hoped

to attain. He was resourceful and intrepid in the field or on the march, and a diligent student of his profession in the study. Even at the present day his *Manual for Staff-Officers* impresses the least military of readers by its wonderful lucidity, and by the thorough way in which every detail is dealt with, including some to which we are apt to think our own generation was the first to pay attention. His *Journal of the Siege of Genoa* and his *Narrative of the Campaign in Portugal*, again, are standard authorities for the events which they relate; the latter, having been largely used by Napier, should be familiar to students of our own military history. There was probably no other general in Napoleon's armies to whom it would have occurred to erect a tomb for the remains of the Cid and Ximena, and deposit the scattered bones therein with all pomp and ceremony, in reparation for the vandalism of French soldiers, who had broken open the time-honoured shrine; or who would have dreamt of taking steps to restore the old glories of the University of Salamanca. One of his biographers thinks that this superiority in culture and intellect to those with whom he was thrown, injured him by arousing jealousy. There does not, however, appear to be much trace of this in the *Memoirs*. Thiébault speaks bitterly enough of many people, and complains of unjust treatment from more than one of those on whom his chances of advancement depended; but nowhere does he hint that this was due to any jealousy of his own superior abilities. Like all Frenchmen, he is glad enough to blow his own trumpet, but wherever we can check his statements we find no reason to suspect him of overvaluing his own merits.

The grounds of his comparative failure, in a career where men of not half his talents and of services in no way superior to his achieved such brilliant success, are probably to be sought partly in a certain want of self-control, especially where his affections were concerned, leading to frequent acts of insubordination. Seven times, as he tells us, in the course of his life, he deliberately showed himself in places to which he had orders not to go; and in the majority of instances the attraction was the

presence there of some person, relative, mistress, or wife, whose society he would not forgo. These breaches of discipline could hardly fail to be remembered against him, all the less that he was never a *persona grata* in imperial circles. It is to his credit that, owing partly to his early recollections of the austerer ways of Prussia under Frederick the Great, partly to the steady though moderate Republican principles which he shared with his father, the vulgar ostentation and arbitrary caprice of Napoleon were always distasteful to him. Though he was as susceptible as all others who came in contact with that extraordinary man to the strange personal fascination which we now find it so hard to comprehend, though he served him faithfully so long as serving him meant serving France, he was never, from the first, one of his adulators.

It is not likely that Thiébault's narrative of events has suffered in any material degree from his having remained always to some extent outside the centre of affairs. In the earlier part indeed it actually gains somewhat, for it gives us what we hardly get from any other source, a picture of the Revolutionary period as seen from the point of view of the ordinary law-abiding citizen, who had no very strong prepossession for or against either side. In later days he had ample opportunities of learning what was going on, and his own keen intelligence would enable him to trace events to their causes. But his temper was obviously soured by disappointment; and, though naturally, as it would appear both from internal evidence and from the report of those who knew him well, a genial and kind-hearted man, the asperity with which he speaks of almost every person with whom he had to do after attaining general's rank, makes a large part of his later volumes rather disagreeable reading. This is, perhaps, as his editor points out, a wholesome contrast to the tone of a good many biographies, according to which "nearly all the writer's contemporaries were persons of honour and genius." But it may be overdone, and in some cases, such as those of Soult and Davout, it can hardly be doubted that Thiébault has overdone it. Indeed, after reading all he has to say about Davout, one is tempted to think

that the terrible Prince of Eckmühl was not such a bad fellow after all; perhaps a little too free with his firing-parties, but quite the man to order a prisoner to be shot one moment, and let him off the next under the circumstances familiar to readers of *Tom Cringle's Log*.

In dealing with General Thiébault's memoirs for English readers, a great deal of compression and omission was necessary. The original is in five volumes, averaging over 500 pages each. There is hardly an uninteresting page in them, but those who know the conditions of the English book-market will be aware that in this country no "readable" book has any chance of repaying the cost of its production in such a form. The two first volumes, dealing with the less familiar period before 1800, and including the Revolution and the first Italian campaign, have been reproduced, with copious omissions indeed, but rather more fully than the last three. In these, the rule adopted has been to retain as far as possible the scenes in which Napoleon himself took a part, and those connected with the Peninsula War. The disappearance of Napoleon from the history of Europe has seemed a good point at which to conclude the narrative.

General Thiébault's subsequent history may be summed up very briefly. After the second Restoration he was appointed to the command of the 18th military division, with his headquarters at Dijon. Before long, however, Saint-Cyr, who had nominated him to this post, was replaced at the Ministry of War by Clarke, Duke of Feltre; a letter which Thiébault, on the advice of Maret, brother to the Duke of Bassano, had written to Napoleon at the beginning of the Hundred Days, was unearthed from the archives of the office, he was dismissed from his post, and for a time bidden to remain in disgrace at Tours. He soon returned to Paris, where he lived among his friends, including Jouy, now an eminent man of letters, but if Thiébault may be believed, as great a scamp as ever; but he was not again employed. In 1820 his wife died. From that day, he says, his life was broken; and with this his memoirs terminate. A few words of profound melancholy, dated August 10, 1837, "the

forty-fifth anniversary of the day on which I was sentenced to death by Mlle Théroigne of Méricourt," close the book.

The accession of his old friend Louis Philippe came too late for Thiébault to resume an active career. From an entry in the recently published Diary of Marshal Castellane, we learn that in May, 1843, he was appointed Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour. He died in 1846.

The plan of Austerlitz is taken from one drawn at the Vienna War Office, and kindly lent to me by Mr. E. E. Bowen. That of the central district of Paris is from a book called *Plan de la Ville et Faubourgs de Paris* (Paris, Deharme, 1763), for the use of which thanks are due to Mr. H. Y. Thompson.

Notes with no distinguishing mark are the author's. To those of the French editor, "ED." is appended, while those added by the translator are in square brackets.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PORTRAIT OF GENERAL THIÉBAULT . . . . *Frontispiece to Vol. I.*

PORTRAITS OF GENERAL AND MADAME THIÉBAULT *Frontispiece to Vol. II.*

PLAN OF PARIS . . . . . *Vol. I., page* 96.

BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ . . . . . *Vol. II., page* 144.

MEMOIRS OF GENERAL THIÉBAULT

CHAPTER I.

Birth, christening, and early recollections of Berlin—The Grand Duke Paul—Journey to France, and incidents of it—Arrival at Lyons—Fortress of Pierre-Scize—Paris in 1777—Return to Prussia—My early tastes—Frederick the Great's army—Early friends—Voltaire and Maupertuis—My first duel—Accidents.

I WAS born at Berlin on December 14, 1769, and in that city I passed my infancy and boyhood. For my parents I had, and have always preserved, a reverence founded upon admiration, the measure of which is due to, no less than justified by, the fact that of all the homes upon which in the course of my life I have been in a position to form an opinion, there has been none comparable to that whose picture they set before me.

The German fashion is to have several god-parents; I had six. My godfathers were my father, the Count (afterwards Duke) of Guines, at that time French Envoy in Prussia, and M. Bitaubé, the translator of Homer; my godmothers, my aunt Mlle de Sozzi, Mme Hainchelin, and I forget who else. I had one name from each, and these were, in the order in which I have named them, Dieudonné Adrian Paul Francis Charles Henry.*

My first clear and distinct recollection dates from 1772, and recalls a partition which my father had knocked down. Every kind of destruction delights a child by its noise, its movement, and the rapidity with which the result ensues; an orderly sequence may engage his attention, but what is abrupt strikes

* The name which he retained for ordinary use was Paul.—ED.

him. The construction of the Vatican would astonish him less than the demolition of a hovel. One might say indeed that the vocation of man is to destroy; and when I consider of how many things I have witnessed the overthrow, I seem to see in this first recollection of my life a kind of presage. I may say that the whole process seems still to be going on before my eyes. In spite of the fifty-five years which divide me from that moment, I still see the two masons at work; I see their tools, I see the flakes of plaster falling with a clatter as they are torn off in succession, and leaving the woodwork which held them a naked skeleton. But that is all; I do not even know how that woodwork came down in its turn. And so I pass to my fifth or sixth year without another luminous point to clear up the dark night in which all my early childhood remains enveloped.

Here, however, is an incident which recalls that year to me. My mother was in her little drawing-room. I was playing at her feet—it was one of those moments of calm and silence which make an admirable prelude to an explosion—when suddenly a violent commotion made all our doors and windows first shake, then fly open all at once. "Good heavens!" cried my mother, "what is that?" "Oh, nothing," I said—"it is the wind!" She smiled; but being neither convinced nor reassured, and fancying even that it might be an earthquake, she went out and found several ladies, our fellow-lodgers, all in the same state of anxiety as ourselves. Soon, however, her fears evaporated. The first news we heard referred only to broken windows, among which were all those of the palace facing the west; that is to say, looking over the king's garden. As the disturbance proceeded from the direction of the powder magazines, no more doubt remained as to the cause of the event; and, in fact, my father, who came in soon after, told us that the powder-mill, which fortunately contained not more than 64,000 lbs. of powder, more or less dry, had blown up. Subsequently it was calculated that, if the accident had happened to one of the great magazines near this mill, part of Berlin would have been thrown down. Any of these magazines contained 500,000 lbs. of dry powder.

The Grand Duke of Russia, afterwards Paul I, came to Berlin under the name of the Count of the North, and everything possible was done to give him a good reception. Arches of triumph—what triumph I do not know—all built of greenery, and adorned with garlands and devices, were put up in the streets through which he was to pass; flowers were thrown along his road, and military honours paid to him. I cannot say whether all this was very fine or not; but I know that I found the spectacle as splendid as I thought the Kalmuck face of the prince hideous. My two sisters and I went to a friend's house to see the sight, and among the other children present was a little girl who had just had the small-pox. We all caught it a week before the day that had been fixed for our inoculation. We all had it badly, and my youngest sister died. My father, who had never had the disease, left the house, but passed all his days and part of his nights in walking about in front of it to get the latest news. When I was at the worst they covered me with blisters. Until these were removed, the doctor would not pronounce on my chances; but they produced the desired effect. I recovered consciousness when they were taken off: the doctor answered for me, and I can still remember my mother's joy as she ran to the window and called to my father that I was saved.

Here my recollections run together, and the end of my illness is mixed up with the preparations for the journey which we then made to France. My mother was anxious to see M. de Sozzi, the uncle by whom she had been brought up, and also himself was now failing and wished once again to embrace his beloved niece. He was also desirous to make acquaintance with myself and my sister. Accordingly we went straight from Berlin to Lyons, where he was living, and where indeed he died fifteen months after we left him.

With the exception of a little closet in which I had managed to shut myself up so well that I could not open the door again, and the fearful screams torn from me by the fear that my father and mother might continue their journey without me, I remember only two events on the route from Berlin to Lyons. The first relates to our arrival at Mainz; it was well into the

night. We had four young horses in our carriage. Frightened at the movement of the bridge of boats by which the Rhine was crossed, and trying to back, they threw themselves to one side; the postilions soon lost control over them, and the leaders, having knocked out one of the bars of the weak handrail, which was the only thing there to stop them, were about to dash into the Rhine and drag the carriage with them. An accident which was little short of a miracle brought it to pass that on this dark night, in the middle of a bridge remarkable for its length, and at precisely the spot where we were, there happened to be a man who had sufficient kindness, presence of mind, and strength to leap to our horses' heads, throw them on their haunches, and stop them. Meanwhile my father, who had got out at the beginning of the bridge, judging the danger in which we were, dragged rather than drew us out of the carriage. The moment was all the more cruel for him that, independently of the risk of losing all his property, he had about him 500 louis in gold which a banker at Frankfort had asked him to hand to another at Mainz.

On the Strasburg side, some piece or other of iron having given way in the hind wheels of our carriage, a wheelwright either replaced it or rewelded it. He had hardly finished when my father, who was very powerful, took hold of the piece to give it a shake and see if it held all right, but, as ill-luck would have it, the iron, almost red-hot when fixed, was still sufficiently burning to take all the skin off my father's hand. The pain was horrible. "Sir," said the wheelwright, "these accidents happen sometimes to us, and if you have the courage to try our remedy you will be cured in half an hour." My father consented and was cured, but the remedy, which consisted in holding his hand in front of a burning brazier and constantly bathing it with oil of turpentine, caused him such pain that great drops of perspiration fell from his forehead.

Nothing could be more affectionate than the manner in which M. de Sozzi received us; and if I was touched by the marks of kindness which he lavished on us, I was not less struck with his handsome and venerable countenance. The house which he occupied at Lyons was opposite to the prison of St. Joseph, and

to this circumstance I owed the appalling sight of a young girl, eighteen years old and beautiful as the day, starting in the fatal cart to be burnt alive for poisoning. In spite of the enormity of the crime of which it appeared she had been convicted, the whole town was pitying her fate. As for me, the impression which she made was such that I can still see her face before me.

At Pierre-Scize, an old fortress, then a State prison, situated on the banks of the Saône, a certain Marquis de Regnac had been many years confined on a sentence for life. He had been accused of killing a man with whom he had a duel at the moment when the latter had slipped on some snow and fallen backwards, which was equivalent to assassination. M. de Sozzi was convinced that the charge was false and calumnious, but the poor Marquis had a powerful collateral relation who was his sole heir. If the sentence under which he was civilly dead could be maintained, he would be unable to marry, in which case his handsome fortune would fall to his unworthy relation, and on this ground he had never been able to have his case retried. Having no other recreation but society, he saw a good deal of it; M. de Sozzi visited him often, and it was not long before we were invited to dine with him. Richly furnished rooms, a magnificent view, a sumptuous table, natural and witty conversation, nothing would have been lacking to that abode if one could have forgotten the State prison and dismissed the remembrance of the perpetual seclusion to which this admirable host was condemned. But this thought struck me keenly, mingled with all my impressions, and as it seemed to me could not fail to poison all the consolations to which the Marquis was reduced. Our arrival at the prison of Pierre-Scize went near to be marked by a disaster. My father was in full dress, with his sword by his side; he was unaware that it was forbidden to enter a State prison armed, and the sentry who ought to have made him take off his sword had not noticed it. We reached the middle of the court, where thirty or forty prisoners were walking about; one of them saw the sword, and, urged by some desperate hope, made a rush for it. M. de Sozzi perceived him, and, with a presence of mind and an activity of which his great age had not deprived him, he threw himself

between my father and the prisoner. The result was a kind of tumult; the post which we had just passed stood to arms, the cause of the tumult was carried off to his cell, the sentry was punished, my father's sword was taken to the guard-room, and we went on to the Marquis.

After passing three months at Lyons, we started about the middle of February for Paris. I had believed that city to be the finest in the world, and I was surprised at the appearance it presented. The Faubourg St. Jacques and the central district are even now not beautiful; then they were horrible. There were no new boulevards or barriers; most of the streets were more winding and more narrow than they now are. The houses were partly higher and much uglier, the quays and the bridges were crowded with houses of I know not how many stories; moreover, the mud was awful, the shops very low, without any ornament and almost without any light: a few old lanterns placed far apart formed all the lighting of that great city, which we entered at night.

But, independently of this first impression, I retain recollections of that visit which nearly fifty years have not effaced. I was taken to three great theatres: I saw the *Belle Arsène* played at the Italian, now the Opéra Comique; *Beverley* at the Français; and *Orfée* at the Opera. I have seen these pieces since, but I always see them with my eyes of 1777. Almost every day we had with us my father's friends from childhood—MM. Deslon, Joly, Bacher, and Rossel; but my ideas connected with them do not date from this time, and I shall return to them later on. I need only mention M. Cadet, of the Academy of Sciences, whom my father went to see to discharge a commission given him by M. de Sozzi, but I shall have more to say about his son, then eight years old, who seemed to us the most spoilt child in the world.*

I need not pause over the excursion we made to Versailles, nor the tumble that I got in the apartments of the Palace. My father has told all about this in his *Recollections;* but I

* This son of M. Cadet became well known as a man of letters under his father's surname of de Gassicourt; he became the intimate friend of Paul Thiébault, and the details of their friendship will be described hereafter.—Ed.

may add that half-way down the hill of Sèvres we were passed by the ladies of the Royal family going at a great pace towards Paris. Scarcely had they passed us when screams were heard. One of their leaders had fallen, and the wheelers had tumbled over him. They had a narrow escape of upsetting. My father stopped the carriage at once and ran, so as to be able to help if he was wanted; but they escaped with a fright, the horses were got up, and they continued their journey, or rather race, faster than before.

At the end of March we returned to Berlin, where the sight of my little companions was enough to bring back my German, which five months in France had made me totally forget. To my great surprise, we again found ourselves in the middle of ice and snow, after having left Paris a month before in the rain which preceded the spring, and Lyons, yet a month earlier, among the flowers which herald its coming.

Although I had by now more than completed my seventh year, I was not as yet under any regular instruction. A nervous languor, combined with two distressing infirmities, deafness and stammering, made it impossible for me to study like other children of my age; and though I regained the hearing of my left ear, and partially of the right, and by dint of efforts succeeded in mastering the stammering till a difficulty of pronouncing gutturals and the letter *r* was the only trace left of it, I have suffered all my life for lack of the early acquisition of the fundamental branches of knowledge, and more especially for the loss of any steady training of the memory. During the next seven years I learnt practically nothing; for I cannot except the few scenes of Racine which admiration for the poet engraved on my mind.

A characteristic of mine was that I never could see anything done without wanting to do it myself. Thus I knew a young man named Hoffman who was learning the violin. I got hold of one, and practised by myself until I could do it well enough to persuade my mother to let me have a master. At the end of a fortnight I began my first sonata, and surprised people by the quality of my tone and the expression of my bowing. Within a year I played a concerto by Stammitz before three hundred

people, and was able to play at sight the second violin part in concerted symphonies; but after we went back to France I got out of the way of it, and forgot most of what I knew.

Another of my friends practised whistling in imitation of the song of birds; I succeeded in imitating the nightingale so perfectly that when I whistled those birds would answer me.

A third was a pigeon-fancier, and before long I had some splendid lots of pigeons. I never saw elsewhere pigeons like those kept at Berlin by sundry people. They were of no use to eat, but were valued solely for their powers of flight, or their faculty of recalling the others. One sort, with large crops, were reserved entirely for this duty, being unable to fly to any height.

In a similar spirit of emulation I learned something of anatomy, and made a collection of butterflies. In the ardour of pursuit after one of these insects, I remember once to have swallowed a spider, and been very sick in consequence. Such were all my studies during those seven years. I will now recall some other recollections of that period.

In military affairs all that I remember was drills, reviews at Gesundbrunnen, the great manœuvres in May, and, lastly, the departure of the Berlin garrison and part of the artillery of Prince Henry's army for the war of the Bavarian Succession. The ordinary exercises of the troops, which in fine weather took place in the Lustgarten and other public places, were mere drill. In the city especially only recruits were assembled, and it was there that those terrible strokes of the cane, distributed with such inhuman lavishness, resounded on all sides. My father fled the place, and spectators would groan; all save the "Junker" subalterns, who seemed to be in training rather for executioners than soldiers. Young as I then was, the recollection of these barbarities still causes horror to me.

The great manœuvres held in May, at which Frederick displayed all the magnificence of his military power, have a reputation—well justified—which might make it needless to speak of them. Imagine 36,000 superb troops on a vast plain executing, with manœuvres no less scientific than admirable in their precision and exact time, an attack on the village of

Tempelhof. There were the giant guards, the corps of gendarmes, picked men and horses, blazing with scarlet uniforms, the Death Hussars, a body of 2,000 cavalry, looking to a child's eye as if they had been invented by the genius of destruction. To this magnificent spectacle, ever in motion, add on the one hand the charges of cavalry and the rolling fire of infantry and artillery, and on the other the presence of a mind placed by his genius and his exploits at the head of the philosophers, lawgivers, and warriors of his time, followed by a crowd of superior officers from all the principal States of Europe, and all the renowned generals whose names were associated with his own, and it may be conceived that my admiration knew no limits.

Of the autumn reviews I need only mention one in 1784, of which my memory preserved the incident related by my father * in his *Recollections.* But nothing impressed me more than the departure of Prince Henry's army, which I have mentioned, and the idea that not one of those officers and soldiers would return.

I had a good many young friends at Berlin, the most intimate being three sons of my father's colleague, Professor Stoss, the two grandsons of Andrée Jordan, and Prince Sergius Dolgorouki, nephew of the Russian Ambassador at Berlin. This last used to come almost every evening, with his tutor, to supper at my father's. We were very intimate when he left Berlin the year before I did. I met him again at Brunswick when returning to France with my father in 1784. He was most friendly, and took me to see everything noteworthy in the town, also giving me a medal of Pius VI, which had been cast for him. He afterwards became a general in the Russian service, received a gold-hilted sword from Catherine II, and

* A charge of hussars was to take place, and old General von Ziethen, then more than 84, wanted to lead it. Frederick, not wishing to let the old hero expose himself to danger, held him in conversation till the charge was over. Dieudonné Thiébault, in his *Recollections*, records the touching spectacle of the old white-haired King's attention to the still older General, whom he addressed before all the army and the spectators with bared head. "The picture," he adds, "was drawn for me with a sort of enthusiasm by my son, who had gone to the review with the pupils of the military school, and was near enough to see and hear everything."—Ed.

was long the Russian Envoy at Naples. For many years I heard nothing of him till, happening to be with my daughters at M. Denon's in 1822, I heard Prince Sergius Dolgorouki announced. It was thirty-eight years since we had met, and he knew me no more than I should have known him but for hearing his name. Even then I doubted if it was the Prince Sergius with whom I had had so much to do. I asked M. Denon to put a question to him, and, as his answer left no room for doubt, I named myself. He embraced me, asked after my sister, and showed much pleasure at seeing me; but it went no further. I wondered whether diplomacy had so far suppressed all genial feelings in him as to make him indifferent to those of his younger days, or whether his pride was hurt by finding me a lieutenant-general as well as himself. I was floating amid these uncertainties when I learnt that, having misled a married lady of high rank, he had devoted himself to her, had thrown up his post, and brought her to Paris, where he was living with her in a kind of incognito, and that to avoid revealing her name and position he scarcely saw or received anybody. I pitied him with all my heart, but was none the less glad to be able to set down to the exigencies of his position what I should be sorry to have had to think lack of good feeling.

Charles Jordan became Hofrath at Berlin; Auguste Jordan, connected through his wife with a noble Saxon family, was a banker at Lyons. Having been summoned to London on important business at the time of the breach with England, and the vigorous decrees forbidding all intercourse with that country, he saw Fouché, then Minister of Police, and got a verbal authorization to make the journey. But his return coincided with the supersession of Fouché by Savary; and the latter, taking no account of his predecessor's verbal permission, had Auguste Jordan arrested, and by three years of detention, sequestration, and confiscation, caused his ruin. He retrieved his disasters as a banker at Vienna, being charged by the Court to receive the French subsidy.

Of the three sons of Herr Stoss I saw Fritz, the youngest, once again. When I was going to Posen in 1807, I arrived at

three in the morning; a quarter of an hour later I was at his door. By dint of knocking I got a servant to open it; she was half asleep and wholly alarmed at so early a visit. "Is your master at home?" I asked in German. "Herr Jesus!" she answered, "to be sure he is." "In that case he may come and speak to me." "But he does not get up till seven." "Tell him to get up at once." "What name shall I tell him?" "Any you like." I had all the trouble in the world to persuade her; still she had to obey. So she showed me into a ground-floor room, and not knowing what to make of my German accent and my French uniform, of my half-gay, half-serious manner and tone, not liking to stare at me and yet looking at me every minute, she turned round three or four times and went to tell her master.

In a few minutes my Fritz appeared in dressing-gown and night-cap, and as he was making his obeisance to me I flung my arms round his neck. He was stupefied, but my voice did what my face could no longer do, and he recognised me only when I cried, "Don't you recognise me?" Enemies never found themselves better friends. He begged me to give him a few days—it was out of my power; he insisted on one, but that was impossible. "At least," he said, "you will pass the morning with me." "If I could have done so," answered I, "I shouldn't have woke you up so early; I have only an hour."

He summoned his wife; I had been told that she was very beautiful, but what I had heard came short of the reality: I never saw a person more charming in figure, face, voice, expression, and manners. The hour which I could devote to them passed only too quickly, and after taking a cup of coffee together we parted, in all probability never to meet again.

An anecdote which my father used often to tell before me, but which he has himself omitted to record, seems to me good enough to be told here. At the time when the quarrels between Maupertuis and Voltaire began to attract the notice of the public and the Court, one of the most respected men in the country, the Chancellor Coccei, undertook to reconcile them. He began by lecturing Voltaire, representing to him that his differences were disturbing the King's social circle; that as both

of them, and Maupertuis too, were placed near his Majesty, they owed to him at least the apparent sacrifice of their complaints against each other; that Philosophy herself was interested in their being on good terms; that the public expected from one and the other the example which they were so well qualified to give; and that he, M. de Voltaire, so great as he was, so admirable for his genius, owed it to himself no less than to the world to prove how superior he was to petty passions and vexations. Failing to produce the effect on which he reckoned, he added, "Besides, a squabble between you is a misfortune for your compatriots, of whom there are so many in this country; what a benefit would it not be to them if you would come to an understanding? How can you sacrifice such interests to motives so feeble, and fail to see what, in a position like yours, two Frenchmen owe each other?" At that word, Voltaire rose from his chair and burst out, "Two Frenchmen! Let me tell you, sir, that if two Frenchmen were to meet at the other end of the world, one would have to eat the other; it is the law of nature!"

Very few children have been fonder of weapons than I was: as soon as I could hold my father's sword, I used to go over what I could remember of the fencing lessons which I had seen given, nor did I handle it so very badly. I had little cannons which I used to fire with powder, and I used to construct all sorts of devices for imitating volcanoes. I used to moisten and mix together a little sulphur, saltpetre, and charcoal, make it into a shape like the shaft of a pillar, put it in the middle of a heap of damp sand to represent Vesuvius, and setting fire to the top of my composition I got splendid eruptions. One day when I was worrying my father to give me some pistols, a M. Berezin, one of Prince Dolgorouki's secretaries at the Russian Legation, came in. Hearing the subject of my pertinacity, he said that before one had pistols one must know how to use them, and, moreover, have the courage to use them. I asserted that I should learn quick enough, and that my courage would not fail even if the pistols were as big as cannons. "Well," said M. Berezin, "we will try you to-morrow. I will bring a pair of pistols, and if you can fire them twice without winking

they shall be yours. If you're afraid, I will take them back." This was how I first got any weapons of my own, and from that time I thought myself a man.

In 1783 I had a quarrel about something with one of my comrades, the eldest son of Professor Stoss, two years older than myself. We decided to have a duel, went and fetched our fathers' swords, and set to. I quite forget how long the show lasted, but it might have had a much worse ending; it actually finished by my getting a wound between the little finger and the fourth finger of my right hand, of which I still have the scar. Anything dangerous has always had a great attraction for me. During the last year but one of our residence in Prussia we spent a fortnight in the country with a Mme Sapt, a very handsome and very kind Italian lady. One of her delights was to ramble through the woods gathering mushrooms, of which she was extremely fond. One used to start on these expeditions at 4 o'clock in the morning in peasants' carts; four or five ladies, one or two gentlemen, two or three maids, took their places in each one, all seated on sacks of straw and great baskets destined to be filled with mushrooms.

On the first of these excursions, in which I took part as well as my mother and sister, I gave them no peace till they let me sit in the front of the cart beside the man who drove the four horses composing our team. Hardly was I established on the wretched bench which served for coach-box than I demanded the reins and the whip. Mme Sapt did not care much about being driven by a coachman not fourteen years old, and my mother was afraid some accident might happen to me, but I insisted with so much reiteration and vivacity that one gave way in spite of her fears and the other in spite of her anxiety. Wishing to distinguish myself and thinking that I could not display my science better than by going full speed, I began to shake my rope-reins, to shout, and to whip my nags energetically till they went off at a gallop. I was delighted, and they were beginning to say how clever I was, when, as we were going down a badly-built wooden bridge, one of the last beams, standing nearly a foot above the level of the ground, gave the cart such a jolt that I was thrown between the horses, fell under

the pole, and disappeared from the ladies' eyes. Considering that the front part of the cart was very low, even touching the sandy road into which the wheels sank a good foot, I ought to have been crushed; but the shrieks of the ladies, and the shout of the peasant, which the horses doubtless knew, coupled with the sinking of the wheels caused by the shock itself, produced such an effect on the animals, who, after all, were only getting through the heavy ground by dint of repeated cuts with the whip, that they stopped short just when the cart was within six inches of killing me. My mother was half dead; my sister was crying; Mme Sapt was exhausted; and as for me, not a little upset by the adventure, I lost my place and was relegated to the rear of the cart among the baskets.

I should never have done if I were to relate all the dangers which my spirit of bravado caused me to run during my boyhood. Once I was with my family at one of those pretty villas which border the Park on the side towards the *Jäger*. In this house there was a very big and very savage dog which I had been strongly advised not to go near. I kept at a distance from him, but amused myself by teasing and throwing stones at him. The more furious he got, the better fun I thought it; but in his struggles he tore out the post of his kennel to which his chain was attached and flew at me. No sooner did the cracking wood announce that the terrible animal was about to find himself free than I felt that my own chance was in the speed of my flight, and I profited by the minute which it took him to tear his post quite out to get a start. I have always been active, and have run fast in my life, but never at such a pace as I went that day. All the faculties of my being seemed concentrated in my legs. So great, however, was the effort, that by the time I had traversed the courtyard, the front court, and the entrance, the road which divided the house from the Park, and the hundred yards or so which intervened between the road and the place where my family and friends were sitting on the grass, my forces all collapsed, and, throwing myself into their midst, I fainted away. As for the dog, he was just catching me as I reached them, and it was with difficulty that the sticks of several gentlemen and the efforts of

his master, who fortunately was present, stopped him from attacking me.

I will not speak of involuntary accidents—a fish-bone which nearly suffocated me, a soup containing poisonous herbs which our cook served up, having bought a bunch of hemlock by mistake for chervil—or of how I set fire to my bed. But anyhow, before I had completed my fourteenth year, under the most commonplace circumstances in the world, I had run the risk of being drowned, having my brains beaten out, being blinded, struck by lightning, killed in a duel, squashed under a cart, strangled, poisoned, burnt alive, eaten. It might portend an adventurous life. Nor was the portent deceitful, as the course of these recollections will show.

CHAPTER II.

Preparations for departure—Marshal de Richelieu—Leaving Berlin—On the road to France—Return to Paris, Dec. 1784—Fourteen years old—Deslon and magnetism—Rivarol and Delille—M. Bart, Chamfort, Bitaubé, and others—The Montlezuns—Longchamps—Bagatelle.

About the beginning of 1784, my father, seeing that Frederick was failing, and knowing that under the Crown Prince, who cared nothing for arts, letters, or science, his position would lose all its advantages—wishing moreover to restore his children to their own country—decided to leave Berlin. He sold his library under the pretext of a favourable opportunity, and sent the proceeds of the sale and his earnings to Paris. My mother and I were his only confidants, for, young as I was, he could rely on my discretion. I had always looked upon France as my own country, and Prussia merely as a place of temporary sojourn; but I had friends whom I was sad at the thought of leaving.

My mother had a horror of inn-beds and was also apt to be unwell on a journey. I could not stand travelling backwards, and half an hour of that mode of progress made me sick. To make things pleasanter for us, my father had a carriage made, very easy, and with the front seat capable of being turned over, so that we could all go forward. He also discovered a travelling-bed which had been made for some Russian General, and could be fitted up in a few minutes inside a carriage. His preparations completed, he wrote to the king asking for six months' leave on the ground that he wished to try magnetism for my sister's deafness. The king replied, "I grant you the leave you ask, though I doubt if you will get any success from the remedy that you propose to try." Leave having been granted,

my father fixed a day for his departure, to the regret of all those who had known and esteemed him for twenty years, and who had a presentiment that he would not return.

Two young Frenchmen happened to be at Berlin at that time. One was Count Buffon, an unworthy son of a famous father; the other, the Count of Chinon,* a son who in all respects deserved another father than the one he had—the Duke of Fronsac. My father had met these young men in different houses, and both heard of his departure for Paris. It never occurred to M. de Buffon that it was an opportunity for establishing relations between his father and mine, which could not fail to be agreeable to both; but the Count of Chinon called on my father, a day or two before he started, and said, with a modesty, a grace, and a tact quite above his age, such as attracted all people's intelligence and affection to him at Berlin: "I am going to ask you, sir, if you can without inconvenience undertake this letter for my grandfather, and, by handing it to him in person, give him the pleasure of making your acquaintance. In order to persuade you," he added, "I shall not tell you that he is the senior Marshal of France, but will ask you to think of him as the senior Academician of Europe."

My father, who could not fail to be flattered by this proposal, was much touched by the manner in which it was made. He accepted the commission heartily, and went to execute it a few days after his arrival in Paris. Marshal de Richelieu had been prepared directly by his grandson for my father's visit, and told who he was; so no sooner was he announced than he rose to meet him, gave him an excellent reception, and asked him to dinner. My father delighted the Marshal by his conversation, and, indeed, no one could talk with more fervour and freedom. Good as was his style in writing, it did not approach his conversation. He really gave life to any subject; his incredible harmony, combined with his imagination, and his frank and well-grounded admiration for Frederick—the sort of enthusiasm which that great being usually excited at that time—made a

* Afterwards Duke of Richelieu and Minister under Loui XVIII. He died in 1822.—Ed.

talk with him one of the most interesting things possible. This being the general effect, it could not fail to act powerfully on the old Marshal, who, born as he was with the century which Frederick had filled with his renown, found in my father's conversation facts striking in themselves, but for him recalling, and in some sort reanimating, the most brilliant memories of his life. So invitations succeeded each other rapidly, and were soon changed to a regular day.

Every week, as long as the Marshal lived, my father dined with him, and often called upon him in the morning as well. It was in the course of these visits that he saw the presentation to the Marshal of people whose only claim to appear there was their great age. The object of bringing these old gentlemen to him, from as great a distance as possible, was to convince him that his own age was nothing extraordinary, and that at the same or even greater ages plenty of men were in very good ease. As may be supposed, a little trickery soon got mixed with this attention—which really had a salutary effect on him—and ultimately care was taken to exaggerate the age of new-comers. In other ways nothing was omitted to prolong the existence of this man, whose career had no doubt been more distinguished by brilliancy than morality, and was notorious rather than illustrious, in spite of the capture of Port Mahon. But he had borne a name which the Cardinal had rendered colossal, which the Duke of Fronsac was to disgrace, and which none was to bear more honourably than the existing Duke of Richelieu.

It was at these morning visits again that my father used to see the milk-pails carried away after being used for the Marshal's bath and taken off to be sold when possible in the neighbourhood. He also saw his hair dressed; that is to say, the skin of his forehead drawn tight under his wig in order to diminish the wrinkles on his whole face. It was in dining with him, too, that my father saw him regularly served with pigeons taken at the moment of hatching; that is to say, before the bones were formed. Dressed immediately, they were held to be the most substantial and digestible form of nourishment.

One last detail occurs to me: my father had brought back

from Berlin the best likeness ever taken of Frederick II. This portrait in pastel was drawn by an English amateur, Mr. Cuningham, by no means without talent, and having especially the gift of catching a likeness. By favour of the King's aides-de-camp he got his sitting during the time while the King was remaining motionless watching the march past of the 36,000 men who had been manœuvring at one of his great May reviews. No painter ever had such a chance or could have better profited by his good luck.

The Marshal wished to see this portrait, so my father lent it to him. It was first placed in the drawing-room, and afterwards by the Marshal's pillow, where it remained till his death, when the Maréchale sent it back to my father.

I must return to our departure from Berlin and our journey to Paris. The departure was painful as snapping so many ties, and the beginning was dismal enough. My mother was so uncomfortable at Wustermark, our first sleeping-place, that we very nearly returned to Berlin to await the spring. However, she plucked up courage, and we continued our journey. We stayed thirty-six hours at Magdeburg with my father's friend, M. de la Lande, who took me to see all the sights of the town. It took us thirteen hours to do the stage of thirty miles from Magdeburg to Helmstedt,—a circumstance which is marked in my recollection by the fact that for three or four hours of the night we had to pass through a forest which at that time was the most dangerous in Germany. My father did not remember how much it was dreaded by travellers until just about sunset. On arriving at the last village which we had to go through, he bade me make inquiries, and we learnt that scarcely a week passed without some murder being committed in that forest, the haunt of refugees from various States of Germany, of which it forms the boundary through all its sixty leagues of length. If there had been an inn in the village, we should have passed the night there, but there was only a public-house, and the landlord was keeping his daughter's wedding, and could not take in anyone. As we were therefore obliged to continue our journey, my father placed himself with me in front of the carriage. I loaded the two pairs of pistols and the gun which

I had with me, and we entered the forest, reinforced by a young Prussian soldier who was on furlough in the village, and who was also armed with a fowling-piece. I remember that I was delighted with the part which I might have to play in the event of an attack, and I may add that fire-arms were by that time not useless in my hands. But our precautions were unnecessary. We reached Helmstedt without misadventure, having met with nothing but two men in a cart, two more on foot, and a great solitary oak-tree all on fire. From Helmstedt a splendid road, forming a striking contrast to the sandy soil of those regions, brought us to Brunswick, where, as I have said, I met Prince Sergius, and went with him to see the three principal palaces of that ancient capital—those of the Duke, the Princess Dowager, and the Princess of Loos. The first was a large insignificant building, the second a most ordinary house with all the beams showing on the outside, the third a wretched hovel having only two habitable rooms, windows glazed with squares of glass worth 6 pfennigs a-piece, and an entrance-gate so rotten that one could see daylight through it. The contrast of rank and poverty, pride and humiliation, made a profound impression on me. Continuing our journey, we crossed the plain of Minden, two or three leagues, without an undulation in the ground or a shrub. There never was such a melancholy country; one might say that French blood has made the ground accursed.* The villages on both sides of this plain are equally hideous. As we passed through Minden we bought a piece of pumpernickel, a hard compact bread which would keep for a year. It is chopped up with a hatchet, and horses eat it as people used to eat it at that time. Will it be believed that in Paris, whither we brought a piece, there were people who, thanks to its novelty, found this abominable stuff excellent!

Of Münster I have two recollections: first, the admirable way in which the town is paved, and, secondly, a very fine band, called that of the Janissaries, which played through the streets every hour. On the twelfth day from our departure we reached Wesel, where we rested awhile. Henceforth we were to travel

* Allusion to the capture of Minden by the French and their subsequent defeat in the Seven Years' War.—Ed.

much faster, so that I have only a very vague remembrance of the towns which I went through before reaching France. I can hardly see Brussels now, but on the other hand I have never forgotten Valenciennes, where we arrived as a parade was going on, and where for the first time I saw officers with their hair dressed in pigeon's-wing style, mounted on pattens to keep off the mud, and having umbrellas because it was raining a little. Judge how I was astonished, nay, scandalized, when I compared this spectacle with that to which I was accustomed in the Prussian army, so severe in its bearing and so military to the smallest details. I felt indignant and humiliated, and, in proportion as I already felt the wish to love and esteem everything French, did I blush at the idea that foreigners, and particularly Prussians, would be unable to refrain from a smile of pity at such a spectacle.

The rest of my journey would have offered nothing more calling for mention save that we stayed for a day at Chantilly, but that is well enough known to allow me to abstain from any description of it. I may conclude this recital with our arrival at Paris on December 5th, 1784. I was fourteen years old less nine days when I came finally to the city which was to be at least my domicile for the rest of my life. It forms a great epoch in my recollections. A few years can make a great change in one's impressions; and besides I was now old enough to feel the charm of Paris, which when I first saw it had inspired me with disgust.

Though my father's principal motive in obtaining leave of absence from Frederick II. had been to return with his family to France, he none the less had, as he told the King, the intention of trying if magnetism could cure the deafness under which my sister laboured, and which had resisted all the treatments prescribed at Lyons, in Saxony, at Berlin. Indeed he had written for advice on this point to Dr. Deslon, the most intimate of all his early friends and the most celebrated and most conscientious of all the magnetizers of that time. His reply had given the strongest hopes. In order to be in a position to begin the treatment at once, and to follow it without trouble, my father had cor ⁻eslon to take rooms

for him as near his own house as might be. M. Deslon lived in the Rue Vivienne, and accordingly he engaged for us the first-floor rooms facing the entrance at No. 30, Rue Feydeau—the Hôtel des États de Béarn—which at this moment, in 1823, is being rebuilt.

My mother, who had been so poorly when she left Berlin, had been almost cured by eating oysters, which we could get in all the principal towns on our road after Brunswick; but on getting near Paris her ill-health returned, and when we left the carriage she was so ill that she could only breathe in convulsive gasps, while her face displayed an alarming combination of deadly pallor and an almost blue tint. My father wrote in haste to Deslon, who came at once, and instantly set to work to magnetize my mother.

The astonishment which this first magnetic operation caused me is indescribable. My father was no less surprised than I; and as for my mother, who had always had a horror of every sort of quackery, and saw nothing more in M. Deslon's gestures, she was offended and scandalized. Not being able to speak, she betrayed her feelings by her looks; and if she could have offered any opposition to M. Deslon's continuing, she would have done so. But, as she was incapable of word or movement and could hardly breathe, she was obliged to let him go on. However, she had not to wait long. In less than ten minutes she felt complete relief. We were utterly stupefied, but my mother made no concealment of the impression she had received. M. Deslon, with all the cleverness and good breeding which he possessed, replied, smiling, "I can understand the opinion which you formed, all the better because it agrees exactly with my own the first time I saw a person magnetized."

M. Deslon, being wanted elsewhere, left us as soon as my mother was well, but, on taking leave, he undertook that as he might not always be free when my mother needed him, and the process of magnetizing her was not difficult, he would appoint a magnetizer to our house who would be always at our command. As for my sister, he would begin to treat her at once, and for that purpose she should be taken to him every evening at 7 o'clock. She went accordingly the next day with my mother, whose

attacks, which till then had left her for six weeks or two months in her room, thenceforth, thanks to magnetism, only lasted a few moments.

Struck by what I had seen, and excited by the desire, the need, of discovering the secret of magnetism, which Mesmer had first been selling to each of his adepts for 100 louis, I begged most fervently to be allowed to accompany my mother and sister; and it was with delight that, at the age of fourteen, I went and passed the time from 7 o'clock till 10 or 11 beside the "tub" of M. Deslon; that is to say, among thirty or forty people, more or less ill or in pain, nearly all belonging to the highest society. I do not know whither my conjectures would ultimately have led me, but I was not long confined to them.

A servant of ours was attacked with a violent fever, and a difficulty of breathing. The magnetizer whom M. Deslon had sent us, a physician and surgeon at once, named M. Galland, came every morning to see my mother. He was told of the servant and went to him, began to magnetize him, and said that an attack of pneumonia was beginning, but that he would prevent it. In an eager excitement which I could not check, I put several questions to him which from one of my age surprised him, and which he was kind enough to answer. Gradually growing bolder, I asked him if it would not be possible to teach me to magnetize. "Everybody has not the capacity to become a magnetizer," he answered; "it is necessary above all to have an accurate and precise sense of feeling. Now," he added, "put your hand between my left hand and this lad's breast; consider a little and tell me what you feel." I obeyed, and in a moment I said, "I feel a cold spot in the middle of my hand; all round I feel a dry burning heat, the whole accompanied by very sharp prickings." He was astonished. "Your sensation," he replied, "is perfectly correct. By the effect of my will I have established a relation between this man and myself, by means of which I feel everything that is going on in him, and notably in that part of his body at the level of which I am now holding my hands. By the action and the uniform movement of my hands I make this effect stronger, and consequently easier to

judge, and thus I have arrived at feeling exactly the sensations which you have described. That is a characteristic of the malady and allows me to diagnose it with certainty. Meanwhile, by continuing to magnetize as I am doing—that is to say, by bringing my hands in a circuit near to and away from his body—I disengage the irritation and the inflammation. Thus I arrest the mischief in its progress. I shall gradually diminish it, and shall only employ the ordinary remedies as auxiliary." On returning to my mother, M. Galland declared that I possessed all the requisites of a clever magnetizer. To prove it, he made me magnetize my mother, showing me how I must set to work, and she experienced the same benefit that M. Galland usually did her and that M. Deslon had done the first day. The joy, I may say the pride, which I experienced was more than I can say; I had the means of giving my mother relief, but at the same time I acquired the conviction of a power residing in me and resulting from my own force and my own will. That moment intoxicated me with one of the greatest joys of my life. My father also tried to magnetize, but without success. He was, however, none the less convinced, and his incapacity for operating did not hinder him from publishing an allegorical tract in favour of magnetism, entitled *Les Vieilles Lanternes.*

M. Galland gave me some ideas of anatomy: he taught me rightly to diagnose and determine the state of the patient, and told me how to calm when there was irritation or spasm, to alleviate when there was inflammation, to restore tone when there was weakness or relaxation. Until the beginning of 1792, when my mother left Paris, she was magnetized practically by no one but me. At the same time, M. Galland advised me to magnetize no one else. "To magnetize," he said, "is to use up part of one's vital forces, and at your age one should husband them."

Round M. Deslon's "tub" was collected from noon to 4 o'clock, and from 7 to 11, a society no less numerous than select, which was to me a valuable school of tone and manners. Among the men many persons of talent were to be found, among whom I may mention the stout Abbé de Vauxcelles,

whose yawnings amused me all the more that they invariably ended with a little shrill noise which formed a quaint contrast with his bulk. The President de Bonneuille, a little thin grave man, much older than his wife, but clever, amiable, an admirable talker, and much thought of; the Prince of Beauffremont, a man already advanced in years, but of perfect kindness and sincerity; the Prince of Hénin, whom I hardly remember; and Viscount de Boursac, a young man still, well educated and a good musician, and moreover a zealous magnetizer. He it was who, under M. Deslon's direction, was specially charged with the cure of my sister.

Naturally, however, the men occupied my attention much more than the ladies, so that it is not strange if I remember much fewer of them. Among the latter I need say nothing about a number of Irish women, all sisters, and who both in number and stature seemed to have no end; but I will mention the Countess de la Blache, whose husband was used so badly by Beaumarchais; the Countess Brassac, a very handsome woman who never missed a meeting, Mme de Foucault, the Viscountess of Choiseul, a clever lady who took a great fancy to my sister, and often persuaded my mother to let her dine and drive about Paris with her. The Prince of Beauffremont, whom I have just mentioned, often drove them four-in-hand.

If Mesmer had made a quackery and a speculation of magnetism, M. Deslon regarded it as a matter of conviction, devotion, and sacrifice. The former had sold his pretended secret to a certain number of adepts of whom M. Deslon was one; while the latter, after having by his own labours and discoveries much more than by Mesmer's trifling note-books of aphorisms arrived at a full knowledge of this method of cure, communicated whatever he knew merely for the pleasure of spreading knowledge, and that not only to doctors but even to laymen. Moreover, in order to support a discovery which he regarded as of great importance to mankind, he had set the whole faculty of medicine against him, had sacrificed his post of first physician to the Count of Artois, and had even quarrelled with several of his friends, especially with Dr. Bacher, his and my father's early friend. Finally he had compiled some note-

books of infinite value of which I made a complete copy, but at his death they disappeared, and I have never been able to find out what became of them. I remember, however, that he defined magnetism as the action of the will on animated matter, —a definition which struck me, and of which all that I have since learnt about magnetism has only had the effect of further demonstrating the truth.

Among the experiments which I saw him perform repeatedly there is one which has always seemed to me to admit of only one explanation. It was as follows:—He had horses that were being taken to the knackers brought to his house in the Rue Vivienne; he got the written statement of the veterinary surgeon as to the disease of the horse, then he made his pupils magnetize the horse, and each similarly wrote down his own opinion of the animal's condition. The preliminaries being completed, he would come, collect all the notes, which he placed on a table unopened, magnetize the horse himself, and after a few moments draw up his opinion. Then the horse was killed and a post-mortem examination held, after which he would read his own notes aloud, causing every detail to be verified, and he was never mistaken on the smallest point. Finally he took the various notes, including that of the veterinary, pointed out the mistakes, drew attention to the possible causes of them, gave advice upon the way to avoid them in future, and had the remains of the animal removed.

One day at my father's house he met the old Count of Solms, who had abandoned his little sovereignty to his son, receiving a pension on which he lived a philosopher's life at Paris with a natural daughter who wore men's clothes, and was called M. de Marbitzky. The Count did not believe in magnetism, but wished to have an opportunity of hearing M. Deslon on a subject of which everybody was then full. He got my father to arrange that M. Deslon should come and dine with him and try to convert him. The day was fixed, and it was agreed to have a small party, and, in fact, there were only seven of us,—the Count and his daughter, M. Bitaubé, a guest whose name I have forgotten, M. Deslon, my father, and myself. Hardly M. Deslon come in when he asked M. Bitaubé, "Do you be

in magnetism?" "Make me believe in it, sir," answered M. Bitaubé, smiling. The phrase was popular, and with the exception of my father and myself, who were entirely convinced, everyone repeated, "Make us believe." "Very good," said M. Deslon; "which of you would like me to magnetize him?" No one opposed, no one declined, and M. Deslon was asked to choose. His choice soon fell upon M. de Marbitzky, who was very strongly built, even for a young man, and of a stature extraordinary in a woman, and was at that time in all the vigour and strength of youth. Some one remarked that M. Deslon ran the risk of not finding any trace of serious maladies. "I know," he replied, "but at the same time I do not wish any embarrassment about declaring what I may find." The sitting was not long. "Sir," said M. Deslon to the pretended young man, "I congratulate you on your good health, but what have you got, or what have you had, on your right shoulder?" "I have got nothing," he replied, and the Count added, "He has had nothing." "That is impossible," replied M. Deslon; "elsewhere I feel no sensations save those of perfect health; but when I come to that shoulder I find indications of a severe lesion; it is of more or less old standing, and yet you must still occasionally suffer from it." Then M. de Marbitzky exclaimed, "It is quite true. When I was ten years old I was bitten in that shoulder by a horse; a mystery was made of it for fear of getting some one into trouble, but the scar exists, and I sometimes feel pain from it." The fact was simple in itself, but no explanation could be given of it, and they all thought it very extraordinary. We sat down to table. Dinner with the Count of Solms lasted two or three hours; twenty dishes were served one after the other, and according to the German custom, at the risk of making yourself ill, you were forced, as it may be said, to eat of everything. The whole of this dinner was devoted to talking about magnetism and to refuting and clearing up all the objections or doubts which the company could express. My own idea of magnetism from my experience is that it offers a means of diagnosing maladies, and of alleviating affections of a certain kind, of curing others, and in general of aiding nature and sometimes medicine; of acting as explorer and guide to the latter, but not

of entirely replacing it, and still less of accomplishing miracles. I regard it as an aid which Providence has put at man's disposition, though I do not go so far as the old Count of Hannache, who used to find the entire revelation of magnetism in the Bible, and who declared that all the gestures used by priests —the laying on of hands, the sign of the Cross, and even benediction—were only ways of magnetizing. The celebrated Indian magnetizer, the Abbé Faria, with whom I once talked, appeared to me to be only one of those charlatans who dishonour anything that they do or preach.

I will return to M. Deslon's "tub." Although I was not ill, I passed my evenings there, and, while profiting by the good company which I found there, I allowed myself to be magnetized pretty often. I was better then than at any other time of my life, and, although my age may have had something to do with it, I have always been convinced that magnetism did me a great deal of good. For the rest, I never had a crisis nor was put to sleep. Of all the magnetizers who visited M. Deslon, only one succeeded in producing any effect on me, and that was limited to the sensation of his hand at a distance of two or three feet. At first they thought I was joking, and my eyes were thickly bandaged; but it made no difference. A feeling of cold, slight but quite distinct, made me aware of every movement of his hands as he magnetized me; so that I could say with absolute certainty, "One of M. Bazin's hands is at my left knee, one at my right shoulder," and so on. I myself magnetized sometimes at M. Deslon's sittings, and people were often struck by the delicacy and accuracy of my sense.

My sister, on the other hand, went through some terrible crises. Beginning with a deep sleep, they caused alarming agitation of the nerves. She would scream for hours together, her head often hanging nearly to the ground over the arm of her chair. M. Deslon would not allow her to be touched, and she would retain this position for two or three hours on end without any harm coming of it. As the crisis passed, she would rise of herself to the natural position on the chair and gradually wake up. No recollection of what had happen and, what was still more strange, no fatigue, ever remai

When M. Deslon died in 1787, her deafness was nearly cured.

M. Deslon, who claimed descent from the Dillons, came of a good family at Gérardmer in the Vosges. He was a handsome man, splendidly built, and of the finest manners. Of charlatanism he was quite incapable, and all his procedure was based on evidence. The following story is characteristic of him. On his return from taking his doctor's degree in medicine at Besançon, his companions in the public conveyance were a young officer and a Capuchin. From the first start the officer set to work to banter the friar, and kept on worrying him throughout the journey. M. Deslon began by smiling at some of his remarks, but presently got bored, even disgusted, until half an hour before the point where they would part he could contain himself no longer, and said to the Capuchin, "Upon my word, Father, you have a deal of patience." The officer, addressing him, said, "How, sir? Would you have had less?" "If you had had to deal with me," said M. Deslon, "we should have had an end of all that long ago." "No time to lose," said the officer, giving him a slap in the face. The vehicle was stopped, the two champions got out, swords were drawn, and in a few moments M. Deslon, who was no less brave than active, and had just taken a prize for fencing at Besançon, had mortally wounded his antagonist. The officer, who was just taking his first furlough, was within half a league of his home, which he reached only to die. Before his death he owned himself in the wrong, and obtained a promise that the matter should not be carried further. M. Deslon was in despair, and never recurred to this adventure or was reminded of it without saying, "After twelve hours of patience, I had only a quarter of an hour more to wait, and till my last hour I shall never forgive myself for not having held my tongue a little longer."

One day he took my father to the operating theatre, and my father felt sick for the rest of the day. To revenge himself he took Deslon to see the *Médecin malgré lui*. It was a most comic scene. Deslon was furious at seeing the profession to which he had devoted himself satirized. At every word he

exclaimed, "What rubbish!" and at each exclamation my father went into a fresh fit of laughter.

Before going on with my own story, I may mention some other acquaintances of my father's. The first who occurs to me is the Count of Rivarol. He had learnt that he owed to my father the prize which his 'Discourse on the Universality of the French Language' had earned from the Berlin Academy, and was always grateful for what my father had done for him. He called on him, therefore, as soon as he heard that he was at Paris, and was a constant visitor. There he found himself in company with some remarkable men—Cérutti, Bitaubé, Chamfort, Grouvelle, and others; yet, in spite of this, the part which this young man, then not more than twenty or twenty-two, played amid these more or less celebrated men was marvellous. One had only to start him talking, and he became no less brilliant than inexhaustible. My father, who used to say that he had wit enough in pennyworths to secure his literary fortune, had the gift of making him talk more than anyone else. Once he began to talk, he never ran dry. He monopolized the conversation, and was listened to with a delight that no one attempted to conceal.

During these evenings, when I could never sufficiently enjoy hearing him, he told us all about his life. From that man of anecdotes, so curious in themselves, so various, so strewn with charming touches and clever thoughts, I can unluckily recall one only, but it deserves to be saved if only because it concerns the Abbé Delille as well as Rivarol.

Before some persons who, as having been witnesses of the facts—which, he related, had happened less than a year before—could guarantee them, he told my father that at that time, being in easy circumstances, he used to see much company and give good suppers. He had made acquaintance with Delille, who soon became very intimate with him and was at all his parties. But a ship, which happened to be Rivarol's chief or only hope of income, was wrecked just when its arrival was most essential. The suppers came to an end, the friends vanished. Delille, outdoing the rest in ingratitude and bad conduct, was one of the first to veer with fortune; and not

content with this, he allowed himself to make offensive remarks about Rivarol which good-natured friends lost no time in reporting.

A few days afterwards Rivarol saw the Abbé at the Tuileries and went up to him. After letting him know that he had heard of his observations, he added, "Nothing, however, could be more embarrassing than my position with regard to you. If you were a man, I would suggest a little walk; if you were a woman, I would call you a strumpet. But you are a parson. What the d—— am I to do with you or call you? Luckily," he continued, "you are a man of letters, and I will have satisfaction of you pen in hand."

The meeting had excited him, and on getting home he wrote *The Turnip and the Cabbage*. Next day he sent a copy in MS. to the Abbé Delille, with a note to this effect: "If within three days I do not receive a proper apology from you in the presence of So-and-so, this piece will be printed and published; if I do, I give you my word of honour it shall never appear." The apology was not made; the piece was published and had a prodigious success; the Queen learnt it by heart, and 15,000 copies were sold in six days.

At the end of a week Rivarol wrote another piece, called *Death of the Abbé Delille from a surfeit of Turnips and Cabbages, and his Reception in the Elysian Fields*. Graceful and witty as *The Turnip and the Cabbage* had been, this second piece, the result of a week's indignant brooding, was far superior. The most cruel banter possible was backed up by the most fertile wit and most copious imagination. My father and all who were at our house the day when Rivarol recited it to us from memory looked upon it as the most brilliant and wicked production of his pen, and bewailed the disaster of seeing this little masterpiece lost, as it was, for ever. The Abbé, who had defied *The Turnip and the Cabbage*, gave way to this fresh attack, which was to have so many successors. He gave, therefore, all the redress that could be required of him; and Rivarol, when burning copy and draft, gave his word never to write it again, an engagement which he religiously kept. Even at my father's he would recite it only in compliance

with the most urgent demands, and declaring it should be the last time.

M. de Rivarol was connected with the family of Montlezun, who desired much to know my father, and they soon began to meet frequently. The family consisted of the old Count, the Countess, two sons, and a daughter; it was of great antiquity, and one day, talking of his house, the old Count said, "The Montlezuns are at present the only undoubted descendants of the Dukes of Gascony. The last of these left three sons—d'Armagnac, de Fezensac, and de Pardiac. The eldest branch became extinct in the Italian wars by the death of the Duke of Nemours. The Montesquious claimed a descent from the de Fezensacs, but their pedigree is so weak that only extraordinary favour could get it admitted by the King and Parliament as adequate; while as for us, in the generation where we have the least evidence, we can present nine proofs, which are authentic and incontestable. These prove our descent from the Pardiacs—in fact, Mlle de Montlezun received from the King the title of Madame; and one day, when the two young Montlezuns were riding in the King's carriages, the Count of Artois said, laughing, to Monsieur, 'It seems to me, brother, that it would be our place to ask these gentlemen to let us ride in their carriages'—alluding to seniority of nobility such as the royal family itself could not establish." With reference to this claim, I have just heard from M. Eusèbe Salverte that when the Montesquious had procured the judgment declaring them to be Fezensacs, the head of the house wrote to the senior Pardiac to announce the fact to him, and got this answer: "Sir, I am in receipt of the letter in which you inform me that you have the King's permission to bear the name of the Fezensacs; as for me, you know that I am Pardiac by the grace of God." *

Alas! that was all that these MM. de Montlezun retained of their past greatness. I do not know what brought about their ruin, but it was complete. In a condition little short of indigence, they were wretchedly lodged in furnished lodgings and lived in the most economical manner, to say no more. I

* "Je suis Pardiac de par Dieu."

remember one day that Mme de Montlezun was wearing a mantle of black silk which was torn; the Count noticed it, or rather could not pretend that he did not notice it. His pride was so much hurt that he said aloud, "What sort of mantle are you wearing, Madame?" "Whatever mantle I may be wearing," she answered, "it shall not be forgotten that I am Countess of Montlezun."

The day following the famous night of August 4, 1789, on which nobility and titles were abolished in France, the Count of Montlezun came to see my father. He was literally in despair, and, in fact, nothing was left to him and his but the advantages of a great name and a title; to lose that title was to have saved nothing from the wreck of his fortune. Constant to the feeling which he had for him, my father did everything to console him. I never heard him talk better; and among the arguments which he set forth with no less logic and warmth than eloquence, I remember this one: "That people who have been ennobled or received titles at what period soever should see in this decree the ruin of their ambition or of their vanity, I can comprehend; born yesterday, dead to-day, no honourable action can recall them, and if any memory of them survives it will only be that of their childish swagger, they will remain as ridiculous to the present as they are strangers to the past. But how can they, sir, destroy your nobility? Have you considered it is beyond the power of men or of time? A reputation of more than ten centuries is one of those traces which political storms cannot efface. Your name alone is finer than all those titles which the abuse of power has so often profaned and is profaning every day. This decree, then, is to my eyes only the avenger and the purifier of the true nobility; it preserves you for ever from unworthy accessions; it isolates you and makes you inaccessible; and when all those whose existence is merely a matter of parchments fall back into the obscurity which is their just lot, you are exalted only by your name, which is worth a hundred times more than all the titles." I do not know if the old Count was consoled, but at least he was calmed and deeply touched.

However, his fears were only too well-founded. What little

hope remained to the family soon vanished. The old Count and his wife died, and when the Revolution broke out the sons and the daughters went abroad. I do not know what became of the elder son, but about 1800 I met the younger, who calls himself Count of Pardiac, in Paris. He had come back from England in order to profit in France by the secret of making waterproof cloth. I do not know how this speculation turned out, but I am told that he subsequently married a lady who brought him an income of 60,000 francs, on which he now lives. No child was born of the marriage, and that illustrious family becomes extinct. The sister succeeded in finding a place as head of a young lady's school, I believe, in the Faubourg Poissonnière, and that is the last information which I have of her and her family.

One of the first old friends whom my father met at Paris was my godfather, the Duke of Guines. "I do not forget," he said, on one of his frequent visits to us, "the rights you have given me over your son, or the duties they impose upon me. As soon as you have chosen a profession for him, I will do all in my power to be of service to him in it. Why not make him a parson? I could with the utmost ease get the Queen to give him a benefice to begin with, and a good fat abbey before long. Anything more he can get by merit." My father told me of this suggestion, but all my inclinations were against it, and it was not mentioned again; nor, as a matter of fact, did M. de Guines ever get the chance of doing anything for me. He was a man whom it was impossible to know without being struck by his wit as well as by his fine yet pleasant manners. His notes especially were as neat and gracefully turned as it is possible for such things to be. I kept several, but in the agony of the Terror my father burnt a number of his papers, including these notes and most of his correspondence with people of eminence.

Another friend was Mme Lahaye des Fossés, widow of a farmer-general. My father dined with her every Thursday while she lived, and on one of these occasions he made acquaintance with Baron Thierri of Ville-d'Avray, First Gentleman of the Chamber to the King and Director-General of the Warehouse. To his friendship my father owed the post of Keeper of

Archives and Superintendent of Inventories in the Warehouse, which was created for him. At the same time another post was offered him by M. de Vidaud de la Tour, Director-General of the Library of France. He found it possible to combine the two, and they provided him with an honourable competence, and enabled him to display his abilities and his character.

I have only a few more persons to mention, among those with whom my father was more or less intimate, whose names seem to deserve a place in these *Memoirs*. The first, M. Bart, was a man of great athletic power, and had played some part or other in the mysteries of Pâris, of blessed memory.* He was the very humble servant of a good many great lords, but lacking neither wits nor education, though he left no written work. I asked him one day, as we were walking in the Tuileries, how it came about that he had written nothing, with such ability to write well. He pointed to a stall where books were being cried at six sous. "Look there," he said; "it is because I do not wish to see myself sold so." "But," I replied, "if you can be of use in that way?"—a remark which pleased my father in a boy of my age.

I happened to be dining with M. Bart one day in company with a young Englishman, who came late and said, to excuse himself, "*Mon voiture, il a été arrêté beaucoup dans un petit riou par un troupeau de bouilli.*" There were no slaughter-houses in Paris at that time; hideous shambles existed in the most frequented streets, and blood was running down everywhere. Herds of cattle were being driven day and night through the narrowest thoroughfares in the most crowded districts, blocking whole streets and causing numerous accidents. I myself once nearly got killed in the middle of a herd. I was turning into the Rue Cadran, by the Rue Montmartre, just as some hundred cattle were coming out of it; and when I found myself half-

* [The French editor does not explain this allusion, further than by the entry 'PÂRIS (*diacre*)' in his Index. But as the deacon Pâris died in 1729, and the miracles alleged to be wrought through his intercession seem to have ceased in 1731, it is hard to see what M. Bart, who is represented as in full vigour sixty years later, can have had to do with the matter. At the same time the term *bienheureux* seems to exclude any other interpretation.]

way through the herd, the head of it was checked. The animals began to turn back, those in rear continuing to advance, so that they were soon on the top of each other, while I, in the thick of them, ten times just missed being thrown down, suffocated, trampled, smashed. Luckily I succeeded in getting into a little doorway up two steps. The door was shut. I only gained eight or ten inches of space, and an enormous ox, who had scrambled on to another and reared almost upright, thus making it impossible for me to jump over him, fell against the door. I shouted, but the bellowings, the noise of the streets, and the yells of the drovers drowned my voice. It was one of the worst moments of my life and the greatest danger I ever was in.

The only perquisite from his post in the Library which my father would take—and that because it was a recognised custom, or rather a right—was a copy of every book printed or seized in France, or introduced into the country. Various authors, publishers, printers, and booksellers offered him, when he first went to the Library, works which had been published during the last year or two and partly bound. Thus Beaumarchais gave him a copy of his 'Voltaire,' and in like manner he received a copy of the 'Histoire Universelle,' Cazin's three hundred volumes of the masterpieces of our literature, and many others. When I add that at this juncture he received 1200 to 1500 volumes, the remains of M. Sozzi's library, it will be seen that before long his own became of considerable size. It fell to my lot in a certain way, because arranging, classifying, and cataloguing it amused me, and would have bored my father hugely; and also because the room devoted to it formed part of a charming set that was put up on purpose for me at the Royal Warehouse—which now is the Ministry of Marine.

This taste for books, however, did not bring me to a taste for reading. Born as I was without a memory, I had never acquired the habit of reading or of learning. What serious subject, too, could have enthralled a young man who was beginning to be attracted by other passions, who was left pretty much to himself, whom no one ventured to place in any school and no one was guiding or had guided, and for whom no master

had been engaged except a little scamp of twenty who came for one franc an hour, three times a week for six months, by way of giving me Latin lessons, and did nothing but talk gossip and tell low stories? The library, accordingly, was only a kind of plaything to me, but among the books that composed it happened to be the *Nouvelle Héloïse*. I do not know under what circumstances or with what idea I opened this dangerous work, but before I had read more than the first pages I was in a delirium. In truth I did not read, I devoured. The days were not sufficient. I employed my nights in reading; and passing from one emotion, one catastrophe, to another, I arrived at St. Preux's last letter, no longer weeping, but shrieking and howling like a wild animal. I still remember it. It was 3 o'clock in the morning when, in the middle of one of these fits, I came to myself. I was terrified at the condition I was in; I threw away the book, I put out my candle and tried to go to sleep, but could not. I was in a violent fever, and when day came I tried to pick myself up by going to breathe the morning air in the Champs Elysées. It was a week before I ventured to go on with the last volume of the story, and I could finish it only by reading half a page or a quarter of a page at a time. Thus I was more than another week getting to the end of that letter, and in spite of these scrappy readings, often interrupted in the middle of a sentence, I got ill and nearly went out of my mind. The impression which the novel left on me is more than I could say; from that day I have never ventured to try another reading of it, nor should I venture even now, though many years of trials have weakened or destroyed, if not my power of feeling, at least my imagination.

I know not into what corner my uneasy and curious activity was not incessantly leading me. One day I got the door leading to the roof opened, and, roaming about there with one of my friends named Clappier de Lisle, I offered to bet him that I would go the whole way along the ridge of the roof dancing a hornpipe. He would not bet for fear of exciting me to this piece of foolhardiness, but, full of confidence in my own activity and dexterity, I did out of sheer swagger what he would not let me do as a challenge. On the sills towards the courtyard there

was a slope of slates without so much as a gutter to catch me, and I skipped the whole way from one end of the ridge to the other. A similar piece of showing off had gone near to cost me my life soon after we came back to France. The roof of a shed in one of the courts of the military college was being repaired, and the workmen had gone to dinner, leaving their ladders standing. One of my companions went up and I followed him. On reaching the roof, I passed him, got to the top, and began to cut capers: the inevitable happened—I missed my footing and rolled down. I seemed bound to kill myself, all the more certainly that the only alternative seemed to be a great mass of quicklime which was smoking on the pavement; but the Providence which sometimes, as it were, by miracle saves children from almost certain death caused me to fall upon the bank of sand which surrounded the lime, and I came off without damage.

A short time after this Auguste Jordan, whom I have already mentioned, came from Berlin to Paris; and during his stay there we were almost inseparable. I showed him over the city and the suburbs, and in one of our walks I took him to Montmartre. Coming near one of the mills which crown that hill, I said to Auguste and one Lenitz, who was with us, that I betted I would go nearer than either of them to the sails of the mill. Auguste cried out at my madness; Lenitz declared that scenes of Quixotry were no good out of Cervantes. While they were talking, I kept on going nearer and nearer to the sails; at last one of them passed three inches from me, and without considering that rain, sun, and wind would make the wood of the sails warp very unequally, and that consequently it was impossible that they should follow each other in a line, I judged that I could advance another two inches, and did so. I had hardly completed the movement when the next sail took me under the left elbow, lifted me like a feather, and flung me twenty feet away. I tried to get up, but I was so stunned that I fell back in a heap. My friends ran up, beside themselves. By good luck the mill was going very slowly, so that instead of breaking my bones it only bruised me considerably; so I came gradually to myself, and we were all let off with the fright, if I

may except the very lively and well-deserved scolding I received, whereat I did nothing but laugh.

In 1788 there appeared in the garden of the Tuileries a Pole, who in later days, even till after the Restoration, used to be seen prowling about the Boulevard de Gand and Tivoli. His talent, which was very remarkable, but has gone out of fashion, consisted in making silhouettes at sight; they were very like, though his only materials were a pair of scissors and a little square of black paper. With the aid of a little gum he used to stick these small portraits inside medallions printed on paper the size of an octavo sheet, with a little escutcheon below on which to write the names and addresses of the ladies whose portraits he filched in this way. To enable him to take any lady whom you pleased, which only cost twenty *sous*, you had only to point her out to him, and in two or three minutes you had the silhouette. Nothing could be more convenient or more expeditious. Never did the profiles of pretty women multiply themselves to such an extent or for such a moderate price. The ladies could not show themselves without being instantly in the hands of a crowd of young men. For my own part I soon had a complete collection of all my ideal beauties.

I had never seen a fire worth mentioning; one day fortune furnished me with one. The Pavilion of Flora caught fire, and from the roof of the Warehouse I had a really wonderful view just at the moment when the immense roof of the Pavilion fell in. A huge cloud formed of dust and the blackest smoke, and was partially dissipated only by the whirling flames which very soon turned the whole of the building into a vast furnace. I do not know at what floor the devastation stopped, but I remember that none of the chimneys fell; and that though calcined by the heat of the fire, they remained standing unmoved in the midst of the destruction, as though to bear witness to its ravages. But this fire happened in the daytime, and the day is not favourable to effects of this kind. I therefore still needed to see a night fire, when one day, just at dark, the Menus-Plaisirs took fire. A fire is a great disaster, but it is at the same time a grand spectacle. In this case only the scenery was consumed, so that the poor ran no risk; on the contrary, the greater the

loss the more profit there was for the workmen. So I was no more distressed than by the burning of the Pavilion of Flora, and I could contemplate with real ecstasy the way in which the oilcloth in the gradually increasing darkness of night gave a prodigious intensity to the flame and varied it with a thousand colours. Later on I was destined to experience in all their force the feelings which neither of these two accidents could inspire; for my future were reserved the most melancholy pictures of flames devouring by hundreds the refuges of the wretched, and putting a finishing stroke to still more horrible disasters.

One of the things which were to astonish me most at Paris, and which struck me most keenly, were the promenades to Longchamps, which began in so edifying a way, continued with so much scandal, and have now passed into insignificance.*

It is indeed impossible to form an idea of what those promenades were during the years which immediately preceded the Revolution. Everything of most magnificence in this line which could be conceived and brought forth by an immense city—a brilliant and sumptuous court, great fortunes and extravagance, limited only by the impossibility of exceeding them, the rivalry of richer nations, the fashion of the maddest of nations—was to be found there; what was fine there seemed common, what was simple was hooted. Amid innumerable carriages, all remarkable, there shone each year some fifty perfectly dazzling turnouts, among which ten or so looked more like the chariots of goddesses than the vehicles of simple mortals. During the three days which it lasted the whole world seemed to be bent on jollity, but the extravagances of certain courtesans reached such a point that the police were obliged to interfere to prevent them from eclipsing too completely the grandees and even the princes. Thus the charming Mlle Duthé, about whom

* [The Longchamps (more correctly Longchamp) promenades originated in a fashion, which sprung up in the early part of Louis XV's reign, of going to hear the nuns of the Abbey of that name sing *Tenebræ* during the Holy Week. Various scandals arose, and ultimately the church was closed by order of Archbishop Beaumont (†1781). The promenades, however, continued. —*Larousse.*]

the Count of Artois said that it was good to take tea after eating dry Savoy cake,* in spite of her powerful lovers, was arrested in the very middle of the Longchamps avenue and taken in her own carriage to For-l'Évêque. The body of the carriage was decorated with Cupids, cyphers, and arabesques by a pupil of Boucher; the cushions were perfumed sachets. This was borne upon a gilt shell lined with mother-of-pearl and supported by bronze Tritons; the naves of the wheels and the shoes of the white horses were of solid silver, the harness of green silk and gold. The lady herself wore flesh-coloured silk tights covered by a garment of transparent muslin. This was the only punishment of that kind which was actually inflicted, but not the only one threatened. One of her rivals who had six splendid horses harnessed to a magnificent phaeton, the harness and even the reins being covered with paste ornaments which made them shine like diamonds, received information, just as she was taking her seat on this moving throne, that if she went out of her gate in that turn-out it would be used to take her to prison. In spite of such lessons these ladies in those days of ruinous extravagance bore away the palm of elegance no less than of beauty. The carriages of the princes and of the Queen might have been admired, as well as the outfit of some great personages, both French and foreign, but it is none the less true that all that had to give way before the far-fetched extravagance of a few Phrynes.

From 1785, when I saw this promenade for the first time, until 1789, it became more and more extraordinary in point of luxury, but during the two following years it was only the ghost of itself. During the Terror the silence of death reigned in the alleys of Longchamps, and nothing was revived by the Directory. But the promenade recovered a little of its brilliancy under the Consular rule in the hands of Mmes Récamier and Tallien, but then the wars of the Empire kept all the young people, the prominent men, and the chief of the

* ["Qu'après avoir mangé du biscuit sec de Savoie il fallait prendre du thé." The Countess of Artois was Maria Theresa of Savoy, daughter of Victor Amadeus III; a sister of hers was married to Monsieur, afterwards Louis XVIII. It was not, however, the Count of Artois who made the joke; it was said of him by a friend.]

State himself continually away from the capital. Napoleon made the contractors and other jobbers disgorge their fortunes, the English and other foreigners were absent, and the drives at Longchamps ceased to be anything but a matter of routine. Since the Restoration Longchamps has presented no features calling for remark. Some new carriages appear, but they are only those for every-day use, and have no point of resemblance to those in which no one would have dared to be seen except during the three days so inappropriately called *Tenebræ*.

Besides my excursions in Paris I made several outside. The first took me to Versailles. How much soever it had struck me in 1777, I viewed it with an indescribable and wholly fresh wonder. On the former occasion I had seen it in February; when I revisited it in '87, '88, '89, it was clad in all the splendour of summer. Moreover, there are a heap of things which are insignificant to seven years, and fresh to the reason and the imagination, the heart and the intellect, of seventeen or nineteen. Where I had seen only the statue of a boy, I now found Love; admirable paintings where I had only noticed colour; an architecture, no less rich in detail than splendid in its vitality, where I had seen only masses; a whole to astound where had been only parts to surprise.

Yet I was shocked by several things. Frederick was and could not fail to be my standard by which to judge a king, and I saw nothing in Louis XVI which could raise him to the level of that prince, who, as a great man, could claim to be higher than kings. I found, too, that Louis XVI lacked dignity. As he passed in front of me one day on his way to hunt, he stopped to laugh with one of the noblemen who accompanied him; but his laugh was so loud and coarse that it was more like that of a tipsy farmer than of a monarch. His hunting costume also seemed to me shabby; and, in short, the only thing that astonished me was the activity with which that portly King mounted and the speed at which he rode off. The Queen, whom I saw returning from Mass, had more nobility in her manner and her gait, and, above all, more dignity. But a white cotton gown, quite plain and by no means fresh, was not the dress in which a Queen of France, especially at that period,

should have shown herself practically in public. It was thus, however, that Marie Antoinette was dressed; and it is not too much to say that, if she had not been walking in front, one would have taken her for the attendant of one of the ladies who were in attendance on her. But what did more shock me—it scandalised me, nay, disgusted me—were the remarks made quite aloud in the State apartments by some of the pages, the gentlemen of the guard, and some young nobles. Unseemliness reached the point of outrage. As I had an introduction to two of these gentlemen, who had undertaken to show me everything and with whom I was passing the day, no one minded what he said before me; and what I heard in the way of anecdotes, of remarks upon the Queen's rumpled gown, of criticisms, is beyond anything I can say. When I returned to Paris in the evening, I told my father. He advised me not to say anything about it, nor did I—at first from prudence, later on out of respect for excessive misfortune; and I have kept silence till now.

In proportion as I admired the State apartments, those in which the King and Queen lived seemed to me inconvenient and ill-situated. I will say nothing about the King's bed, eight feet square, all horsehair mattresses, and as hard as wood; certainly I would not have taken it in exchange for mine. But I may observe that no one, king, lord, or commoner, if he lived in a palace looking on to a park, would condemn himself to have no view save into one of the courts. Versailles offers this absurdity, to which it may be added that there is not even an inner room in the King's or Queen's apartments looking directly on the park; from her windows the Queen could only see the orangery and the lake of the Swiss.

For the royal family, then, Versailles was rather an abode of splendour and pride than an agreeable residence; and in the same way, having been destined to bear witness to the power of Louis XIV, it bears witness only to his lack of power to prevent the extravagant expenditure which the building of it caused from bringing on the Revolution.

I will not describe the rooms of Marly, nor the hall lighted in the Italian style, adorned with four fire-places at the four truncated angles of an octagon which occupied all the middle

of the palace, nor the Council chamber, rich with the finest marbles, with precious stones and even pearls. I will say nothing of the park, nor of the frightful cost of filling quagmires with mountains, nor of the pictures which were rotting away with damp, nor the waterworks, rivalling those of Versailles, with the great fountain ninety feet high.

But whatever sensation I received from that grand and magnificent creation, I must own that the aqueduct and engine of Marly struck me no less. The fourteen huge wheels, which with the most awful uproar, noise of ironwork, and creaking, to be compared only to a concert in the infernal regions, worked 225 pumps at three different elevations, threw every day more than 27,000 hogsheads of water up a height of 600 feet into the aqueduct, which carried them to the Marly reservoirs and afterwards to those of Trianon and of Versailles. Marly has disappeared; but so much better does the useful last than the merely luxurious, that the aqueduct remains, and will be kept up when nothing more is left of the palaces of Trianon and Versailles.

This list of my recollections shall end with the well-known story of Bagatelle. In 1783 or 1874 the arid space forming this property contained a very insignificant house and garden. Just as the Court was leaving Versailles for a six weeks' stay at Fontainebleau, the King, I know not how or why, presented it to the Count of Artois. The Queen, who happened to be by, observed: "Well, when are you going to ask me to breakfast there?" "Whenever you like to appoint, Madam." "Very good," replied the Queen; "when I come back from Fontainebleau." Those were the days of miracles in the building way. Money, which had only to be taken, got over all difficulties by making up for lack of time. The opera had just been rebuilt in forty days, and Bagatelle, with all its outbuildings and gardens, its workshops, its grottoes, its waterworks, its rocks and its plantations adorned, according to Delille, with poetic flowers, was finished in six weeks. But the Count's bit of finery had cost more than exactly fits the name of Bagatelle; namely, six millions of francs. This was one of the places which I visited most often before the Revolution. The Prince

of Hénin gave me an order to go there whenever I liked; I often took ladies there, and I was sometimes amused at the confusion produced by one particular boudoir, which was hung with not very decorous pictures, and of which floor, the walls, and ceiling were all composed of mirrors. I used to accompany my father in his annual visits to the different palaces; it will be remembered that he had two posts—one in the Library, the other in the Warehouse—and that the duties of the first could not but suffer from the absences dictated by the second; so that he used to start generally after dinner on Saturday so as to gain a day, and not only shorten his journeys as much as possible, but work day and night while they lasted.

Thus I was compelled to take my walks without him, and I found no place so inspiring for my solitary excursions as Fontainebleau. I used to wander with delight among the rocks, and the break of day nearly always found me in the most rural spots. At times I started with a keeper, two dogs, and my gun; but often I would send the keeper back, and alone with my thoughts and imaginations would bury myself in the beautiful forest. By the time I returned I had generally walked eight or ten hours, during which I had met nothing but deer, and sometimes boars, harmless enough when you take no notice of them. The first that I met alarmed me enough to induce me to climb a tree; the second only compelled me to pass near to an oak whose branches came low enough to allow me to get up it in case of need; for the rest I confined myself to getting out of their way, and, as on their side they got out of mine, we never had any difference.

CHAPTER III.

Our society—The Cadet family—Gassicourt—Fencing lessons—Saint-Georges—Skating, and a tumble—The swimming-bath—The Orleans princes—An eccentric bather.

In my father's position, and with his merits, his character, and his amiability, it was impossible that he should not see a good deal of company. My mother on her side was no less clever than tactful. Men and women, young and old, took an equal pleasure in visiting her, and found it pleasanter than any other house. To the art of making the smallest gathering bear the appearance of a great occasion, she added the rare talent of allowing nobody to forget himself in her house, or to behave otherwise than she wished him to do, and that without appearing to be thinking about it, without worrying anybody, and without ceasing to make herself agreeable to every one, so that she was generally loved and sought after. Moreover, my sister's age and excellences brought many young ladies about us; while, lastly, I added a good many acquaintances and friends to the large number with whom we were already in relation.

M. and Madame Cadet were among those whom we had found out again in Paris. My parents did not often see them, but I struck up a most intimate acquaintance with C. L. Cadet de Gassicourt. Before coming back to him, however, I may say that an old friendship had existed between his family and M. de Sozzi. This latter, indeed, had known the father of all those MM. Cadet who have since attained more or less celebrity, and had been of service to him. This M. Cadet was not fortunate, and had twelve children. When he died he left his widow two crowns as his whole possession. As, however, he was

esteemed, many persons interested themselves in the family, and M. de Sozzi became one of their chief supporters.

Of the twelve children the eldest, then sixteen or eighteen years old, was a medical student, and already an admirable phlebotomist. Thanks to M. de Sozzi, several persons of note employed him for operations which he performed with the greatest success. He became so fashionable that the chief ladies of the Court and of the city would be bled by no one else, and raised his fee to a louis. Thenceforth his fortunes were assured, and the use which he made of them ended by doing him honour. He became the support of his mother, of his brother and of his sisters, sparing nothing to educate them and set them up in life. They for their part all did justice to his self-sacrificing care, becoming estimable women and distinguished men. When the Revolution broke out, the poorest of them had 15,000 francs income and several had received decorations. For the sake of distinction each of these gentlemen took a surname with the exception of the eldest, who was known as "the lord," but never signed except with the name of Cadet. The others were Cadet de Gassicourt, Cadet de Vaux, Cadet de Limay, Cadet de Chambine, from the names of the villages where they had been put out to nurse.

M. Cadet de Gassicourt became a druggist, and quickly raised the profits of his business to more than 120,000 francs; in 1767 or 1768 he married one of the handsomest women in France. Our friendship with his son was of spontaneous and rapid growth. I have reason to think that the daily relations that were established between us, and lasted from 1785 to 1792, were agreeable to him, but to me I am bound to say they were no less useful than cordial. Though quite young, he could already improvise with the most astounding facility both in prose and verse.

Born as I was with an irresistible will of doing whatever I saw anyone do, I set myself under his guidance to rhyme, and I rhymed furiously. He taught me the rules of versification, and became in the full force of the term my master in literature. Doubtless he did not give me the rudimentary knowledge which I had never been made to acquire, and which I have been so

unlucky all my life in not possessing, nor did he give me the memory in which I was so completely lacking, but none the less he taught me a great many things; and as our shortest separations gave occasion for correspondence in prose and verse, so that we always had the practice of rhyming whether we were together or apart, I owed to him the habit of writing which in the sequel I have found so useful.

Another gift which I owe to Gassicourt's teaching is that of reading well. He was a good reader, though unpretending and not over-emphatic. Having a natural faculty of sentiment and good inflexion of the voice, I soon excelled my teacher. The power of reading came to me from my mother, who read poetry admirably, in this respect taking after her uncle, M. de Sozzi. He was so fine a reader that Mlle Clairon used to beg him to read over her parts to her before she studied them; and some people would sooner have heard him read a tragedy than have seen Lekain, Brizard, and Clairon play it. He could read three or four verses ahead of the one he was uttering; I never could manage more than two.

The only person in France whom Gassicourt and I would allow to be a perfect reader was the famous actor Larive, himself a pupil of Lekain. The finest piece of reading I ever heard from him was the address of the electors of Paris to the National Assembly, which Larive, in his capacity of elector, was commissioned to read. The address was long, and in the course of reading his voice grew stronger, from an almost inaudible opening, till in the last words the whole power of his organ was displayed. That was also the only time during the whole of the Revolution that I was present at a sitting of the National Assembly; but at that time I was very full of the subject of reading, and wanted to hear Larive at any price, so I made audacity serve my turn, and managed to remain at that sitting as a deputy, after having got in as an elector.

Among the other pledges which in the exuberance of youth Gassicourt and I had taken to each other was that of affording mutual support, and, if necessary, defence, against all and sundry, so that all our letters and notes were signed "Your friend and second." This sort of brotherhood in arms had so

far led to nothing serious, when on March 31, 1788, on my return about midnight from dining out of town, my father's servant told me privately that Gassicourt had been there about nine o'clock, had been in despair at not finding me, and had left word that he had to fight a duel next morning, and would expect me punctually at half-past five. I had myself called at four, though the fear that they might forget prevented me from sleeping; I was out before five, and at a quarter-past was at Gassicourt's door with my sword under my arm. I knocked—no answer; again, with no better success. Then I knocked at the pharmacy; the pupil on duty opened the door. I was in the house, but none the more forward. I did not like to ring at M. Cadet's rooms for fear of committing an indiscretion in waking him, yet I did not want Gassicourt to forget his fixture. So I climbed up to the attics where the servants slept, woke M. Cadet's man, and got him to open his master's apartments and Gassicourt's room. He was sleeping soundly. "What," I said, shaking him by the arm, "asleep, and it is half-past five! What about your duel?" "What duel?" "The duel you have got this morning." "With whom?" "Upon my word," I answered, "I don't know, and it is not my business to tell you, when it was you that sent me a message last night to turn up at your house." He thought a moment, then he said, "My friend, this is the First of April, and some one has made a fool of you. We will have the first laugh, and a merry day to follow." In point of fact, it was my mother who had contrived this "sell," but she did not have a chance of laughing at me that day, for I got home late and went to bed without seeing anyone, and the next day I said that the joke was stale.

At Berlin my mother had been intimate with a lady named Morel, who, on our return to France, gave her an introduction to a sister whom she had living there, the wife of M. Pinon, a landowner in Champagne, one of the Gentlemen of the King's Chamber. We became great friends, and used frequently to attend the concerts which she gave, at which the best musicians and singers, professional and amateur, performed. One of her daughters married first my friend Salafon de Vigearde, and, secondly, General Gardanne. She is now the wife of the Count

of Vaulgrenant. Another daughter was one of our best pianists, and a lady of much wit. She was said to have accused herself, in confession, of praying daily that God would be pleased to abolish the confessional. Mme Pinon was the tenant of a Mme Desrosiers, who used to give dances every Sunday from the end of October to Mid-Lent, collecting at them a charming and numerous society. I introduced many of my friends to it, Gassicourt among others, and made the acquaintance of several who will be mentioned more than once, notably Salafon and Rivierre de l'Isle; the last being one of the three wittiest, liveliest, and most brilliant men whom I have ever known.

I had a passion for every exercise, except perhaps tennis, but I liked fencing above all others. My first lessons were given me by a servant of my father's, named Leblanc, who had been a soldier. They were wretched lessons, and I was soon at the end of his knowledge. Gassicourt had had lessons, and I laid him under contribution. Our doctor, M. Galland, a veritable Hercules, had been attached to the Lunéville gendarmes; he was not a bad fencer, and when he dined with us I got another lesson. At last, after some refusals, I got my father to allow me a little increase of pocket-money, and went to La Boëssière's fencing-school.

La Boëssière, who was an old man by 1788, was fencing-master and poet. He was the first master in Paris, and had taught Saint-Georges. He never gave me a lesson without reciting some of his own verses, and in the light style of verse then in fashion he had written some very pretty things, his best being an epistle to Frederick William II, King of Prussia, the only fault of which was that it had not a better subject.

His school was frequented by persons of the highest quality, and was perhaps the only one in Paris of which the composition was good. It was the meeting-place of the best fencers in France—Fabien, Lebrun, Leprince, Lamotte, and several others, who formed the escort, one might almost say the court, of the Chevalier de Saint-Georges, a very king of arms, and the first man in the world at anything requiring activity, strength, or skill. The effect which he produced on me, who yielded to no

one in the way of admiration and enthusiasm, may be imagined. In truth I saw him do most extraordinary things: he would put his back against the edge of a door, seize the top with both hands, double himself upwards, passing his feet, legs, and loins over his head until he sat astride the door. Similarly I have seen him jump up and seize a beam in the ceiling between his flat hands, remain hanging, and touch the beam with his two feet. Though a big man, and already portly, he was still a perfect dancer, a wonderful rider, and a first-class skater. He played the violin like an artist, and composed concertos which were long performed by amateurs. But all his talents, however great, seemed to disappear before the incalculable advantage which he always had with the foil over the strongest fencers in the world. All were ambitious to fence with him, not with any idea of disputing his supremacy, but simply for the sake of saying, "I have fenced or am fencing with Saint-Georges." A single fact will give an idea of the inconceivable rapidity and accuracy of his movements. I have seen him more than once win a bet, from the masters whom I have named, that he would engage their sword in tierce, disengage, tap the ground with the point of his foil, touch them with a chalked button, and meet their sword again in carte before they could make a movement to parry. That was to make at least three movements before these strong and clever fencers could make one.

Saint-Georges had retained a good deal of deference towards his old master, La Boëssière. As soon as he had put on his fencing-dress he would meet him to receive his lesson, a lesson of courtesy which only lasted a minute or two, but was curious to see given and received.

With my unusual turn for it, my ardour, and all these incitements, I made such progress that after learning for three months I was put to the assault, and at the end of five months I could beat all the pupils who had been at the school for two or three years. I specially excelled in "fencing at the wall" by the grace and rapidity of my disengagement. I was good enough to practise this exercise with the masters themselves, and I should have beaten all the students of this school but for a young Quadroon of my own age, rather taller than myself,

having all the strength and activity of a Creole and as keen as myself at the exercise. It may be imagined that we did not take long about tackling each other; our mutual ambition was to surpass the other, but in this respect our efforts were in vain, and neither could obtain the least advantage over his adversary. Saint-Georges, the patron of this young man, who was very rich and of the same strain as himself, very soon made us fence every evening before him and gave us advice. I fancy I can still see him and hear him saying, with his abrupt tone and his loud voice, "That's no good, boys—try that again, boys; that'll do, that's better—that's very well, boys." You can understand the electrical effect that this man had on us.

When the Revolutionary War came, he was made colonel of a regiment of mounted chasseurs; but he gained little honour in the army, did not serve long, and died poor in 1801. Some persons asserted that as bullets and cannon-balls couldn't be parried they were not exactly to his taste. My friend General Margaron, formerly a friend of his, has, however, assured me that he was very brave. Still, the story is well known of the young man of the King's household who, happening to see when playing tennis the face of a mulatto behind the net, thought it would be a joke to drive a ball at his nose, and aimed it in such a way as to leave no doubt of his intention. Now it happened that this mulatto was the Chevalier de Saint-Georges. The young man, who had just come up from his province, did not know him, and the challenge for the next morning, which he instantly received, seemed to him one joke the more. But he related his adventure to his comrades, and the first to whom he spoke of it replied, "You're a dead man." The accuracy of this phrase was explained to him, but did not disconcert him. Coming on the ground, he said to Saint-Georges, "Sir, I cannot defend my life against you, but I can gamble for it; here are two pistols, one loaded, the other empty. We will toss up for them and fire at the same moment, and at point-blank range. The lucky one will blow out the brains of the other; but chance will decide." This declaration made Saint-Georges disposed to come to terms, the seconds interfered, the young man made the proper apologies, and the matter ended with a breakfast.

The year 1789 began with intense cold; the Seine was frozen throughout its course and remained frozen for a long time. All Paris took to skating. I had not had the pleasure of practising that exercise since 1783, but, having been pretty good at it, I soon got into the way again. My first experiments were made on the great pond in the Tuileries, but Saint-Georges having been commissioned by the Duke of Orleans to have a great space swept on the Seine near Point-du-Jour, and a road to reach it from the Place Louis Quinze, a numerous and brilliant company repaired there every day. This rink could only be entered by tickets which Saint-Georges distributed, and it was all the more comfortable from the fact that the space was carefully swept and the ice was smooth as a river. For three hours in the afternoon all the rank and fashion of Paris were there in carriages and sledges, everything taking the road cleared on the Seine from the Place Louis Quinze, the skaters travelling more quickly and much more pleasantly than those who were in the best-horsed carriages. Among these skaters some were quite extraordinary. Those who struck me most were Saint-Georges for strength, Carle Vernet and M. Pieyre for grace, more especially by the manner in which they performed what were called *renommées*, which were done by getting up high speed and then making one or two immense circles on one foot, the body advanced, the head thrown back, the arms spread out, and the figure, so to say, motionless.

An Irishman of incredible vigour, who drew attention by his feats of strength and his leaps, was skating with extreme rapidity. Absorbed by the efforts of his back sinews, he was holding his head low when he suddenly found that he was just about to come across a sledge in which a lady was being pushed along by a gentleman on skates. The impetus which it was no longer in his power to resist was so great that he was bound to upset the sledge and smash himself. When he perceived the danger, there was no longer any chance of stopping or avoiding the obstacle; the time of a single movement was all he had to save himself or kill himself. A general shriek arose, and it imagined that the shriek of the lady who was in the not the least loud. But the Irishman had cleared

the obstacle; bringing his feet together, he leapt the sledge and the lady too, and, coming down on his feet, continued his career amid the applause of the spectators.

I will finish off this topic with an anecdote personal to myself. The thaw had begun, and there was a good quarter-inch of water on the top of the ice; however, we went on skating, thinking that it was probably the last day and we had better make the most of it. The numbers present were large. I was travelling pretty rapidly in one direction when I saw the Prince of Vintimiglia coming my way. He was most elegantly dressed in a black bonnet with a plume, a hussar-pelisse of sky-blue satin with silver embroidery and trimmed all over with marten, white braided pantaloons, morocco boots, and so on. We were moving on the same line in opposite directions, so that when he got up to me I made a half turn to the left to let him go by. If he had done the same, we should have passed without touching; but, having apparently reckoned on my giving up the whole road, he made no movement, but came full at me. The shock was perfectly fiendish, and each of us was hurled back with equal violence. Our right skates got hooked in each other, and, though they broke, hitched us together, so that we went rolling over the very wet and dirty ice.

It has sometimes been my fortune to swear. I don't think it ever was so to the same extent as at that moment; I was furious and certainly not without reason. I had not wounded myself, it is true, but I might have killed myself, and I had hurt myself; further, my clothes were ruined, and, though they were not quite so unusual or so luxurious as those of the Prince of Vintimiglia, I saw no reason for rolling them in the mud, especially with myself inside them. Finally, I was exactly opposite to three pretty English girls with whom I had danced at Mme Bart's. None of these circumstances conduced to make me over-polite during a dialogue which the Prince cut short by going away. My little English friends at once came up to me; they were charmed with the way I had just disentangled myself, and complimented me thereupon. Then we laughed at the condition the Prince of Vintimiglia was in as he retreated limping towards his carriage; pelisse, breeches,

plume—all were a ghastly sight. I was as wet as he, but my blue jacket and breeches of light-grey kerseymere showed it less; so I cleaned myself as best I could and returned with the English girls and their chaperon, who took me home in their carriage. Next day the ice was covered with water and the skating was at an end.

As I went up the Seine from Point-du-Jour to the extremity of the Island of Saint Louis, I came to the place where the swimming-school then was. Swimming is useful in itself, and was thought likely to be good for me, but what decided me to ask my parents for leave to learn was the example of my friend Salafon, who went to that school. I began late in 1788, but soon enough to be able to swim decently before the end of the season. My first lesson consisted, like that of everyone, in rehearsing the movements while hanging in the air, then thrice traversing half the length of the bath in the water with the belt. Next day I arrived late, the lessons were over, and the teachers gone to luncheon; I had given up all thoughts of my lesson for that day, when a tall man, who was the only other person in the place, and who the day before had seen me make my first attempt, came up to me and said, with an English accent, "Would you like to take a lesson, sir?" I said that I should, but that as the teachers were not there I should come back the next day. "Why should you?" said he; "I'll give you a lesson." Frankly, I did not much care about it, letting alone the chance that his English eccentricity might have induced him to amuse himself by drowning a Frenchman; but he pressed it so vehemently that I had no option save to accept. I undressed and gave him the cord attached to the belt on which both my body and my life depended, thinking that he would make me go down by the ladder as they had done the day before, so that my first movements might be more regular. But an Englishman must put some irregularity into everything. He said, "Sir, people only drown because they are afraid of the water; you must begin by getting used to it, and there is no better way than to fling yourself into the water until it no longer feels strange to you; so jump from the gallery into the stream." I jumped fourteen times running; at last it gave me

not the least trouble to do so, and when the Englishman was convinced of this he made me traverse the usual distance, and that so successfully that at last I did it twice almost without support. I must therefore admit that the lesson was excellent, and furthered my education so much that the next day I nearly drowned myself. I left the school certain that I knew how to swim; and the next day, in full confidence, jumping into the water without the belt, I went under, swallowed water, lost my head, and only came to myself on the staging where the teachers who fished me out had laid me down.

This mishap did not damp my ardour. Every morning at six o'clock I came to the swimming-school and stayed there till ten. It is true that the company was very good, and we had great fun; we used even to go into the open river, swimming from the King's garden to the Place Louis Quinze; one or two masters would follow in the boat which carried our clothes. We used to have delightful luncheons, composed of little pies, cakes, and small glasses of liqueur, laid out on the heads of casks which were set floating, we swimming round them and taking what we could.

Talking about luncheon, I remember a joke played by Salafon. Somebody had called for an ice-cream, but at the moment when the waiter appeared with it on the galley, Salafon, as mad as usual, called out, "Gentlemen, what will you bet that I won't make a water-ice of this ice-cream?"—and at the same moment he threw the waiter, the basket, and the ice into the stream. The poor devil could not swim, but two teachers immediately jumped in after him and pulled him out. However, his immersion had not made him lose his head, and he had hardly got his breath again when he said to Salafon, "I had two louis in my pocket, sir, and I want to see if they are there still." Shouts of "Bravo!" and peals of laughter resounded on all sides. Salafon, better caught than the waiter had been, paid the two louis and the price of ice, decanter, glass, and roll into the bargain.

The following year the school was honoured by the presence of the three sons of the Duke of Orleans,—namely, the Duke of

Chartres, afterwards King Louis Philippe, the Duke of Montpensier, and the Count of Beaujolais, accompanied, not by their feminine tutor,*—who, though selected by their father by the light of love's torch, justified the choice as well as any woman could,—but by their assistant tutor M. Lebrun, by César Ducrest the comrade of their childhood, and by the Abbé de Saint-Farre, their natural uncle. When we heard that these young princes were going to share our lessons, we thought that the practical jokes and follies which enlivened them would have to give place to a cold and strict etiquette, but in this respect we were quite mistaken. Far from suppressing our fun, they stimulated it; one had to be always on the watch lest one should momentarily forget their rank and fail to observe those delicate shades of difference which, in the midst of daily association and sometimes complete relaxation, should indicate proper respect, keeping it at the same time in due proportion to their age. Thus all the good nature of the Duke of Chartres could not succeed in establishing between him and us that familiarity which we enjoyed with the Duke of Montpensier, and still more with the Count of Beaujolais; the latter of whom had accordingly to take his part in the pranks which we were always playing on each other, and of which a young de Brancas was the chief promoter. Now the Duke of Chartres played no tricks on anyone, and had none played on him; the Duke of Montpensier played them on me, and, save for one ducking, got no return; while I never missed a chance of paying off M. de Beaujolais.

I remember, indeed, to have been really frightened one day at the consequence of one of these favourite practical jokes. Tired with swimming, I had come out of the water and was resting, wrapped in a large towel, in the gallery. Wishing to speak to one of the swimmers, I leant over the edge for that purpose. At that moment M. de Beaujolais gave me a shove and sent me into the water. Returning to the gallery, I found him just at the spot which he had made me quit, and sent him off on a similar expedition; but by ill-luck the kind of dressing-gown of flannel, which he and the other princes wore instead of our simple robe of towelling, got right over

* [Mme de Genlis.]

his head. Pulling at the skirt in order to get free, he sank further and further in the water. Several of us jumped in and disentangled him, but he had swallowed a good deal of water, and frightened me considerably.

I remember, too, a very curious man who during that year used to come three times a week to the swimming-school. He was about fifty years of age, tall, lean, dark, and grave. He used to come with his hat on, his coat buttoned over his chest, booted and gloved, and with a cane in his hand. In this costume, without a word to anybody or a look at anything, he would go straight to the gallery, bearing toward the water till his left foot gave way and he fell into the stream. The first time I saw him perform this exercise I thought he had fallen by accident, and was making ready to go to his aid when I saw that, after picking up and putting on his hat, he swam wonderfully, and reached the further end of the bath holding the loop of his cane in his mouth. Emerging from the water, he went to take off his clothes, and returned to the gallery in a costume like the rest of us. With a strong disposition to think he must be mad, I could not refrain from asking the motive of his eccentric conduct. "Sir," he replied, "the object of learning to swim is to be able to save oneself if one has the misfortune to fall into the river. Now, do you suppose, if that accident were to befall you, that you would have nothing on but a pair of drawers? No, sir, you would have your clothes, your boots, your hat; and, as in addition to the surprise, you would be in difficulties of which you would have had no experience, you would be drowned, while I, sir, in a similar position, should save myself."

This quaint person, whose name was M. Fourneau, boasted of being what was then called an aristocrat. He cordially detested M. de La Fayette, and one day maintained to the Duke of Chartres that that general had no talent. Further, he asserted that the best commandant for Paris would always be the man who best knew the streets, and that a cab-driver was all the general wanted in that city, and he would not have the wits to get up any treason or faction.

Our exercises ended with the approach of autumn. I never

saw the two younger princes again, but I found myself once more in company with the Duke of Chartres in 1790 at the Jacobins, of which he helped to get me made a member, after having brought in my father. I just saw him at Tournai in April 1793, and after the Restoration found him again in Paris as Duke of Orleans.

Before finishing with them, I will venture on a sort of parallel between them. Although brothers, these young princes had no similarity, moral or physical. M. de Beaujolais was short for his age, but strongly built, bright, witty, cordial, and very kind. M. de Montpensier, thin, pale, delicate, was noticeable for the great sweetness of his character and an habitual melancholy. I was very fond of that young prince. The Duke of Chartres, somewhat older, seemed in these respects to be a mean between his two brothers, and was distinguished by reflective power, information, and a matureness quite beyond his age, while, at the same time, one perceived in him a good nature which did no less credit to his heart than his education did to his brains, or his general conduct to his good sense and his character.

Thus ended the only years which I can recall without bitterness and without regret. Amid all the tranquil joys and the most consoling hopes of life, I had passed those years in the bosom of a dearly-loved family, in the enjoyment of an honourable competence and general respect.

The Revolution burst forth, shattering the future on which I reckoned; it dispersed us as if we had been struck by a thunderbolt, caused my poor mother's death, and brought ruinous losses upon us. But let me not anticipate these sad revelations. So far as I am concerned, let time unroll the fated course of my destiny, so happy till 1789, and ever since that epoch, in spite of appearances, in spite of a few reprieves, so utterly deplorable.

CHAPTER IV.

Social uneasiness in France—Signs of impending Revolution—The storm bursts—First blood—Formation of the National Guard—Fall of the Bastille—In command—Mirabeau's little affairs—Bailly, La Fayette, and Lally-Tollendal.

EVER since I came back to France I had heard nothing talked about but abuses to be abolished, reforms to be made, a deficit to be met; outcries which to me were all the more extraordinary from having passed my childhood in a country where no complaint of that sort had come to my ears, and where everything to do with Government was regarded with no less respect than confidence. What was my recollection of Prussia? A king, great as warrior, philosopher, lawgiver, writer, surnamed for his justice "The Northern Solomon," ever justifying afresh the esteem in which he was held. Order reigned everywhere, a wise economy presided over the smallest expenditure, and, since the revenue exceeded the outlay, there was a reserve rendering it possible to meet the most unexpected circumstances, even that of war. In short, in the midst of calm there prevailed an equal security for the present and for the future.

Naturally, therefore, I thought that kings lived for nothing but the glory of their countries and the welfare of their subjects, that the interests of the people were the first interest of the sovereign, that everywhere the most honest and most enlightened men vied with their princes in enhancing the happiness of individuals and consolidating public prosperity. Now, if I had received this conviction from Prussia, what ideas had I not formed of France? Accustomed all my life to hear her extolled and regretted, I conceived her as something magical. Embellishing her still with all the splendours of an imagination only too easily excited, I believed that I should find there every

blessing that can be hoped for on earth united under the sceptre of a demi-god. My feelings may be imagined when I saw power in every direction at hand-grips with opinion; every day I found people's minds more exasperated against the Government and the Court, where I had been prepared for the spectacle of the best of people's offerings—a veritable worship to the best of kings.

Still, if this serious state of things had depended only on money difficulties, matters might have been palliated or postponed, and, in any case, the consequences would have been less deplorable, since assuredly neither the public evils nor the deficit and injury to credit could be imputed to any intention or expenditure on the part of Louis XVI. But a revolution had been hatching for a century; and if financial disorder was the pretext, if the struggle of the component parts of the State with each other and with the King furnished the opportunity, the true cause of the general perturbation was none the less a feeling of social uneasiness.

Louis XVI was pitied while blamed, Monsieur was applauded while distrusted, but the Count of Artois was openly condemned for his profligacy and extravagance, and people were tired of hearing about his eternal debts and the subsidies which he received incessantly from the King, and which on one occasion amounted to seventeen millions of francs. Then came the terrible affair of the necklace, surpassing every previous scandal, and disastrous alike to the nobles, to the churchmen, to the Queen and to the King.

One instance which of itself would not deserve mention, but which I cannot pass over in silence on account of the fury with which public opinion took hold of it, is supplied by the case of the Duke of Béthune. At the beginning of 1788 his carriage ran over a little girl in the Rue de la Ferronnerie. Amid the fearful shrieks of the child's mother he exclaimed, without even getting out, "Let the woman come to my house—she shall be paid for her loss." A revolting incident, no doubt, but one which was used as a formidable argument against the power of high birth.

The part played by the Duke of Orleans, and the millions by

means of which he subsidised the factious party, gave the agitators further resources and further support.

Favoured by this general ferment, an outcry arose against feudal rights of all sorts; against forced labour, the laying waste of the lands included in the royal forests, rights of hunting and of common, *lettres-de-cachet*, the impunity of nobles for every sort of crime, and the corresponding absence of all guarantee for the security of commoners, the jobbery by which the most important functions in so many offices were handed over to the highest bidder, the inequalities of taxation, and the mass of property held in mortmain and taken away from the support of families for the profit of a clergy, some of whom were so unedifying and some so splendidly recompensed.*

Risings took place everywhere against the salt-tax and the customs-duties in force between province and province, as well as against the variations in weights and measures, a medley which made twenty alien nations out of one and the same people. Last, and most threatening of all, since they led to the alienation of the army, were the protests raised by the officers of whole corps against the favouritism which, no less unjustly than shamelessly, gave everything to fame and position, and by which the provincial nobility who served and never shared in promotion found itself sacrificed to the Court nobility, who did not serve and got promoted in heaps; the indignation of officers who lived by their profession against the measure by which not more than two of them were admitted into any one regiment—a rare humiliation for men whose only means of getting on was by merit and brilliant actions; and, lastly, the exasperation of the soldiers at the bare idea of the flogging with the flat of the sword to which a minister, the Count of St. Germain, had wished to make them liable.

A revolution was inevitable; it had indeed begun before the word was pronounced, and by the time the word was uttered it had taken place. No doubt can remain on this point, namely, that the way to prevent the Revolution was to make it—that

* Cardinal de Rohan said, "I do not know how a man of quality can live on an income of less than a million and a half;" and he spent more than that.

is to say, that what was on the point of being lost should have been surrendered, and certain barriers thrown open in order that all might not be broken down. The decision which ought to have been taken in order to avoid the meeting of the States-General should all the more have been carried into effect when their session opened, in order to shorten it and to deprive them of motives, pretext, and time for becoming hostile.

But how could Louis XVI have contended successfully against the superior clergy, the nobility, the Queen and her Court, all so eager to compromise him, so incapable of aiding him—nay, against his own family and the ideas of his whole life? How could he have stripped himself of any part of what he regarded as his right without believing that he was abasing the throne and dispossessing his successors? Could he comprehend that the gravity of the circumstances made it his duty to abdicate some part of the power which he had inherited, and of which he regarded himself as the responsible custodian? To require him to sacrifice what in his view constituted the whole future of his dynasty was to expect too much of a conscientious prince to whom had not been allotted that power of insight which enables a man to distinguish the epochs when one may grasp from those when one has to make up one's mind to concede.

But I must come to what concerns me personally in the course of those gigantic events which, amid the most horrible crimes and the most noble heroism, were about to stain Europe with blood, to cost France two or three millions of men and ten or twelve thousand millions of francs, and permit the desire of the masses to be granted only after fifty years of revolution and restoration; that is to say, of alternating tempest and abject surrender.

The agitation which since the first meeting of the notables had only increased, and which the proceedings of the States-General were rendering daily more active and more universal, left us no longer in doubt that an explosion was imminent. Yet, with such a blow threatening, the people who belonged to Mme Desrosiers' set resolved to commemorate the happier times by meeting and spending a day together in the country.

Salafon, Lenoir, Rivierre, and I were commissioned to collect the votes as to place and time, and the majority decided for the Forest of Vincennes and for July 12. Everybody was keen about it, and out of the sixty or seventy persons on whom we reckoned none failed us but a M. de la Valette and his two daughters. Even they did not make up their minds to stay away till the last moment, as he informed me in a note referring to the difficulties of the King and the unhappy position of the Court, and ending with the words *Miseris reverentia debetur.*

Nine o'clock had not struck when the whole party was assembled on the lawn at Vincennes, where we were to meet. We had with us a dozen footmen and as many coachmen, with all the requisites for a splendid picnic breakfast and dinner. Being able to dispense with all outside aid, we betook ourselves to the most retired part of the forest. Nothing was lacking, though any lack would have been supplied by the general merriment. Games of all sorts, leaping, racing, wrestling, varied without exhausting our pleasures. Dancing followed, for we were enough to make a complete ball, including the orchestra. In short, it was a delicious day, without a cloud till half-past eight in the evening. At that hour my father and a M. de Plantrose, who had prolonged their walk as far as Vincennes, rejoined us. They had heard what had been going on in Paris, but allowed us to finish the country-dance in which we were engaged. When it was over, my father called everybody round him and announced that Paris was in full insurrection, that the people were guarding the barriers, allowing anyone to enter but no one to go out; that the busts of the Duke of Orleans and of M. Necker, who had been dismissed from the ministry, were being carried round the streets; that blows had been exchanged with the troops; that blood had been shed, and that in such serious circumstances everyone should consider how to get home as quickly as possible.

This revolution, which had come upon us, so to say, in the middle of a dance, caused us twofold horror: we were not used to these rough transitions from amusement to death. However, all emotions were repressed, and amid the most painful anxiety nobody thought of anything but himself and his friends;

everyone made haste to get the horses into his carriage, to fill it, and depart.

The situation of my family was complicated by three things. Our servant wore the royal livery; he was too drunk to be able to get up behind; and, lastly, as we lived at the Royal Warehouse in the Place Louis XV, we had to cross the whole of Paris in order to get home, while we had to make our way to the very spot where the fighting had taken place and, we were told, was still going on.

Consequently my father made the servant turn his coat inside out and sent him home on foot, after which we got into the carriage, enjoining the coachman strictly to go at a foot's pace from the moment we entered Paris, and, whatever might happen, to behave with the utmost circumspection.

As we had been told, the barrier was closed, but was opened at the coachman's call. Scarcely had we passed it when we were stopped, examined, questioned, and let go, by some men, part of whom carried arms, part torches. No notice was taken of us as we made our way through the successive groups who thronged the Faubourg Saint-Antoine and the boulevards from the Bastille to the Favart Theatre, beyond which they ceased. At the south-west angle of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin and the boulevard was the depôt of the French Guards; the entrance, closed by an iron gate, opened opposite the Pavillon de Hanovre. A squad of these guards with shouldered arms was drawn up in line outside, to the right of the gate, the rest of the depôt force being under arms within the courtyard, motionless and silent. Still on the boulevard, but towards the entrance of the Rue Louis-le-Grand, lay the corpse of a trooper of the Royal Allemand; our horses stumbled over it.* From

* Mignet says there were two, but he is wrong; as he is also wrong in saying that the French Guard charged the Royal Allemand with the bayonet as far as the Place Louis XV, and held that position all night. The regiment was not there, only the men of the depôt, not more than 200 all told. What they did, and it was serious enough, was to stop a charge made by the Royal Allemand along the boulevards, no doubt at the same time as the Prince of Lambesc ordered everybody who was in the Place Louis XV to be charged upon, and with his own hand sabred an old man at the entrance of the Tuileries.

there to the Madeleine we did not meet a soul; that end of the boulevards was blocked by a patrol of the Royal Allemand, with a few vedettes thrown out. The officer in command asked who we were and whither we were going, and at my father's first word ordered that way should be made for us. At the entrance of the Rue Royale we passed through a second detachment of the same regiment; another one, still stronger, filled the interval which in this street separates the two positions which look upon the Place Louis XV, and which from our windows looked to be full of troops.

It was eleven o'clock when we got back to the Warehouse, and we had not been there many minutes when Lenoir, uneasy at what might have happened to us in our long journey through Paris, came to get news of us. I cannot say how much we were touched by this mark of friendship, which, however, was as natural on the part of Lenoir as it would have been remarkable in many other people. As may be supposed, my father would not allow him to leave us, so he supped and slept at our house, and only returned the next morning.

At daybreak on the 13th all the troops who had occupied the Place Louis XV during the night had disappeared. As for Paris, disorder was there at its height—the alarm-bell was ringing in every parish, the barriers had been set on fire, and a search was being made everywhere for arms. The arsenal and all the armourers' shops had been ransacked, and, as it was known that there was a room containing arms at the Warehouse, intelligence soon arrived that the people were coming there in a body to carry off anything that might be of use to them.

My father wished to spare my mother and sister such a scene of violence, and himself to avoid a melancholy spectacle. How was it possible to foresee what might happen from the invasion of a mob which would find itself the master of a building that belonged to the king, and contained among other valuables all the Crown diamonds? Towards nine o'clock, therefore, he devised and at once executed the plan of taking us all to M. and Mme Bart, who lived in the Rue de la Sourdière; he took away the money, the jewels and some papers, and left orders with the servants to offer no opposition, and to report to him everything that happened.

About noon the Warehouse was invaded; thousands of men swarmed in, nor did they confine themselves to searching the room where the arms were, and all the other halls, the gallery, the stores, and the granaries; they penetrated into the rooms of all the persons who lived there, they rummaged even the beds, the chests of drawers, and that with more zeal than order; yet with the exception of such arms as might be of use, nothing was taken, and that not merely private property, but also what belonged to the king. This remarkable fact was perhaps due to two causes: first because some of the men who were the first to enter were paid to remain, and they, by affirming that all the arms had been carried off, became as it were a safeguard; and the second that several persons who were mingling with the mob in order to restrain it as much as possible kept continually repeating, "Everything here belongs to the nation." Unfortunately, this conduct was not imitated everywhere; it is true that equally prudent measures were not taken everywhere, nor was it everywhere possible to say that everything belonged to the nation. Several houses were pillaged, and during some hours anarchy accomplished its detestable work.

Henceforth it was necessary to have a superior and a secondary authority in order to regulate the seizure of arms, which was being carried on with fury, and to direct the employment of the immense forces which were springing up. To this end a municipality was created, the sixty districts of Paris were convened anew under the authority of their president, and the offices of these districts became the assembling places of the citizens when they were inscribed upon the registers. Such was the origin of the National Guard of Paris, which was intended to consist of 48,000 men, and actually reached nearly double that number. Each district had its own battalion; that of the Feuillants—to which I belonged—contained more than 1500 men. Thus, after having obeyed the sound of the alarm-bells, we were now obeying that of the drum. In the evening of the 13th strong patrols were got together, and that night Paris was illuminated and tranquil in spite of alarms.

We went back to our own house on the morning of the 14th. Hardly was my family re-established at the Warehouse than I

yielded to an irresistible desire to go about Paris and see what was happening. I must have a cockade; but one could be bought at any street-corner. These first cockades were of silk ribbon, and my hat was soon adorned. My object being to get to the Palais-Royal, I followed the Rue Saint-Honoré, and on coming opposite to the Place Vendôme I observed 500 men assembled at the gate of the Convent of the Feuillants, with a drummer at their head and ready to start. Perceiving among them my friend Clappier, already mentioned, I asked him where they were going. "The section * want guns," he replied, "and we are going to get them from the Invalides." I looked at him in an absent manner, and he added vehemently, "Why should not you join us?" I had to make an effort to resist throwing myself at once amid the ranks. I took, however, a moment for reflection, but, while puzzling myself as to what my father would think, how vexed my mother would be, I considered that I was not old enough to attach myself to what must be the falling cause; that at nineteen years old one belongs to the attacking party, and that, finally, I personally owed nothing to anyone. From that moment nothing could weaken the feeling of what I owed to my country, and, as the result of this rapid cogitation, I replied, "I am with you."

In order, however, to be able to bear arms and form part of an armed body, one had to be enrolled. Having complied with this formality, I was given a musket and some powder and bullets; I took a place in the detachment suitable to my height, and we set off.

Our troop had nothing military about it but its courage, no discipline save its zeal; its strength was only five hundred times that of one man, a very different thing from what the strength of 500 men may be. So we went along rather than marched, and while the drum at our head served only to prove that every-

* The King's regulation of April 13 constituting the States-General had changed the old divisions of Paris from 16 quarters to 60 districts. On June 27, the National Assembly reduced these to 48 sections, and for some time afterwards the terms "district" and "section" were often confused in ordinary language. Thiébault, as may be seen, uses them indifferently at this time; but after the Revolution has fairly broken out "section" alone is the term employed.—Ed.

one was going at the double, we discussed the question whether M. de Sombreuil, the Governor of the Invalides, was likely to defend his guns and the other arms that were in the building. Nothing seemed less likely. The Petits-Suisses had already refused to march against the French Guard, who were in full mutiny, nor had the regiments camped on the Champ de Mars obeyed on the previous day the order to load; so that to keep them quiet the gates of the Champ de Mars had to be kept closed. Now those unhappy relics of our armies known as the Invalides, owning no master save their infirmities, and rather the creditors of the State than its soldiers, were still less likely to respond to their Governor's hostile feelings than the other troops were to obey their officers. These anticipations were justified, and no resistance was made to the removal of the guns and arms. We took possession for our share of a magnificent 24-pounder called the "Great Dauphin," and of two 12-pounders. For want of horses, we harnessed ourselves to the guns, and, proud of our luck—I can hardly say victory—we brought them back in triumph to the Feuillants, where they adorned the courtyard till they were replaced by some 4-pounders. A hundred and twenty pieces of that calibre were in fact distributed among the sixty battalions of the Paris National Guard; and as these battalions had just received regulation muskets from the factory at Maubeuge, while the rapidity with which they learnt their drill was quite incredible, in a few months they formed a formidable army.

Such was the first expedition in which I took part, doubtless not a very warlike one, but one which made me an actor in a state of things where might was the basis of right. Forty-eight hours earlier I had not the least notion of disarming the Invalides. It is plain that all ideas, all positions, were being upset, and from that time my zeal was kindled till the Feuillants section had no more ardent soldier than myself.

That day was rendered famous by the capture of the Bastille, or rather by the surrender of that fortress, which, insignificant as the garrison was, the conquerors did not *take*. Unhappily the day is famous also for the murders of M. de Launay, the Governor of the Bastille, M. de Flesselles, Provost of the

Merchants, and some others. Well, one of the most sacred truths of revolution is that enthusiasm is as much stimulated by atrocities as by glorious feats, or what are reputed such; and if the people regarded the possession of the Bastille as a victory over authority, it only regarded the death of its victims as a victory over enemies and traitors. The result was decisive; the Court had made every preparation for chastising Paris during the night of the 14th, but having lost in M. de Flesselles an agent essential and devoted to its cause, and in the Bastille a rallying-point, it was wholly unfit to cope with the enthusiasm of the public voice, and destiny dragged it more and more downward.

On our return from the Invalides the president of the district requested us all to turn up at the Feuillants that evening a little before ten. Being one of the first to come, I took part in a lively discussion as to the means at the disposal of the city for resisting the attack with which it was threatened that night, and as to the best way of carrying out the reconnoissances which the section had orders to make. Justified by the circumstances, and luckily recalling some technical terms which I had picked up at the military school at Berlin, having even quoted appositely one or two of Frederick's maxims, I was credited with more capacity than I possessed. Consequently, though the youngest of those present, I was put in command of 600 men, who were charged with the most important reconnoissance, the object of which was to go by the Porte Maillot to the Bois de Boulogne to find out if any troops were massed there. On a suggestion of mine a second reconnoitring party of 400 men was charged to go by way of Chaillot towards Passy, and a messenger was sent to the section Du Roule to look after Neuilly.

My detachment being made up, I formed it into two equa divisions, placing at the head of the first a son of M. Doazan, a farmer-general, and Clappier de Lisle at that of the second. I formed an advance-guard of fifty men under the orders of M. de Vismes, a young man of great zeal and dash, bidding him never to be more than a hundred paces a head; in this order, and in a silence which I allowed no one to break, I gave the word to march.

On reaching the Barrière de l'Étoile, which, like all the other barriers, was guarded by strong pickets more or less entrenched, I called a halt in order to make inquiries, from which I learnt nothing, to restore order in my force, to have the muskets loaded, to give my last instructions, and to arrange with the commander of the picket as to the way in which he should cover my retreat into Paris if I returned with a superior force at my heels.

The gate of the Forest was closed. The gate-keeper, when opening it, declared that he had heard of no troops either come or likely to come, but nevertheless I left a hundred men posted here in order to retain command of the keys of this gate, and I advanced towards the middle of the Forest. There I halted finally, and sent out strong patrols towards Madrid, Bagatelle, Boulogne, and even some distance towards Auteuil, in order to reconnoitre my left, although that was to be done by somebody else. The commanders of these patrols were ordered to fall back at the first shot, from whatever side it was fired, upon me if possible, or else directly upon the Porte Maillot.

An hour had passed in this position, and as all my patrols had come in again as I had directed, I fell back first upon my hundred men, then upon the barrier, passing it a little before daybreak, and finally got back to the Feuillants, having earned the full approbation of my party. Having heard my report, the president thanked me in complimentary terms, and requested me, unless we should be summoned back sooner, to return at ten in the evening, in order, as he said, to render new testimony to my zeal. Such was my start in the career of commander. These are abundant details, but it must be remembered that they have for me almost the value of loving recollections, since they are the first-fruits of a career to which I have devoted my life, and of which I certainly have not made a mere trade.

On the evening of the 15th I was entrusted with a second detachment of about the same strength as the first, but my duties were less important, being no more than going to Passy by way of Chaillot, to reconnoitre the approaches on that side of Paris, returning by the Barrière de l'Étoile. Just as I was

setting out, a letter from Mirabeau * was handed me. It was for a lady living at Chaillot, but such a point was made of it as to convince me that State affairs were in question, all the more so because at so serious a crisis it seemed to me impossible that Mirabeau could concern himself with anything else, and even still more because this letter, which was brought by express from Versailles, was countersigned, and had on the envelope an order to take a receipt for it. Having reached the house indicated by the address, I halted my force, and charged Clappier de Lisle with the duty of giving it into the proper hands and bringing back the receipt. Two minutes appeared to be enough for all that, so when six had passed I grew impatient. I went in to learn the cause of the delay, and found my friend at table with a few men and some charming women, amid a merriment which his wit and natural gaiety made him very capable of arousing or maintaining, but in which I was in no wise disposed to share; indeed, I thought it improper that I should have been charged with such a commission for the mistress or one of the mistresses of M. de Mirabeau, however pretty she might be. I excused the fair lady from giving the receipt required, declined the glass of wine which she offered me very gracefully, drily ordered my lieutenant to return to his post, and, confining myself to a tone of cold politeness, left that merry company and continued my reconnoissance.

Returning to Paris by the Barrière de l'Étoile, I went up the Allée de Marigny to learn for myself from the district du Roule, which was in session at the Hôtel de Beauvau, if there was any news from that side. We went tranquilly along that road, and had traversed half of it when a great uproar was heard in front of us. However, having amid many shouts made out that of "Who goes there?" I hastened to reply, "Parisian Guard, Feuillants district." The noise changed its character without diminishing; some men, plucky fellows no doubt, came running up to look at us, and called out at once, "Do not fire." I could not understand it, but at last it appeared that they had taken us for troops from the Champ de Mars coming to surprise

* [See Carlyle, book 5, ch. v., last paragraph.]

the Roule district, and that, if the match lying near the two pieces that were trained upon our road had not unluckily happened to go out, we should have been met with a salute from two twelve-pounder guns loaded with grape. The president of the section was quite upset at the mistake that he had been on the point of committing, which gave me the opportunity of remarking that a few pickets thrown out would in future prevent any mistake of that kind. However, this anecdote and some complaints of the office which M. de Mirabeau had made me perform naturally entered into my report and could not fail to enliven it.

On the evening of the 16th I similarly commanded my third and last detachment; the only difference of route being that I went out by the Barrière de l'Étoile and returned by Passy and the quays.

On reaching the Barrière des Bonshommes, we saw mounted men advancing on the Versailles road, several carrying torches. Unless these were a trick, or intended to throw light on a night engagement, there was clearly no question of surprise or attack. Still, I threw out strong pickets and drew up the rest of my men in column in rear of the barrier to the left. The right was assigned to the 150 men to whose charge the barrier had been entrusted, and who received and carried out my orders, because in a confusion of this kind the man who assumes authority is allowed to exercise it.

As the horsemen drew nearer we saw that they were followed by two or three carriages. These were stopped by my pickets, and I went myself to see what they were. Of the four persons who were in the first, three got out; they were MM. Bailly, de La Fayette, and de Lally-Tollendal. The last acted as spokesman, giving his name. He said that peace had been made between the King and the States-General; that in the course of the day—it was then 1 or 2 A.M.—the King would go to Paris; and that he was himself the bearer of a letter from the President of the Assembly to the President of the City Council to inform him of this great news. "Where is your letter?" said I. He handed it to me, and without remark I broke the seal and read it. I have never been able to recall

this breach of good manners without laughing. It seemed to me then the most legitimate and the simplest thing in the world; and it really was so, because in these states of anarchy, where authority is subdivided without being weakened, you may do what you like, and you are nearly always right merely because there is no longer anyone to find fault with you. Anyhow, having finished my reading and convinced myself of the truth of the news, I handed the letter back to M. de Lally-Tollendal, who, I may observe, was pretty surprised at my audacity. Begging him and his colleagues to re-enter their carriage, I told them that to ensure the safety of their progress I would escort them till I could hand them over to another detachment. I accompanied them in this way as far as the Pont Royal. We should have been fired upon, as a day or two before I had missed being, if I had not taken the precaution to send on an advance-guard. Sixty paces in front of the Pavilion of Flora were two guns mounted on the quay of the Tuileries, and the Pont Royal was occupied by a battalion from which two hundred men were detached to escort the deputation as far as the Hôtel de Ville.

After resting for a few hours, I took my place in the double row of armed Parisians, amid whose cheers the King went to the Hôtel de Ville, returning to the Barrière des Bonshommes. Meanwhile the Count of Artois, who all his life long would do anything under the influence of fear till he might be called a very dare-devil of cowardice, was bolting as hard as his legs could carry him; and in this fashion he was the first of the "Emigrated."

Thus ended that five days' campaign; for me the commencement of service in that National Guard which, as I have said, so soon formed a real army, and became the model of all other National Guards in France. On the refusal of the Duke of Aumont, M. de La Fayette was nominated to the command of it, and at once began to attend to its organization, clothing, arming, and duties.

CHAPTER V.

Organizing the National Guard—The flank companies—"Bread" and "Arms"—Doings at Versailles—The King comes to Paris—On police duty—July 14th; Festival of the Federation—Last chance for the monarchy—Louis XVI and the little dog—Favras—Abbé Le Duc—"Friends of the Constitution."

WHEN it came to the point of nominating officers for the National Guard, my name, as might be expected from the previous circumstances, was placed on the list of candidates. On hearing of this, I mentioned it to my father, who was opposed to my accepting any rank. "Serve your country," said he, "but do so as a private soldier. Those who have noticed your zeal will esteem you all the more; while those who do not know what you have done will not be scandalized by seeing a youth under twenty years of age commanding older and more important men. My position also is against your taking a leading part; doubtless we shall not disguise our opinions, but we need not advertise them." In spite of all I could say, I was nominated lieutenant, and, as duty required, I declined.

The first moments of danger being over and the fancy for a uniform satisfied, the zeal of a good many National Guards cooled down, until in order to get twenty you had to order out sixty. It was felt, therefore, that if the declining ardor of these improvised heroes was to be rekindled, it would be desirable to leave them only the light duty of guards and patrols, and to find some way of having always a number men of sufficient intelligence to insure regular duty. Volunteers will set up for parades and guards of honor on days of expeditions of every kind, by day or night, but when one without the walls—men, in short, capable of seeing and acting example.

considerations, and the idea of having a picked corps to

overtop and, if necessary, to hold in check the general run of National Guards, made it desirable to create a grenadier and a light company in every battalion; that is, to every section. It was feared, however, that this would be displeasing to the majority, who, though quite willing to be dispensed from equality of fatigue duty and hard work, insisted that the appearance of equality should not be lost. The first proposals were therefore badly received, which determined M. de La Fayette, while appearing to stand aloof from their formation, to induce the sections to demand it. That of Filles St. Thomas took the lead, and, as only comparatively slight resistance was offered in that section, it was the first to form its grenadier and light companies, getting its grenades put on by the grenadiers of I forget which regiment of the line. Its example was followed by the battalion of the Henri IV section, who received their grenades from the Filles St. Thomas; by the Feuillants, who received theirs from the Henri IV; by the Bonnes-Nouvelles, who received them from us, and so on. Each of these ceremonies gave occasion for grand dinners, to which were invited, in the first place, the entire company from whom the grenades were being received, and then deputations from each company who had already got them. These banquets were concluded with toasts and songs, and were followed by military promenades—sort of torchlight processions, in which 300 or 400 grenadiers and light-bobs, marching two and two, went singing all round Paris.

These flank companies did not get formed in the Feuillants without difficulty; seven-eighths of the section were opposed to them, and some demagogues dilated against their formation as an attack upon equality and an aristocratic manœuvre. I happened to be passing headquarters one evening with two friends, when we found some of them on the point of moving that the section should permit neither grenadiers nor light company. Happening to be all three in uniform, we entered. Auguste Doazan, Grasset, and Le Cocq were holding their own against more than 600 persons; we took their part. The uproar soon became frightful; lost in the crowd, we could only make ourselves heard by yelling. In order to make up for our small numbers by the advantage of position, we took possession

of the pulpit, from which we thundered at the assembly. As this gave us a kind of point of vantage, they wanted to pull us out of it, and some of the wildest made an assault upon our position. A straight hit from Le Cocq, who was six feet high and a powerful man, settled the leader. Down he went, carrying his immediate followers in his fall. The fury of our assailants being doubled by this check, we drew our swords, and, short of demolishing the pulpit, I do not know how they would have got us out of it. The president had exhausted all the resources of his eloquence and of his lungs in vain; his bell had lost its authority, and putting on his hat was no better. Bloodshed would have followed had not several of our friends, hearing of the uproar, hastened up and succeeded in getting the sitting suspended. They still had to get the church evacuated; for, wishing to remain masters of the field, we declared that we would be the last to go out. Next morning we met again, and were joined by fifty of our comrades. We were unanimous in saying that we had all been insulted collectively, and that we must have satisfaction. Consequently, six of us who were known to be the best fencers drew lots to settle the order of fighting. The first fell to Auguste Doazan, the second to Vismes, the third to I forget who, the fourth to me. We then drew the names of the six most insolent members of the section and sent our challenges. The major of the battalion having drawn number one, Doazan fought him and pinked him handsomely; a parley ensued, terminating in apologies, which were deemed sufficient, and this was the end, at all events, of the duels. We were, however, so angry at the way in which our zeal had been insulted that we decided to leave the section of the Feuillants and enroll ourselves in the flank companies of the Filles St. Thomas,—the two richest, most dashing, and almost the most aristocratic companies in Paris; more than a hundred young people of our section declaring that they would follow us.

This looked serious. Ready by day or night at the first drum-tap, we had been doing nearly all the extra duty of the section; if we went, somebody else would have to do it, and that somebody could only be our talking friends. Now they had not bargained for this, so negotiations were entered into in which

we were cajoled into taking part, and commissioners, of whom I was one, were nominated on either side. We demanded that the formation of our flank companies should be decreed and announced to us in general assembly. This was duly done, and the president made a beautiful speech on the subject to which I was appointed to reply. My reply was the first written speech that I had ever made. I dwelt upon the theme that the only equality possible was before the law, and that Nature herself had undertaken to prove that every other claim to equality was chimerical and absurd. So I made a speech in regular form, well enough to astonish my father and to produce an excellent effect. Except for a few grudges, reconciliation was complete, and the section soon began to take pride in two of the finest flank companies that Paris could show. I persisted in refusing an epaulette, but could not avoid being one of the sergeants of the grenadier company.

Meanwhile, in spite of the creation of the National Guard as a guarantee of order and tranquillity, the causes of trouble continued to ferment. While the standard of the lilies was hoisted at Coblenz and a crusade against France was being agitated in all the Courts of Europe under the pretext of saving Louis XVI, while the chiefs of the aristocratic party were fomenting excesses with the view of killing the Revolution by the hands of its own fanatics, whose forum was the Palais Royal, the King's resistance and vacillation were exasperating the people till their hatred was ready to change to frenzy. Before long more serious grievances arose, and the suffering grew more severe. Bread rose in price at Paris, and at once famine was predicted, sundry payments got in arrear, and nothing was heard of but bankruptcy; fresh troops, it was said, were coming from Versailles; the dissolution of the Assembly and the massacre of those deputies who were most devoted to the cause of the people were announced as imminent. It was added that in order to be out of reach of harm the King would leave Versailles at the moment when this counter-revolutionary stroke was struck, and would go to Lille or to Metz, while war would immediately break out with all the foreign Powers and particularly with Austria.

The effect of this news on Paris may be imagined. It was at that time a volcanic soil from which torrents of flame were ready to burst out at the least shock. Nothing, moreover, was done to restore calm and security. On the contrary, these sinister rumours only seemed to be confirmed by the doubling of the body-guards on duty, the removal of the French Guards from duty about the King, the recall of the Flanders Regiment and of a cavalry corps; by the sudden appearance of strange uniforms and black or yellow cockades, upon which, in the person of a wearer, the people on one occasion did justice; and, lastly, by the swagger which the enemies of the Revolution were already calling to their aid. No doubt, therefore, remained that the Court was offering a challenge to a renewed combat, from which the people would not shrink. At last, when the details of the banquets given on October 1st and 3rd in the theatre and riding-school at Versailles got known at Paris, and people were aware of the songs, toasts, shouts, and other marks of enthusiasm to which they had given occasion, and learnt that the King, the Queen, and the Dauphin had been present, and of the words and suggestions which had escaped them, the challenge seemed to be completely proved, and the explosion which had threatened on the 4th took place on the morning of the 5th.

Paris was full of spontaneously-collected groups. In the midst of a general tumult some cries were distinctly heard: the first was "Bread!" the second "Arms!" the third "To Versailles!" the fourth "The King to Paris!" The cry "Bread! bread!" uttered by a young girl who was beating a drum which she had taken from some guard-room, was enough to cause her to be followed by an immense crowd, partly armed with axes and pikes, who pillaged all the bakers' shops which it found in its course. At the cry "To arms!" it betook itself to the Hôtel de Ville, where it forced the gates, rang the alarm-bell, and got hold of I do not know how many thousand muskets. Then proclaiming that it was necessary to save the deputies, to prevent the King from being carried off, to bring him to Paris and keep him there, it marched in hideous bands upon Versailles.

In the morning the sound of the drum had called all the battalions together, and before the Hôtel de Ville was threatened

the National Guard were in readiness to act. If M. de La Fayette had chosen, the movement might have been anticipated and repressed, but the proper steps were not taken in time. When the Hôtel de Ville was attacked, La Fayette had only a fraction of a battalion besides the regular guard with which to defend it; the other battalions who were not on the spot—fifty-nine out of sixty, that is—remained in a state of tranquil inactivity. As for the Feuillants, the security was so great that towards mid-day our battalion had dispersed for breakfast; and when the order arrived to prevent the people from marching on Versailles, only twenty-five or thirty grenadiers of the section were present, and not one officer. Immediately afterwards appeared some sixty women, of horrible appearance, shouting loudly that they were going to look for the King, and summoning every one to join them. At the sight of these furies I ordered the men who were with me to stand to their arms, drew them up in line before the gateway of the Feuillants, and sent five men with a corporal to force the rabble to retreat. The order merely exasperated the women, and my advance-guard, such as it was, was hooted and driven back, but I at once supported them with the rest of my small force, blocking the Rue Saint-Honoré, and charged the hags; using the musket-butts and our feet, even touching them with the bayonet, we put them to the rout, and forced them struggling as far as the Butte Saint-Roch, whence they launched horrible imprecations and threats at us.

While I was thus clearing the Rue Saint-Honoré, I ordered all the drummers who were at hand to beat to arms; our companies very soon re-formed, and, under the impression that we had received orders which could be carried out, we blocked all the ways to Versailles through our section; but it was too late to offer any real hindrance. In the other sections the orders of which I speak either had not been received or were disregarded, and the only result of our efforts was to make some of the bands take another way round.

It was not till nearly six o'clock that an aide-de-camp from M. de La Fayette arrived at the Feuillants; we stood to our arms instantly, and our right half-battalion was despatched to Versailles, whereas 20,000 men should have been sent eight or

ten hours before to occupy the wood of Meudon and the gates of Sèvres and Saint-Cloud.

Before we reached Point-du-Jour there was a block, caused by the delays incidental to a night march, and the absurd idea of making sixty half-battalions, with several batteries of guns, march in fighting order. We advanced only by short stages, interrupted by long halts. It had begun to rain; one downpour followed another, the wind was frightful, and marching became even more laborious. It took us six hours to reach the drill-ground at Versailles, where we deployed half an hour after midnight, and were ordered to bivouac.

When we had piled arms, my captain, the elder M. Doazan, took me aside and said, "I have ordered supper for two at the Hôtel des Fermes. Let us come and eat it, and leave my brother with the other gentlemen to set a good example, and get through how they can." Never was a more timely proposal: we were famished, wet through, frozen; a fire was the right thing to warm and dry us, and by its side we had an excellent supper. Our meal ended, we threw ourselves on to the same bed. We were called at daybreak, and had not got downstairs when we heard the drum beat to arms. At that moment the populace were flocking through a gate which had been opened or left open into the courts of the palace, and even to the Queen's apartments, and were beginning to attack the body-guard, whom the French Guards saved as they had themselves saved the royal family.

We rejoined our company with all speed, and found them just standing to their arms. Shouts were heard on all sides. In one place the King's stables were being plundered, in another the guards were being slaughtered. Our three centre companies were sent after the horses and helped to bring back nearly all of them; my grenadier company, with some others, was told off to aid the body-guard, who in trying to get back into the palace were being assailed by the people.* We

* Mignet and Thiers mention only the French Guards as having saved the body-guard. This is true for the interior of the building, but not for the exterior. Such mistakes are inevitable when people are speaking of what they did not see.

rescued them all, and I was myself lucky enough to drag three from the hands of some fanatics who had disarmed and were about to kill them. I entrusted them to my own section, and brought them back to Paris in our ranks. Passing our house, I saw my father, mother, and sister at the window, and, leaving the ranks with the three gentlemen, I beckoned to my father to let them in. They stayed and dined with him, and at nightfall, changing their uniforms for civilian clothes, drove off to the house of a relation of one of them who lived in Paris. Two nights after they called to take leave of us, and, as we were not in, left their cards. The cards have been lost, and I have forgotten their names, and have never heard of them since; but I am none the less glad to remember the incident.

The announcement of the King's return to Paris restored order provisionally. The first thing was to get those horrible mobs to go back, and several battalions followed them. All along the road they proclaimed the King's speedy arrival, calling him "the Baker," in allusion to the plenty which was going to reign in Paris. The heads of two unhappy body-guards were used as standards, and these ghastly trophies were hailed with hideous chants.*

When Versailles had been cleared, the King and his family started, accompanied by 100 deputies and escorted by 30,000 men of the National Guard. On their course through the city the whole procession marched through two lines of National Guards, and in this fashion arrived at the Tuileries, in which no one had dwelt for a century. The soles of my boots had deserted me somewhere about the Palais Royal, but I went through the whole business, though when I got home my feet were so swollen that I could not walk for two days.

Thus ended that popular movement which the leaders chose to have, which the Court brought on itself, which M. de La Fayette might have hindered and moderated, which some of the body-guards turned to bloodshed, and which showed the people, or rather the populace, as it always is and always will be, cheering the king whom it was attacking, the queen whom it

* Thiers is wrong in saying that the heads were taken from them as they left Versailles. My father saw them from his windows in the Rue Royale.

was proscribing, and the body-guard whose throats it was cutting.

Should that day of the 6th of October, or, in other words, the transference of the King to Paris, be regarded as a fortunate event? The counter-revolution had undoubtedly formed a plot to take Louis XVI to Metz, but the King on his side did not wish to leave the field open in Paris for the Duke of Orleans. He understood that his flight would bring on civil war at once, and he did not wish to give the signal for that; while as for those who had gone abroad and the part to be played by foreign armies, he was checked by the fear that the Count of Artois might have that game in his own hands. But could he have resisted all those around him? We can hardly think so. Later on, when he did go, we at once had both civil war and foreign war. Now in 1789 we were in no condition to sustain a twofold struggle of that kind, and the business of October 5th had resulted in deferring it for three or four years. Thanks to that delay, we acquired the means of replacing an inevitable defeat by victory, and thus those two days, by disconcerting the hopes and the plans of its enemies, saved the Revolution. Still, I think that the end might have been equally well attained if M. de La Fayette had on that occasion shown himself to be as much of a general as he claimed to be.

No sooner was the King in Paris than the face of affairs changed. The National Guard especially found a new element of influence. Taking part as it did in the guard at the palace, it had the opportunity of showing itself beside picked troops like the French Guards and the Swiss, and did not wish to be behind any of them. My company was distinguished in every respect, and, indeed, I do not know what could be seen in that way finer than 130 young men, the eldest not thirty years old, the shortest over 5 ft. 6 in., all remarkable for the vigorous precision of their bearing and the brilliant condition of their arms, which they handled with a perfection and a dexterity impossible to outdo.

The Filles St. Thomas challenged us to go through the platoon exercise with them; we accepted on condition that all should wear their bearskins, that for firing we should be drawn

up in three ranks, and that the words of command should be given alternately by the captains of the two companies. We had the best of it all round, and what made it clear above all was, that the grenadiers of the Filles St. Thomas had three bearskins scorched, while there was not a hair singed in any of ours. That was the first and last challenge we received.

With all the zeal that we showed in justifying our reputation, it may be supposed that never a tap of the drum was heard in our section but we stood to our arms. In this matter there was such a community of feeling among us that something extraordinary must have happened for any of us to fail in turning up at the roll-call. Independently of our ordinary duty during the three years that the National Guard of Paris lasted, such as it was created in 1789, my company was employed on a large number of services either alone or with other picked companies. Of several of these the object was to effect arrests. I will mention one which affected us a good deal in spite of the gravity of the offence committed by the culprit.

Thirty men of my company, of whom I was one, had received orders to meet at the Feuillants at midnight. As soon as we arrived we were assembled and started under the guidance of a man whom none of us knew, but with whose directions we had orders to comply. About one o'clock in the morning we surrounded a detached house with a courtyard in front, situated in one of the unfinished streets of the Faubourg Poissonnière. Our guide was joined by two of his subordinates who had reached the ground before us, and after exchanging a few words with them he called for some grenadiers to follow him. I took command and he knocked at the door, which was opened at once. Two grenadiers were bidden to keep guard over the porter; with the eight remaining I followed our guide into the house, where he seemed to be at home. By the light of a dark lantern we reached the further end of a charming set of rooms and came to a locked door, which, on his demand, we drove in with blows of our musket-butts. Having passed this obstacle, we found ourselves in a luxurious bed-room. Instantly a handsome young man sprang out of the bed, followed by a woman of great

beauty, who, clinging to him without any thought of her raiment, gave evidence of her terror and despair by the most fearful shrieks.

While I was begging her to calm herself, to put on some clothes or to get into bed again, our myrmidons compelled the young man to dress. No sooner had he got his clothes on than, taking him with them, they searched the whole house, and in a distant closet, carefully locked, was discovered a complete apparatus for the manufacture of forged exchequer bills, and the mystery of the arrest was revealed. I pass over the details of a heart-breaking separation and the mood which we were in after this task. But before long the joys which the unhappy man had purchased at the cost of an unpardonable crime were replaced by the scaffold.

Having been sent to Versailles to aid in repressing an insurrection among the labourers who were engaged upon relief works there, we were a good deal associated with the Flanders Regiment, who had expressed popular sympathies. Our appearance alone was sufficient to send the discontented workmen back to their work. After this the importance of being on good terms with the troops of the line decided us to give a dinner to the Flanders Regiment. Their officers and ours, as well as a sergeant, a corporal, and a private of every company in both corps, took part in this "fraternization," as it was called.

The greater part of the summer of 1790 was passed by the King at Saint-Cloud. Hardly was he settled there when fresh alarms arose about his escaping or being carried off. Certain movements of the troops suddenly increased these alarms to such a point that one night Saint-Cloud found itself surrounded by I do not know how many half-battalions of the Paris National Guard. As a part of this operation, our right half-battalion occupied Boulogne for thirty-six hours. A score of grenadiers were billeted with me in a house in the garden of which was a summer-house. Wishing for a little more elbow-room, I asked to have this opened. The old servant whom I addressed seemed terrified at my notion, and declared that it was impossible. "Why the devil should it be impossible?" "All very fine, your devil! Well, just because the devil comes

there every night!" "That's lucky, by Jove!" said I. "I have got a little matter to settle with him, and I shall be charmed to meet him." Whereupon she bolted as if he was at her skirts. This was all very funny, but she would not open the door, and for want of a key I fell back on a musket-butt. Feeling my way in, I stumbled over the bottom step of a staircase and went up. There was only one floor, and I found myself in a room with a window leading to a balcony, which I hastened to open. It was a splendid night, and I stepped out to get a breath of air, for the room was close. Hardly was I on the balcony when it collapsed. Luckily the framework was of iron, and I was holding the rail tightly enough to remain hanging by it, so that traversing along it I could regain the room. Otherwise I must have broken my neck, and the devil would have had one more feat set down to him to prove his malice.

The ceremony of July 14 in the Champ de Mars, or, as it was now to be called, the Champ de Fédération, has been described twenty times over,* and I need say little about it. The "Federation Cohort" started from the place where the Bastille had stood, and where not a trace of it remained, and, marching with its eighty-three banners outspread and 100,000 strong, took more than three hours to get into movement. At its head went the Constituent Assembly in a body, preceded by a battalion of children called "The King's Own Dolls," and followed by one of old gentlemen, whom the young people of the day—all dyspeptic elders or dead now—named in their merriment "The King's Own Hawkers and Spitters." One must mention, too, the priests, 300 or 400 of them, and 100 choristers, armed with censers and all in white albs tied with broad girdles of tri-coloured ribbons. They covered all the steps round the altar of the fatherland, where the service was performed by three bishops, he of Autun celebrating, or rather profaning, the last Mass which he was to say as well as one of the first oaths he was to violate.

But the man who attracted the attention of all beholders was M. de La Fayette; he had full charge of that solemnity, and,

* [*E.g.*, by Carlyle—*Revolution*, vol. ii., book 1, chap. xii.]

though he really was in command only of the Federals, he seemed to be commanding the whole of France. I can see him now, mounted on his white horse,* ranging over that vast space as if he were the master of it. I may quote the witty remark of a friend, who said to me, pointing to him, "Do you see M. de La Fayette galloping through the ages to come?"

Yet if this unprecedented day immortalized those who played the chief parts, Louis XVIth's part will always be a matter of regret. Standing beside the President of the Constituent Assembly in advance of the Queen and the Dauphin, but somewhat in rear of the first-named personage, the monarch, although the place on the right was allowed to him, had already abdicated too much, and seemed to be only a pupil beside his tutor, or even a prince listening to the people's ratification of the thousand disabilities which had already been inflicted on him.

The object of all this solemnity was an oath which was taken immediately after the Mass by the King in the fashion that we know, then by the Queen, who made the Dauphin take it. This oath, which for them confirmed their policy of surrender, and which seemed all the more sacred for being repeated at the same moment throughout all the kingdom, should not have been forgotten by the King any more than the enthusiasm which it called forth. That explosion of unanimous and prolonged cheers was something more than a manifestation—it was a very outburst of homage. Twenty military bands mingled with those shouts of joy, a thousand drums rattled, and a hundred cannon roared. The frightful weather of the whole previous night and the morning of that day, the day on which people thought the Revolution was at an end, might have been regarded later on as a forecast of the tears and of the blood to which France was doomed for the next thirty-nine years; but the splendid clearing which took place just as the Mass began

* This English horse, which had cost 1500 louis, suddenly became so vicious that he passed from hand to hand till he became the property of a man from whom I hired horses. I rode him nearly all the summer of 1791, but he was not a pleasant mount. He had such a trick of shying that no one could stay near me, and foot-passengers got out of his way.

might at the moment seem an earnest of the calm and the peace which lay at the bottom of all men's hopes.

Although I had been on foot since the morning of the day before and under arms for twenty-four hours, and had been wet through twenty times over, I was so thrilled by what was going on that I felt no fatigue. No sooner was the festival over than I handed my musket and my knapsack to the drummer of my company, Antoine Balland, who six years afterwards, I may mention, was a major-general; then, having rejoined my family, I went with them and some friends to dine at the Bois de Boulogne. About nine o'clock we returned on foot; for that day no carriage could get about. As we crossed the Champs Elysées we were amazed to find how every one was vying in politeness; there was a crowd and nobody was hurrying or elbowing, but everyone was making room for everyone else. Courtesy and politeness were carried to such a point that one had to be always ready to salute or to smile; and if these exquisite manners were anywhere carried to excess, it was among persons of the lowest orders.

Thus passed that Festival of the Federation. No painful memory is attached to it, and it was undeniably the grandest day of the Revolution; one might have said, indeed, that there was nothing left to wish for. The King appeared satisfied—one might believe that he was so; the Federals were going to make all France resound with their tribute to him, and if the country could have been delivered from the fanatics on both sides, no less in the Court than among the demagogues, the King and the monarchy would have been saved: but that is not how revolutions go.

The struggle began again the very next day; seven weeks later blood was spilt at Nancy, but these sad events are too well known for me to linger over them, and I may return to some facts about my service and the National Guard.

On Maundy Thursday in that year I was on duty at the Tuileries, when the King and Queen performed for the last time the ceremony, which had come down from the days of King Robert, of washing the feet of twelve poor men. These persons, in new clothes given by the King, sat on a bench with their feet

on a raised step; the right foot only was bared, and beside it was placed a basin of warm water. When the King and Queen, followed by their suite, came through the door of the private apartments, each one placed his foot on the edge of the basin; the King then took a little water from each basin in the hollow of his hand and poured it on each of the twelve feet, which did not indeed require washing. The Queen took twelve napkins, which were presented to her on a silver salver, and passed them over the feet which the King had moistened, leaving them there. At the end of the ceremony their Majesties gave alms to the poor men, who had promptly replaced their shoes, and served them with food on wooden platters.

The Guards at the palace were almost always giving occasion for some anecdote. A jest made by a former councillor of the Parliament obtained a certain success. Soon after the King was settled in Paris this councillor, being a grenadier in the National Guard, happened to be doing duty as sentry at the entrance of the State apartments. A personage about the Court, perceiving him, called out, "What—is that you? Good heavens! What are you doing there?" "Duke," he replied, "formerly we used to present our most humble remonstrances to the King; now we mount guard over him."

On one occasion I had passed the night at the palace. About six in the morning two of my comrades and I, in our forage caps, went out by the centre gate to walk round the terraces, and get a breath of air. As we drew near the terrace on the river-side, the King came out of the small gate near the Pavilion of Flora, accompanied only by two gentlemen. Taking off our caps, we stood respectfully to let them pass; but, seeing no reason to change our own route, we followed them at a distance of fifty or sixty paces. Having gone down and up the two horse-shoe flights of steps, he followed the terrace of the Feuillants until he reached the little gate of the passage which goes through the convent of that name and connects the Place Vendôme with the Tuileries, and both with the Hall of the Constituent Assembly. Just then a lady came through the gate. She had a pretty little spaniel with her, which, before she noticed it, ran close up to the King. Making a low courtesy,

she called the dog back in haste; but, as the animal turned to run to its mistress, the King, who had a large cane in his hand, broke its back with a blow of his cudgel. Then, amid the screams and tears of the lady, and as the poor little beast was breathing its last, the King, delighted with his exploit, continued his walk, slouching rather more than usual, and laughing like any lout of a peasant.

With a spontaneous impulse we stopped and turned back rather than follow "that dog-killer," as one of my companions termed him, any longer. We were no less disgusted than scandalized. We had never seen anything more coarse than the laugh, or more gratuitously ill-natured than the act, though it was well in keeping with the cuts of his whip with which the King used to gratify any hair-dressers or priests who were unlucky enough to come in his way when hunting. Such conduct seems all the less explicable if one considers the position in which Louis XVI was just then, and it reminds me of a remark which at the time only scandalized me, but from that moment bore a different character for me. It was as follows. Some time before my father and I had been dining with the Marquis of Aoust. Among the company were the Archbishop of Cambrai, Ferdinand de Rohan, and M. de Suffren. During dinner the King was mentioned, and somebody having praised his kindness, another guest observing that it was depicted in his face, the Archbishop, without dropping his voice, but with his eyes fixed upon his plate, said, "A fortunate mask." Everyone looked at him, but no one replied. Another remark of his, by the way, on the same occasion, made a profound impression. It was after we had left the table and gone to the drawing-room. The conversation turned on suicides, and every one was condemning it, when the Archbishop raised his voice and said, "Suicide is a crime; nevertheless there is one case in which it becomes a duty—when one has lost one's honour." It was a death-sentence for his brother, the Cardinal de Rohan, who was dishonoured indeed by the affair of the diamond necklace.

The last story which my service in the National Guard recalls has to do with a more serious business—the trial of Favras.

This man, whose real name was Mahy, came from Favras, a village near Blois. A man of capacity, and even of daring, educated, an intriguer, scamp enough to have plenty of chances of success, he came to Paris, where he enlisted in Monsieur's Guards. Soon after he left them, and before long, if not at once, he became a Marquis much as Rivarol was a Count, and as so many others bore titles and names to which they had no right. Thanks to his title, on one of his journeys he managed to marry a German princess. Then returning to France, and always eager to testify his zeal for Monsieur, he was charged with the negotiation of a loan which the Prince needed.

Meanwhile the Revolution was daily taking a more threatening form. Monsieur, who in 1788 had broken down a dyke through which a torrent was now hurling itself ready to submerge everything, had no fresh reason to fear the course of events; in order to check it or change it at his pleasure, it appeared to him that the surest means would be to get the royal family out of Paris and get rid of M. Necker and M. de La Fayette. Accordingly, he decided to have these two persons assassinated and the King carried off, and, struck with the idea that no one had a better claim than Favras to be entrusted with the execution of this twofold plan, he saw him again, and made him undertake the task, promising him in case of success 500,000 francs and the confirmation of his title of Marquis.

Favras at once went in search of people to work off a job of such importance. He hunted through the barracks and in less reputable places. At length he somewhere discovered two sergeants who seemed worthy of his confidence; so he confided in them, and promised them not only captain's rank in the force which he was raising in the interests of the counter-revolution, but 100,000 francs' reward if they would accomplish the double crime which was required of them. But the two men no longer belonged to those French Guards who as late as 1760 would act as paid assassins. Yielding to the general movement, they now obeyed influences of another kind. It seemed to them that the rank dangled before their eyes might in the future be earned by a nobler title, and consequently, instead of helping M. de Favras, they denounced him and got him brought to trial.

The case was enormously interesting. I do not think, though the Court party tried to get it believed, that the Châtelet * condemned M. de Favras because the people had a fancy for seeing a marquis hung,—a pleasure, by the way, which that person could not give them, as his title was of no more value than a nickname; nor do I think that the Châtelet sacrificed him as compensation for having acquitted M. de Bezenval.† As a matter of fact, it condemned him simply because it was impossible not to do so. The only remaining question was not how far Monsieur was guilty—no one had any doubt about that—but how far he would be compromised. Everything depended on the part that Favras would play; that is to say, if he should exculpate Monsieur or if he should accuse him. The smallest charges made by him could not fail to be equivalent to material proofs, for, I may repeat, moral conviction was complete. The royal family was in the greatest dismay, Monsieur in a flutter, and it was only because it was thought that Favras' discretion might be counted on that the Prince repaired to the Hôtel de Ville, and there made that famous declaration in which the future king of 1818 proclaimed that the royal authority ought to be the rampart of the national liberty, the national liberty the foundation of the royal authority, adding, "I have a right to have my word believed; I have never changed my sentiments or my principles, and I never shall change them." But it would seem that this comedy could take nobody in, except in so far as Favras did not give the lie to it. Now if he cleared Monsieur his own death was certain, but he might save his head by offering to sell his revelations. The object of every effort, therefore, was to prevent him from speaking,

* [The Châtelet was originally the castle of Paris, and the official residence of the Provost, who was also the King's representative in judicial matters. In the course of ages his functions in this respect were vested in a court, which retained the name of his residence, while the building itself became a prison.]

† This personage [well known to readers of Carlyle] was a Swiss in the French service, and at one time commander in the Swiss Guard. In 1789 he had command as lieutenant-general of the troops assembled round Paris. He deserted his post, was arrested, and brought to trial before the Châtelet; but that court being at that time inspired by counter-revolutionary sentiments, he was acquitted.

and to this end they succeeded in persuading him that, as he could be saved only by the King, he should have a reprieve if he could succeed in keeping out of sight everything that was likely to bring Monsieur into the question.

I was on guard at the Châtelet the day that Favras was tried, and, as chance would have it, I was posted behind his chair, and I remained there the whole time that his interrogatory lasted. I must say I was extremely struck by his firmness, to which indeed he seemed to have made up his mind, and no less so by the cleverness with which he kept up his part. Every time that Monsieur was mentioned he recalled all his obligations to him without letting slip a word which could inculpate him; on the contrary, what appeared hopelessly compromising got explained in such a way as to repel suspicion. He was condemned, and the verdict did not shake him; he was taken to the Hôtel de Ville to find out if he had any revelations to make, but he made none, thanks to the promises which had been given him and to the influence exercised on him by the two priests who had been sent to him. One of these was the Abbé Le Duc, whose presence was in itself as good as an unanswerable proof.*

But when he got to the place of execution and saw no reprieve coming, he wished to speak, and would certainly have told everything if the Abbé Le Duc had not checked him with these words: "Your fate is irrevocable; submit, then, to what the King can no longer hinder, and consider that you are saving the whole royal family, and that your family will reap the reward of your heroic devotion."

So he was hanged. The Abbé Le Duc instantly jumped into a carriage which was ready for him and drove off to the Luxembourg at full speed. As he entered the room where the Prince, in a state of great anxiety, was awaiting him, he exclaimed, "Consummatum est!"

It was to the Abbé Le Duc himself that my friend Préval and I owed our knowledge of everything that concerned Favras in this matter, and he admitted in our presence that Favras, having no reason and indeed no means to get recruits for

* The Abbé Le Duc was a natural son of Louis XV, and might have called himself Abbé de Bourbon.

himself, could have been, and in fact was, only the agent of Monsieur.

One word more. Talon, the presiding judge, remained in possession of all the documents in this case. At his death they passed into the hands of his son, the brother of Madame du Cayla.* I do not know whether the transfer of these documents contributed to the favour in which she was held; at least it is certain that it founded the fortunes of M. Talon, who owed to it his promotion to the rank of major-general and his marriage with Mlle de Beauvau.

For the rest, the sort of fancy which had unsuccessfully set a wretch in action was predestined to have the most terrible consequences. Thanks to the infernal designs and orders emanating from Coblenz, it was not long before Robespierre succeeded to the functions of Favras. From many sources † it is clear that that monster ended by being the instrument of the Princes' vengeance against those nobles and officials who did not go abroad, and against all those towards whom those Princes or any persons about them had a grudge; while he was at the same time their agent to render the Revolution odious by dint of crimes from which their successors are still reaping advantage. The facts are positive; but schemes of this kind do not get executed without the writing of letters, the dispatch of lists. . . .‡

* * * *

The amount of curious facts and secrets which must be buried

* [Mme du Cayla, daughter of President Talon, was in later days a favourite of Louis XVIII, the "Monsieur" of this period, who, as the story goes, used to find a particular satisfaction in inhaling a pinch of snuff from off her comely shoulder. The story of her burning the documents in the Favras case before the eyes of Louis XVIII is told by La Fayette in his *Memoirs*.]

† The *Portefeuille* of Montgaillard, the *Moniteur*, the *Bibliothèque historique*, etc.

‡ At this point there is a gap. Two pages of the original manuscript were cut out before it was placed in our hands for publication. To judge from the lines which precede and follow, and from any inference we may draw as to the interest in which the suppression was made, the revelations were important. A fragment of the concluding sentence shows that Thiébault's informant was the Abbé Le Duc.—*Editor's Note.*

in the grave of the Abbé Le Duc is incredible. Placed in a position which enabled him to know everything while allowing him to write nothing, he led the life of a ferret, and did it with an ability equal to his memory. Unluckily, I never saw him but twice—once at Préval's, once at his own house—and those interviews were not long. It was at the former of them that a worthy officer made us laugh by observing to the Abbé, "But how came the King not to make you a bishop?"

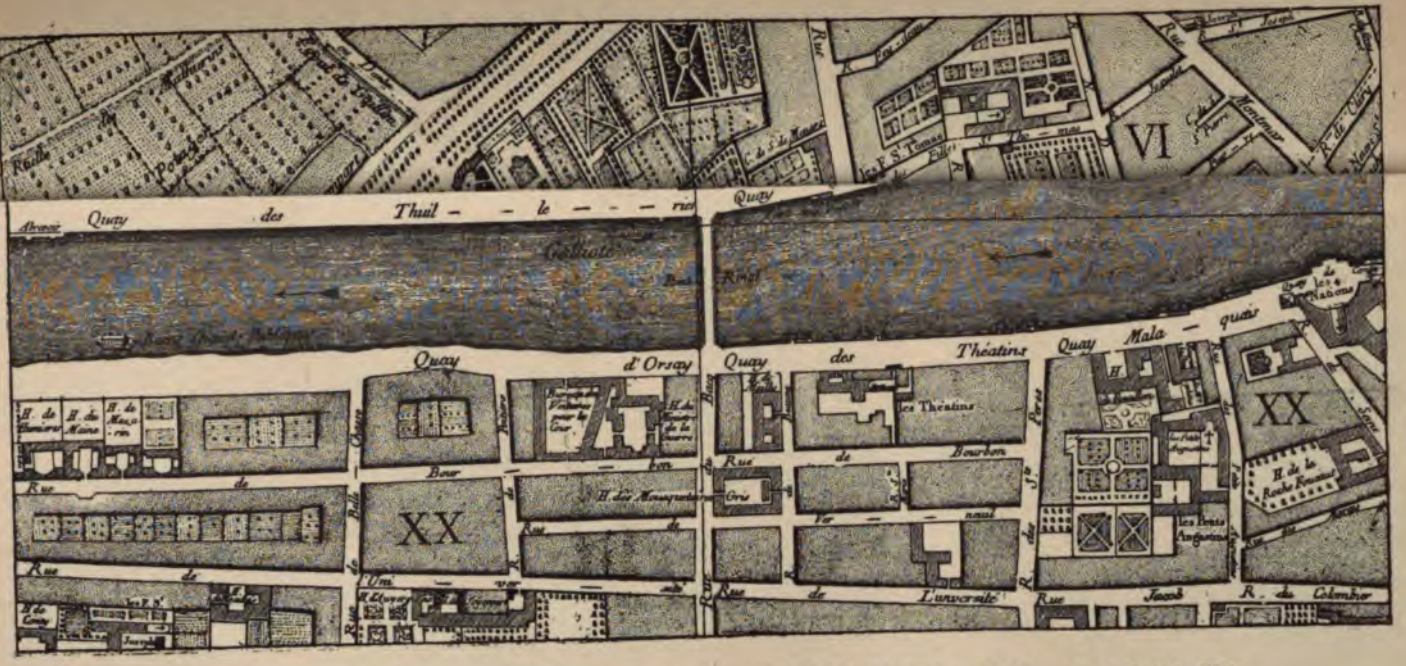
About the time when the States-General transformed themselves into the National Assembly, a club was formed at Versailles called, rather absurdly, "The Friends of the Constitution"—seeing that the Constitution did not yet exist. Following the Assembly to Paris, it took up its quarters in the former Church of the Jacobins, in the Rue Saint-Honoré. At its beginning it was very unlike what it afterwards became. The most ardent deputies of the Left no doubt belonged to it; but there were also Mirabeau, the brothers Lameth, Barnave, and even persons of quality like the Prince of Broglie, and the Duke of Chartres, who, as I write, is King Louis Philippe.

Many of my father's friends belonged to it, and he was persuaded to join. I forget who his proposer was; but two supporters also were wanted, and I could not succeed in getting the Duke of Chartres, then on the Committee, to be one. However, my father got in, and I was not long after him. I heard some splendid debates, notably one in which Mirabeau, against the best orators of the extreme Left, opposed the passing of any law about the *émigrés*, whom he kept calling the *émigrants*. It was on this occasion that I was first struck by Barnave. Ten people on one side or the other had spoken, complicating rather than clearing up the question, when a man, still quite young, got up, and, following the order in which each had spoken, summed up every speech with equal arrangement, clearness, and simplicity. At the end of this long but luminous recapitulation he continued: "Thus, gentlemen, the remaining points in which you have to give an opinion are . . ." Every one was amazed.

Having recorded an admiration, I will mention a reminiscence of another kind. The Prince of Broglie had to bring up a

report about something or other. A prominent figure in this was a man who happened to be a carrier, and who bore an odd and moreover very ugly name. With it was coupled that of a man of rank, and, whenever they recurred, the Prince never failed to accompany the former with the designation of "Monsieur," articulating it with all the seriousness in the world, and with a deference that seemed to me burlesque; while to the name of the attendant on this "conductor of vehicles styled carriers' carts" (to quote one of his periphrases) he appended only that same word "Monsieur," though the attendant in question had a title.

For a year my father and I attended the meetings of the Jacobins pretty regularly; but the leaders of the club soon went beyond us, and our disgust at the parts played by many, our indignation at others, gradually alienated us. The foundation by Mirabeau and La Fayette of the Feuillants Club made these associations mere party affairs, and, as we did not wish to belong to either of those parties, we did not go to the new club, and we left the old one.



PLAN OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE TUILERIES IN THE REIGN OF LOUIS XVI.

(The Quay des Théatins was known later as Quai Voltaire.)

CHAPTER VI.

The Battle of the Canes—Death of Mirabeau—Flight of the King—His return—The Constitution—We go to Épinal—War—The Federals—The *Marseillaise*—Events of August 10—At the Feuillants—Mlle Théroigne—Murder of prisoners—The King's blunders.

THE first half of 1791 was marked by two important events—the doings of February 28 and the death of Mirabeau.

The former may be divided into two scenes, one by day, the other by night. The day scene took place at Vincennes, which was used as a State prison. The people attacked it, like the Bastille, with the view of demolishing it; but M. de La Fayette drove them away. The night, or rather evening, scene passed at the Tuileries, where I know not how many Royalists suddenly assembled, provided with concealed arms. Some said it was in order to protect the King at a moment when the populace was in movement—a wretched reason, because the National Guard could do that better than they. Others asserted that the object was to carry off the King and his family, taking advantage of an uproar got up, as they said, and effected by the ringleaders of the party who were to profit by the move; and that that was why they had selected Vincennes, rather than any other place, to get La Fayette out of the way. But he had news in time of what was going on at the palace; he galloped back, and at the head of some companies of grenadiers, including mine, by a free use of musket-butts he made all those insurgents—insurgents of a new species—get quickly out of it. Pursued through the apartments, they were lucky to be able to escape by way of the great gallery and the old Louvre, which no one had thought of guarding. So ended the game of those gallants who were called "knights of the poniard." Known as the Battle of the Canes, the

enterprise was one which caused the Court to lose still further credit, while it formed a fresh grievance.

This period was quaint from its very contrasts. Serious as the state of affairs was, the national character retained its gaiety. People were conspiring amid laughter, staking their heads with a song, cutting each other's throat to a dance. Thus on the evening of February 28 I was charging with the bayonet in the King's own house, and on the evening of the 29th * I was at a ball at the Foreigners' Club ; I was dancing with a young lady whose charming face I remember well and her name not at all. M. de Sombreuil, the son, passed near her. She stopped him, and asked him sharply, "Is it possible that you were struck yesterday evening?" "More than possible, madam," he answered, laughing. "That you were kicked?" "Yes, madam—kicked; and I may also inform you that if I had not turned round pretty smartly, I should have got it in the stomach." She burst out, not so much laughing as in wrath, and replied excitedly, "Well, gentlemen, Paris is no longer any place for you!"—a remark betraying the part played by all the women of the Court party, by which as many people were sent abroad as by any amount of fanaticism or terror.

With regard to the death of Mirabeau: but for it, I do not know whether the flight of the King would ever have taken place, but I have always been inclined to think that the great orator, acting with the more moderate of the people about Louis XVI, and perhaps with M. de Bouillé himself, would have succeeded in preventing it. After it had taken place no agreement between the King and France was possible, and, in the position in which the Bourbons were, losses could not be repaired and mistakes could not go unpunished.

The suddenness of Mirabeau's death gave rise to all kinds of conjectures and suspicions, but it was soon known that it was due to his own excesses, alike of work and of debauchery. His last moments were watched with intense anxiety by the Court and by all Paris. The Rue du Mont Blanc, where he lived, could hardly contain the crowd ever pressing to get the

* [This is left as in the original; but 1791 was surely not a Leap Year.]

latest news. I used to go by myself in the morning, and with my father in the afternoon, until all hope was removed by his death on April 2nd, 1791. His funeral was the most imposing ever seen. All Paris was on foot; the entire Constituent Assembly, all the authorities, all the officials, popular societies, courtiers, the National Guard, and thousands of artisans, all bowed in a common grief, followed that extraordinary man to the grave.

June 20th was to be a memorable day in the annals of the Revolution. On that day, in 1788, the King sent eight parliaments into exile after annulling their decrees; in 1789 the oath of the Tennis Court confirmed the resistance of the Assembly; in 1790 that day saw the abolition of titles proclaimed; in 1792 it was to see the palace of our kings defiled; in 1791 it was the day selected by Louis XVI for his flight.

When I woke, before eight o'clock had struck on June 21st, the streets of Paris were resounding only with the cries of hawkers and with the noise of a few heavy vehicles. Presently a murmur was heard. Like the roar of a wave driven by the tempest, it approached, increased, and spread with redoubled force. Soon shouts and words could be distinguished. Finally the noise of drums announced an alarm of a real kind. I leapt from my bed, and had scarcely opened my window when I heard the cry, repeated from mouth to mouth, "The King is gone, the King is gone!"

This departure, aggravated by the stealthy way in which it had been effected, would, in the King, provide a head to the party who had left the country; it would remove a guarantee from France; nor could it fail to drive all parties to extremity and kindle civil war. Lastly, it would free the other sovereigns of Europe from all fear of reprisals, and could not but decide them to set their formidable hosts in movement against us, who were practically without an army. Thus the situation appeared as serious as it could well be.

Hastily dressing, I went down to my father. He was ready to go out, and we went to the Tuileries, where a crowd already filled the gardens. The first effect of the news was to cause a

real panic, as might be read in every man's face; but the reaction soon followed. While waiting till policy should decide the Chamber to adopt the hypothesis that the King had been kidnapped, or till the King himself should come back and tell us that he had only been to judge of the temper of the provinces, the people had had time to get worked up by the fanatics of faction; and by the time that my father and I reached the gardens they were repeating, "Last night France gained thirty millions of revenue and lost only one traitor!"

By this time, then, through an abrupt revulsion in its views, the people was congratulating itself on what at first had terrified it, and was, by a whim, anticipating both the pretext with which the King would account for his flight and the Assembly's imagined theory of an evasion by constraint. Nor were jokes the thing most to be feared. The situation of France, deprived of a king and governed all the same, the estimate of the pecuniary profit, which would be further increased by the restoration of the Crown lands to the nation, all helped to start the idea of a Republic, from which sprang the Convention, the Terror, and all the series of crimes whose remembrance still shocks the world.

No one who has not been present at the saturnalia of a great revolution can follow the inconsistencies of the people. At eight o'clock in consternation on learning that the King was gone, by nine it was congratulating itself and fearing nothing but another sight of him; while two days later it would be applauding his stoppage and the certainty of his return.

Amid all these excitements and notions complete indifference was shown about the flight of Monsieur and the lady who was at least his titular* wife. People's ideas were all diverted to the Count of Artois, who, while contenting himself with baying at a distance, was calling the whole pack of Europe against us, and to Louis XVI, who, by exciting civil war, was rendering himself

* [This appears to be an allusion to a myth, which Thiébault mentions elsewhere, to the effect that the two elder grandsons of Louis XV were incapable of having offspring. It of course gave point to the foul calumnies about the Queen.]

liable to aid foreign war. Between these two personages Monsieur was of small importance.

But now, how came it about that the royal family was stopped? It was due to several causes. The guardsman who was told off to give his arm to the Queen, and to escort her to the carriage where the King was awaiting her, though selected without anyone's ascertaining if he knew the way, was to blame for not having asked it beforehand, or for not finding it, as he had ten chances to one of doing; so that he took an hour to get from the Tuileries to the Little Place du Carrousel, thus losing an hour which was never made up, and which alone may have been the cause of everything. Secondly, the King kept his nose out of window the whole time, even when going through towns and villages—his big head was easily recognisable, and the portrait of it was on the smallest coin in any rustic's pocket. At Châlons and then at Sainte-Menehould he was recognised, though with impunity, to say nothing of the fact that in order to breakfast more comfortably he got out and passed nearly an hour at an inn. That he was stopped was unquestionably the fault of M. de Bouillé, who contrived to be before the time everywhere except where it was indispensable for him to be so. When he ought to have doubled his watchfulness and activity with every quarter of an hour's delay, and from Sainte-Menehould onwards should at least have had reserve outposts and never again lost sight of the carriage, at the decisive moment he found himself nine leagues distant from the King. But the stoppage was further due to whoever organized the journey, for he never thought of sending a courier in front of the King to announce his approach to the officers who were doing duty for M. de Bouillé along the road. Such were the causes of this failure; to which in justice we must also add bad luck.

The King, having taken less than twenty hours to go from Paris to Varennes, took eight days to come back, but it was extremely hot, and he had an escort of 1,000 National Guards on foot.

Painful as had been the impression which the flight of the King had made on me, I felt no less in regard to his arrest and

his re-entry into Paris, one of the saddest things that I can remember. My company was ordered to take part in keeping the road, and I had a full sight of that fallen greatness. The picture is always with me: I can still see on the back seat of the first of the two carriages Louis XVI on the left, bareheaded, with Barnave beside him, while Marie Antoinette, on the right, held the Dauphin on her knees and seemed to be showing him to the crowd as they passed through it to a palace that could in future only be a prison, and was in truth for them the ante-room to the Temple and the Conciergerie. They seemed to be on their way to execution, to which every moment really was bringing them nearer. And, in truth, what a punishment had they not now to undergo in presence of 300,000 or 400,000 men, all keeping their hats on, all preserving a gloomy silence agreeably to the order which was posted up and repeated all along the King's road, unsigned and with no appeal from it, to the effect that "whoever applauds the King will be flogged, whoever insults him will be hanged"?

Nor was that all. Next day a small black ribbon was found to have been stretched across the opening of the gates from the west to the east end of the terrace of the Feuillants, and even to the walls of the palace, having strips of paper attached to it at intervals with plain pins, bearing the words "*Forêt noire.*" The ribbon remained there I forget how long, and all that time, while the crowd made it impossible to move about that terrace, which was considered as belonging to the Assembly; not a soul was to be seen in the rest of the garden, which thus appeared to be reserved for the King.* This profound solitude seemed like an anticipated condemnation, and excited no less pity than terror. Finally, the swarm of pamphleteers, the gang who

* [Carlyle tells this somewhat differently, and puts it a year later. In the *Tableaux Historiques de la Révolution Française* (1804) the following version is given: "After much discussion, it was declared that the terrace of the Feuillants was exclusively reserved for the use of persons going to the meetings of the Assembly. A tricolor ribbon was stretched the whole length of the terrace, with a notice attached to it to the effect that the rest of the garden was 'the country of Coblentz.' A second notice bore these words—the refrain of a song at that time in fashion—'*Go not, go not into the black forest.*'"]

persist in making their profit out of public calamities, proclaimed that the flight of Louis XVI was equivalent to abdication, that France owed him nothing further, that he was no longer King, and that we must take care not to get another. Their rallying cry, "No more King!" was repeated in a score of addresses, in numerous posters, by the members of the Jacobins' Club, whence it started, and was howled by the Cordeliers in all the gross foulness of which the 'Père Duchêne' either already was or soon became the cynical echo.

Meanwhile the Assembly, which wished to end its work by giving a Constitution to France, had need of some one to accept the Constitution. On July 16th it called for a report on the flight to Varennes, and restored to Louis XVI such a ghost of power as it required, though for him it only served to insure his ruin. This act exasperated the fanatics of the moment. Robespierre protested in their name against the decree; the Jacobins that same evening drew up a petition with a view of extorting from the Assembly the King's deposition, and they carried their audacity to the point of voting that this petition should be presented next day on the altar of the country in the Champ de Mars, where it was to be signed by the whole of their faction and the mob of ragamuffins whom they trailed behind them. They had taken possession of the Champ de Mars and barricaded it. The part played by the National Guard in dispersing them is well known; my battalion was not there, being posted in the Place du Carrousel in case it should be needed to help in defending the palace. The Constitution was drafted; there was talk of revising it, to get its different parts into harmony, to give the King more authority, and thus obtain a guarantee for permanence. But at this point the Right, who, like the Court, saw that their only hope lay in letting the evil grow, opposed all revision, and the Constitution was published and accepted by the King as it was. Simultaneously a general amnesty for political offences emptied the prisons, for their better crowding soon after. Joy knew no bounds; people thought the Revolution was at an end. In spite of the Republicans, who accused the Constitution of being aristocratic; of the Royalists, who deemed it anarchical; and of reasonable people, who thought it too

demagogic for the maintenance of the royal authority, but did not see how to entrust more authority to one who was incapable of making a good use of it, there was a sort of intoxication about the way in which the first steps were taken towards a day when daggers were to be sharpened, scaffolds erected, and France covered with blood and strewn with ruins.

My father had openly and disinterestedly declared for the Revolution in the hope that good was going to come of it, and by this time he had done it good service with his pen. He had anonymously sent memoranda of which even Mirabeau had made use, though in later days he ventured to publish under his own name a vehement protest against the King's being judged by the Convention. Following his example, I devoted myself zealously to the cause. Personal interest had an influence on our opinions; my father resigned himself stoically to the losses which they entailed on him, while I took pride in the harm which they did us. My poor mother took a different view. The mere name of revolution horrified her. Our losses and public events alike caused her profound grief; her health suffered, and we had the pain of seeing her sufferings increase as our position grew worse. Early in 1789 it became clear that the new organization of the Library would not come into effect, and that the 'Journal of the National Assemblies' would never appear. A fifty years' concession had been granted of this to my father, for which a mortgage was at once offered him at the rate of 50,000 francs a year.

M. Vidaud de la Tour, seeing that the Library would be an object of attack, had resigned his post there, and was succeeded by M. de Maissemy, who showed my father much kindness, though he could not take the place of M. Vidaud. The office was transferred to his house, which was at some distance from ours, a further inconvenience, though M. de Maissemy gave him leave to come only three days a week, and insisted on him dining there on those days if disengaged, and I used to fetch him home.

I think it was in 1790 that the buildings of the Warehouse were given up to the Naval Office. M. de la Luzerne, who then was Minister, at once sent a man to see about a general repair

of the premises. This man behaved in a very off-hand way, constantly repeated M. de la Luzerne's name as his warrant, and began settling our rooms as if his arrangements were to last for ever. This annoyed my sister, and, as we said nothing, she observed, "To listen to you, sir, one would think that you were taking possession of private property, and did not know how they mow lucerne."*

M. de Maissemy soon resigned, frightened by continual discussions in the press, and the Directorship was given to my father by M. de Cicé, Archbishop of Bordeaux and Keeper of the Seals. In consequence of this, he had to go and work with the Archbishop once a week, and, like his predecessors, was treated in a most gentlemanly manner. The offices were moved to the main building of the Abbey of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, where my father had a residence.

But in spite of all that the Government could do, and of all the courage with which my father met the daily attacks of M. Millin de Grandmaison, the old institution of the Library was bound to come down. My father got employment in the office of the Liquidation of State Debts, and I soon had a place as sub-liquidator. Ultimately his desire to return to his native district of the Vosges led him to accept the post of Director-General of the registers at Épinal. Thinking that he would stay permanently there, he sent his furniture and his library. I remember, by the way, that when the van was loading at our door one of the men carried a weight of 600 lbs. downstairs on his back. He had carried as much as 1500 lbs. My mother and sister joined my father in April 1792, and I accompanied them as far as Épinal, where I stayed two months.

On May 26 we made an expedition to Remiremont, where my father had a sister living, and I visited the deserted buildings of the famous Chapter, to which seventy-two canonesses used to belong, only those being admitted who could show four degrees of nobility on either side. It was now empty of these,

* Considering the time when it was said, this joke looks like a rather cruel prophecy, but it did not bring bad luck to M. de la Luzerne. He was very unpopular, and lost the confidence of the nation, but managed to resign in time and escaped to Austria, where he died.—Ed.

—robbed, that is, of the edification imparted by some, the scandal given by a good many others, and the pride of them all. Thence we went to Bussang, stopping by the way at La Roche, where we found several relations, and a great many tombs with inscriptions showing how long our family had been settled in those mountains, and how much importance it had possessed. But what struck me most was my father's incredible memory. After thirty-four years' absence he could tell me beforehand of every little path, every feature of the ground, even the smallest springs, and the trees, including those that had been cut down.

I had heard so much of the Ballon d'Alsace that, when we were at Saint-Maurice, I could not miss this opportunity of visiting it. We agreed that my father should have a good night's rest, while I, with his servant and a guide, should start at three in the morning on my exploration. Neither my age nor my character allowed me to be unpunctual, and before three o'clock had struck I was climbing the mountain. It was May 28, the weather was magnificent, and in the valley it was already hot. Half-way up I saw flowers coming out, the like of which I had left below already faded; and at the top I was walking over sixty or eighty feet of frozen snow. In two hours and a half I had passed from summer to spring, and from spring to the rigour of winter. I knew that on a perfectly clear morning one could see the Little St. Bernard, 110 leagues distant, between Savoy and Italy. Luck favoured me, and I clearly saw two little peaks like sugar-loaves, standing out on the horizon, but in three or four minutes these two peaks were hidden.* I was made to stop at the place where you can sit with your chair in Lorraine, your feet in Alsace, and your bottle in Franche-Comté. I can still see all Alsace spread out like a map at my feet, and I quite understood how in the longest days there is only an hour and a half of complete night on the Ballon; that is, the last light of the setting sun does not wholly

* [What the peaks were which Thiébault saw it is hard to say. But they were certainly not near the Little St. Bernard, for the mass of Mont Blanc lies in a direct line between that pass and the Ballon d'Alsace. Probably they were some summits in the Mont Blanc group, though in that case one would have expected the monarch himself to be visible.]

disappear till midnight, while an hour and a half later day is seen to break.*

After passing an hour in traversing the flat top of the Ballon in all directions, I descended by another line, and fell in with a shepherdess leading her flock. I might defy the painter or the poet to add any charms to her that she had not, and she sold me a bowl of milk perfumed with the flowers on which the cattle pasture in that season in those high regions.

At the end of two months, when I had to go back to Paris, it was a grief to leave my family, and, in spite of the distractions of the journey, nothing could rid me of my sadness, which presently was complicated by a violent headache. In the hope that a little exercise would dispel this, I decided to take a post-horse and gallop the three leagues to Bar-le-Duc. The coach had got off before me; I had to gallop to catch it up, and I was following it, and on the point of passing it, when a lady who was inside had the unlucky idea of speaking to me. I drew near to hear better—too near, no doubt, for the nave of the large wheel on the right side caught my horse and sent him head over heels. The travellers all shrieked out, the coach stopped; but by that time I had picked myself up. They wanted to make me get in, but I remounted and galloped on to the posting-house.

I had, however, been so violently shaken that when I got to Paris I was still aching. The stiffness, however, would have gone off in a few days if I had been in better spirits; but in spite of the pleasure of lodging with Salafon's younger brother, a charming young man named de Vigearde, in spite of our numerous friends, in spite of my duties as sub-liquidator of pensions which brought me into daily relations with several pleasant and distinguished men, my grief at being separated from all my family made me profoundly melancholy. My doctor, M. Galland, already mentioned, ascribing both my suffering and loss of strength to nervous irritation, began by bleeding me, and then made me take a hot bath for three hours

* [This remarkable piece of physical science may stand as the author wrote it. It is very characteristic of the French mind when outside of its own special line of knowledge.]

every morning, a cold bath for two hours every evening, purgative *medicines*, and barley-water for all nourishment completed the *treatment*. Thanks to it, I was soon unable to stand up, and *people* said that my doctor must have become mad and I an *idiot*. But I had sufficient confidence to discount all remarks of this kind. Yet one day I did ask M. Galland what he was coming to. "I want," he replied, "to make your nerves as supple as wet leather." "And how are you going to do that?" "By bringing you within a few steps of death's door." "And you won't make any mistake?" He laughed, and made so little mistake that my strength began to return from the moment that he allowed me to take food. My complete restoration to health was a matter of a week or ten days, and I have never been better than I was in consequence of that treatment.

Meanwhile clouds were gathering ever more thickly on the political horizon. War was declared while I was in the Vosges, and had now begun, and at all points we had met with checks. Nor were internal affairs more reassuring. On July 26th a new attack on the palace was to have taken place, as the sequel to a feeding given to some Federals, the object being to carry off the King and shut him up at Vincennes. But the National Guard responded once more to the appeal and rendered the execution of the plan impossible, as the anarchists had to make up their minds to wait for the men from Marseilles. On July 30th these Federals started from by that city arrived at Paris. [illegible] which in March 1815 the Court of [illegible] reopened in its own interest under the name of [illegible] to bear the rabble and crime. I do not think anything more horrible can be imagined than those [illegible] these creatures drunk, almost all in red caps, bare-[illegible] followed by the dregs of the people, [illegible] by the cut-throats of the Faubourgs of Saint-[illegible] [illegible] from one public-house to [illegible] than their own. In this [illegible] through the principal streets and part of [illegible] and I saw them pass. We had [illegible] among the ragamuffins who

followed them; but disgust soon made us stop, and we left them, going towards the Champs Elysées, where a fiendish dance preceded the orgy to which Santerre had invited them. Meanwhile, as bad luck would have it, the battalion of the Filles St. Thomas, the most royalist of all in the National Guard, had chosen that day for a picnic in the same promenade, which was quite enough to make the Marseillese and the ruffians who accompanied them come and settle themselves beside that battalion. Insults passed at once, and in the tumult which immediately took place some hundreds of men, having only their swords, were assaulted by thousands of fanatics, some of them armed and better armed, and put to the rout with several killed and wounded. This was how those Marseillese began, and if Paris had been getting more melancholy every day since the 20th of June it became perfectly doleful after the appearance of that infernal horde, who, as they carried on their work of assassination, howled the 'Ça ira' and the 'Marseillaise,'—songs which had been composed, one to delight a ball, and the other with a more worthy aim.

As I have mentioned the 'Marseillaise,' I may speak of its author. Rouget de Lisle, a young officer in the engineer corps attached to the fortress of Strasburg, was there at the moment when the National Assembly had just declared war against Austria, and when the boastings and threats of the exiles assembled at Kehl were making some impression upon the citizens and the troops. The conversation turned on this matter one day at Marshal de Lückner's; and Dietrich, the Mayor of Strasburg, a red-hot revolutionist, after repeating that some means must be found to rekindle the zeal of the soldiers and the inhabitants, turned to Rouget de Lisle and said, "Come, young patriot—you are a poet and a musician—make us a song that can be repeated on the march and in the barracks, in town and in country." Rouget de Lisle went home, took his violin, and singing and playing together, composing air, words, and accompaniment, produced the 'Marseillaise,' which he wanted to call 'The March of Lückner's Army.' The song had a prodigious success; it was engraved as a supplement to

the Strasburg Journal. This was received by a subscriber at Marseilles, where it was at once reprinted and sung with fury by all the people, and it got its name from the fact that those terrible Marseillese brought it to Paris and sung it there. This story was told me by M. Rouget de Lisle himself. Rouget was a man of a handsome and noble exterior, and also of feeling, imagination, and wit. He disliked the Empire, and the Restoration made him furious. He had never courted anyone, so no one did anything for him. He fell into worse than precarious circumstances without losing any of his energy and inspiration, and I deemed it a piece of good fortune to have met him. The last time that I saw him he was almost a cripple, and not long after I heard of his death.

To resume. At this juncture a new plan of escape was laid before Louis XVI, who, after accepting it one day, rejected it the next, and all that its proposer, La Fayette, gained by it was to be denounced once more before the Assembly as a traitor by the people who had idolized him. Failing to hang or assassinate him, thirty-eight years later they were adoring him again.

Finally, the Assembly having fixed August 9 for discussing a petition from all the sections of Paris in favour of deposing the King, the anarchists by an odd coincidence fixed their final preparations for the same day, which was quite enough to throw Paris into a state of general consternation. An explosion was expected every moment, and no one could guess what its object would be, or what turn it would take. The slightest noise seemed to be the signal for it, and towards evening the terror became such that Mme Barré, for example—at whose house, in the Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière, Vigearde and I had been dining, together with her son-in-law Gassicourt and his wife—was in a perfect trepidation, and talked of not going to bed. To reassure her Vigearde and I started out for news, he taking the parts east of the Rue Poissonnière, and I the west. I went by the boulevards and the Rue d'Antin, entering the Place Vendôme at the Feuillants, and so back by the Tuileries, the Carrousel, the Rue Neuve Saint-Eustache, and the Rue

Poissonnière, while Vigearde explored the Halle, the Pont-Neuf, the Place de la Grève, the Rue Saint-Denis; but neither of us got near the haunts where the great assemblages were forming, nor, I think, should we have had time for more.

Still, we judged the situation of Paris to be alarming. Everywhere we found gatherings, not very compact, it is true, but with fanatics preaching insurrection to them, and giving the semblance of civic virtues to the crimes which they seemed to be enjoining. Moreover, the wine-shops were always full; a crowd of ragged folk were besieging their doors, emptying their cellars, and paying in cash for all the drinks that they consumed or stood. We had indeed met with no sign of a sudden explosion, but we could not disguise from ourselves that a spark would be enough to cause a blaze. Still, when I got back about ten o'clock I noticed that the streets were beginning to empty, and I promised the ladies a tranquil night if only to reassure them. Vigearde, who came back soon after, did the same, though he had as little certainty as I that he was right. On reaching home we had a serious talk, but at length went to bed and to sleep by midnight.

Never since July 14, 1789, had the general call beaten in Paris without my standing to arms. Though I had left the Feuillants section in 1790, I had continued to belong to their grenadier company, which I had taken some share in forming, and which contained a number of my friends. So I did my duty punctually, while further paying my contribution to the section in which I was living, and Vigearde followed my example. It was striking one when I was awoke by the drums of the Menus-Plaisirs section. It was one of the quietest districts in Paris, so that this must be the signal of some serious alarm. The drums which I next heard could be only the echoes of those in all the other sections of the capital, including certainly those of the Feuillants, the section in which lay both the Palace and the Assembly; and, indeed, if any doubts had remained, the alarm-bells which were clanging on all sides would have been enough to remove them. I leapt from my bed and dressed as quietly as possible that Vigearde might not hear me.

I had good reasons for this. There was every promise of a day worthy of the gloomy days which had gone before, and that was enough to make me wish to join the comrades with whom I had been thrown for three years past. But Vigearde had only just joined my company, he was scarcely known, and he had no duty, even of rank, to fulfil towards anyone; so that he could remain without being missed, and therefore I tried to get away unperceived. But to get my arms I had to go through his room; he woke, heard the drums which were still beating, leapt out of bed, and, say what I would, insisted on going with me. So we went off together.

When we got to the Feuillants we found the section sitting, as it had been doing continuously since the country had been declared in danger on July 14th. Nearly all the battalion had turned up, but there were already differences of opinion, and they formed two parties. About three o'clock the patrols, who had been sent in all directions, brought in several prisoners, some arrested in the Champs Elysées, some trying to enter or leaving the palace. Among them, in the uniform of a National Guard, was the editor, or an editor, of the paper called *l'Ami du Roi*, the antagonist of Marat's *l'Ami du Peuple*. Being recognised, he was at once searched, and, as bad luck had it, papers were found on him of a matter to incriminate him in the eyes of the only possible judges. It was at once decided that his epaulettes should be torn off, and this must be done by a grenadier. One of the more furious members of the section was audacious enough to order me in my capacity as sergeant to effect the degradation. I replied that I was neither judge nor executioner, and, further, that the culprit could only be tried by his own company or by a lawful tribunal, and that, as at this moment he could not be so tried, neither I nor anybody else should degrade him. I thought I was going to be strangled, for a dozen maniacs hurled themselves on me; Vigearde and some others helped me to repulse them. But, as one of the brawlers had said that my own epaulettes ought to be torn off, I took him by the collar to make him answer for his insolence. The tumult had reached its height, and as

we drew our swords the president of the section threw himself between us and begged us in the name of our country, at a moment when matters looked so serious, to calm ourselves. I had not much trouble to get the apology which I demanded; the editor kept his epaulettes, and was put back with the other prisoners from whom he had at first been separated, so that the only objectionable point about the scene was the necessity of hobnobbing with blackguards in token of reconciliation, and of drinking to the health of the nation and liberty, which by that time meant the rabble and anarchy.

By six o'clock everything seemed quiet enough, but the calm of that morning was the calm of "the bronze ready to thunder the mine ready to explode," or of parties temporizing "a Vesuvius does," to borrow some phrases of a crazy Prussian named Anacharsis Clootz, the man who introduced to the National Assembly a party of adventurers and beggars under the title of a deputation from the human race. The calm seemed real—it might also serve as a pretext—and by seven o'clock almost every one had left the section. This circumstance was all in favour of our fanatics, who went to look for helpers, and soon groups began forming in the courtyard of the Feuillants demanding the heads of the prisoners.

At this point we counted our numbers. Independently of the corporal's guard on duty, reduced to seven rank and file, who were guarding the seven men arrested during the night and had been locked up in a garret, we were twelve grenadiers, five of the light company, and myself. No one else, not even an officer nor a member of the sectional council.

The position was becoming grave. I went to look at the prisoners; it was a heartrending sight. I especially remember an Irishman, a splendid man, against whom, as was the case with others, no charge had been formulated. He kept asking me why they had arrested him; and then a gentleman whom I knew and whose wife I knew better still—a charming lady with whom I had often danced—came up to me and said, "M. Thiébault, kindly tell my wife to make herself easy" (he lived in the Place Vendôme); "let her know that I am with you." I promised what he wished, and I had already shown my

will to serve him, but I began to doubt my ability.* I spoke to the men who were guarding the prisoners and did my best to make them feel that duty and honour bade that they should defend them at any price; but alas! they had not been selected in such a way as to give the prisoners much hope of safety if it depended on them.

The courtyard was getting fuller and fuller and the cries became appalling. I determined then to send La Fargue to the officer commanding the Butte des Moulins battalion, which was assembled 1400 strong in the Place Vendôme, asking for reinforcements. He would only have to cross the Rue Saint-Honoré, while 200 men would suffice to clear the courtyard of the Feuillants, and enable us to close the gates and disperse the rabble. But the commander, whose name I have lost, answered that without orders he could not detach a man outside his section. La Fargue replied, "Well, sir, if they cut our throats and murder our prisoners you will have one advantage, namely, that of being in a front-row box."

None of our comrades, nor any of the centre companies, came back; not having so much as a drum to beat the general, I tried a last resource. Rushing into the middle of the crowd, I got on one of the two guns which stood in the courtyard, and from that kind of platform I used the language from which alone I thought any success might be hoped for. "Are you Frenchmen?" I said—"so are we no less. Are you patriots?—so are we no less. But you will cease to be worthy of one or the other title if you cannot get beyond the detestable idea of replacing justice by assassination. You will indeed be rebels, for the Assembly has put the prisoners under our guardianship. What have you then to demand? It can be only one thing, namely, that the prisoners, against nearly all of whom, by the

* The person in question seems with some probability to be the pamphleteer F. L. Sulleau, who certainly did live in the Place Vendôme; but Mme de Créquy's *Recollections*, which refer to his death, add that he had, some days before, taken the precaution of sending his young wife to his brother's near Étampes. Thiébault's account would prove that she was in Paris in contradiction to Mme de Créquy's statement.—Ed. [Carlyle mentions Sulleau's death on this occasion, but says that the number killed were four in all.]

way, there is no charge, should not escape. Well, I answer for them on my honour; I will be responsible with my own head, and, if that is not guarantee enough, I will add to their guard any three of you whom you like to choose."

Some of them tried to answer, but my replies were sufficiently apt and vehement to reduce them to silence. Feeling sure that in such a case to gain time was everything, I was already congratulating myself on the result of my efforts when a woman appeared in the courtyard wearing a black felt hat with a plume of the same colour, dressed in a blue riding-habit, with a pair of pistols and a dagger in her belt. She was a dark girl of about twenty, and, with a sort of shudder I say it, very pretty, made still more beautiful by her excitement. Preceded and followed by a number of maniacs, she cleft her way through the crowd crying, "Make room! make room!" went straight to the other gun and leapt upon it. She was, as I learnt, Mlle Théroigne de Méricourt. Having heard what was going on, she had hurried up from Robespierre's house, and, confident in her influence with the populace, she had come to restore all its ferocity to the mob. As long as I live that creature will be present before my eyes; the sound of her voice will ring in my ears as she uttered the first sentence of her discourse. "How long," she shrieked, "will you let yourselves be misled by empty phrases?" I tried to answer, but I could no longer make myself heard. A thousand voices greeted with applause every word that she uttered, and began hooting whenever I tried to speak. It was impossible to have any more hope; my throat was sore with shouting, and at the end of my wits I got down off my gun, and, with the help of some of my comrades, made my way back into the guard-room, where the rest were. Then I shut the glass door in the faces of the wretches who were following us and locked it.

The most furious instantly hurled themselves against the door, and sent all the glass panes flying into our faces; but that feeble barrier was at the end of a narrow passage, and behind it were the points of eighteen bayonets and the muzzles of as many loaded muskets. In order to force a passage through it, or through the iron-barred window, a good many would have to

perish, and, crazy as they were, they had no taste for that. They found it more dignified to put me on my trial, their beautiful fury, Mlle de Méricourt, presiding, and to condemn me, unanimously and by acclamation, to death. I never saw her again after that day; but, though I am as susceptible as most men to the influence of women, I certainly never met another woman who in half-an-hour could have left on my mind a recollection of her which a thousand years would not weaken.

The situation became every moment more critical, until a cry was heard, "We are in the buildings!" The most savage of our assailants at once dashed into the passage leading from the courtyard of the Feuillants to the Hall of the Assembly and to the Tuileries, in which a little door, opening on to the convent garden, had been forced. At once a great uproar arose in the spacious buildings of the Feuillants. Leaving six men to guard or defend our door, I hastened with the other eleven to save the prisoners, but staircases and passages were already blocked from top to bottom. All communication with the prisoners had become impossible, and the shrieks of the victims showed that they were falling under the assassins' daggers. There was nothing more to be done; my friends brought me back to the guard-room, and so into the courtyard, where we found only some hundred or hundred and fifty loafers, practically knowing nothing of the movement to which they had just been contributing.

Meanwhile the cries of the poor murdered wretches were dying away as they died. A mournful silence followed, and we left the court of the Feuillants in disgust and consternation. My comrades went home, and I was left alone with Vigearde well-nigh stupefied with rage. I could not speak, but as I stood in the middle of the Rue Saint-Honoré I swallowed a glass of beer which he got me from a coffee-house that then stood at the south-east corner of the Place Vendôme. He insisted with every reason that I should go away, but I remained motionless, without answering, though I heard the crash of our prisoners' corpses as they were thrown from the garret windows into the paved courtyard. At last he said, "Drunk as they are and thirsting for blood, these brigands will come back after us, and

if you perish I shall perish with you." Then we crossed the Place Vendôme, my eyes resting sadly on the windows of the charming woman whose husband I had been unable to save, and reached our lodgings, where I took off my National Guard's uniform for the last time. Indeed, in this matter I had no choice. To reappear in an uniform which had done so much to overthrow aristocracy would have seemed a bit of aristocratism that would have cost me my life. Thus it was at the Feuillants that the first blood was shed on that too famous day by the massacre of men who were nearly all innocent and incapable of influencing the turn of events. The episode is little known, and seems to me all the more worthy of record that, except for the fighting at the Tuileries and the murder of Mandat, the Feuillants was the only spot which formed a scene of bloodshed.

Just about the moment when that terrible day came to an end for Vigearde and me, Louis XVI was on his way to the Assembly. One really does not know what was left for him to do after all he had done in the way of disarming and surrendering at discretion. The duplicity of his conduct had alienated so many men's minds that it was essential for him to have a force of his own or to neglect no means of escape. But his refusal to take back the body-guard was a first mistake; when his constitutional guard was abolished, to punish him for raising it to 6,000 when it ought to have been only 1800, he committed a second in not re-organizing it at once; and a third in not objecting to the departure of the two Swiss battalions, of which he was deprived after all troops of the line had been removed. In circumstances such as these, force calls for force; and if he had had a few thousand more men around him, 10,000 National Guards would have felt that there was a centre of resistance and have rallied to them.

But further, in that deserted and incriminated position, is it credible that he should have thrice refused, and refused up to the last moment, the means of escape which La Fayette had got ready? That is to say, that he should have carried his pride or his weakness to the point of not wishing to be under an obligation to that gentleman, or that he should have carried

[illegible] believing that the Duke of Brunswick would [illegible] Further, is it conceivable that in the middle of the mass Manuel, [illegible] of the defence of the palace should will or [illegible] the permission of the King have gone and got himself [illegible] of the Girondins in Vilate and that without finding out [illegible] was that with [illegible] Lastly taking Manuel, how [illegible] that there was [illegible] at the palace of sufficient [illegible] and [illegible] a decisive result from the [illegible] of a few Swiss? Even [illegible] XVI was capable of a certain stoicism and of some [illegible] in the agony and resolution and energy, but [illegible] He imagined what he should have accomplished, he [illegible] what he might have accomplished if he had [illegible] Saint-Amaine. Saint-Amaine and the gendarmes had got together; and then, when [illegible] had given the example of courage to which the [illegible] when she put a pistol into [illegible] to stab him through the King's throat. Further, [illegible] just as it was running to a successful [illegible] a victory which was his last hope of [illegible] by [illegible] the countenance of flying he caused the [illegible] of the last men who would sacrifice themselves for [illegible] The whole thing is inconceivable. No doubt there never [illegible] more deplorable lot than that of Louis XVI. but never also [illegible] many grounds for laying the blame on himself. [illegible] day which brought death to so many brave [illegible] to the monarchy itself, ended in the suspension of [illegible] in the summoning of that Convention which [illegible] by dint of murder and victory to attain to [illegible]

CHAPTER VII.

Character of the Revolution changed—Chamfort and Miss Williams—Domiciliary visits—Massacres of September 2—Paris no longer endurable—Enlistment.

After the 10th of August, with its decisive triumph of crime and murder, it was no longer the same Revolution as that which I had intended to serve and to which I had been proud to sacrifice so many interests. Nothing more was left of it, so my first resolution was to take no part in the service of the districts in arms which took the place of the National Guard. The party which we had beaten when we formed our grenadier companies was now triumphant, and in order to get by-gones pardoned it was necessary to seem at least ready to accept the new order of things and to return to the Feuillants; but in what costume? A spencer and a pair of duck trousers, which I had had made for the work in the Champ de Mars, took the place of uniform; collar and gaiters were quite out of it; a loose throat was all the thing. As for our bearskin caps, they were succeeded, whether we would or not, by ugly round hats with large cockades, having "Vive Pétion!" chalked on them. The red cap replaced these later on. In this fashion I mounted guard a few times more, avoiding everything except sentry duty.

In proportion as the present was terrible, did one need faith in a future that would make up for it; our hope lay in the Convention that was about to be elected—it all depended on how its members were chosen. Foreseeing this, I wrote to my father, "Why should not the department of the Vosges honour itself by sending up men of virtue and merit like yours?" My father replied, "They did think of me in several districts,

but all my relations and friends in the country at once took steps to get my name struck out of all the lists. As for you, how could you have hit upon such a wish? If it were only a question of reason, conscience, and zeal, I might be of some good, but the new revolution which France has just undergone is bound to bring the most violent parties to hand-grips. Now, as I cannot belong to any of them, I should make them all my enemies; and as I should not give way before any of them, my election would not leave me three months to live." I was greatly moved by my father's letter—it weakened my hopes and increased my horror. Still I ought to record some facts which will show how it was then possible to criticise the Revolution with more calmness than I could feel.

Alarmed at the vehemence with which I had spoken of some crime, to be followed by more terrible crimes, my father wrote to me, "God forbid that I should excuse what is by nature inexcusable; consider, nevertheless, that in State affairs one must avoid judging the actions of the Government by the rules of individual morality. For the latter, everything is a sacred law, while it often happens that for the others everything is a compulsory exception."

I was in the habit of dining every Thursday at M. Bitaubé's, where various interesting persons used to meet, among them the daughter-in-law of Racine, a tall dignified old lady of ninety-one or ninety-two. She still wore the costume of the time of Louis XIV, and had a wonderful memory of bygone events, which she could relate admirably. I only wish I had written down part of the amusing things which I have heard her tell, or that I had a better memory. Another very regular guest was Chamfort, so brilliant when he was in the mood, so dull when he was not. About this time there came to Paris a lady named Williams, the author of a work which made some sensation.* She seemed on the road to a celebrity which, as far

* [Miss Helen Maria Williams, at this time about twenty-three years old, took up her abode in France just before the Revolution, and wrote many letters during that period and until long after the Restoration, which were published in several volumes. Unluckily, her statements do not appear to be always trustworthy.]

as I know, she never obtained. Chamfort desired to make her acquaintance, and, as she had an introduction to M. and Mme Bitaubé, they gave a dinner-party at which the only guests were Miss Williams, Chamfort, and myself. I do not know whether it was merely the desire of pleasing, or what motive Chamfort could have for wishing to astonish, but every one of his phrases was an epigram, every one of his replies a flash of wit. He had never been so brilliant, and, if he amazed M. and Mme Bitaubé, he enchanted Miss Williams. I remember that on the occasion of something which she said about the sentiments which ought to inspire the battalions of our National Guard, who were now ready to join our armies, he at once composed a stanza on the subject ending with these words:—

"Troupes guerrières,
Sur vos drapeaux
Placez ces mots:
'Paix aux chaumières,
Guerre aux châteaux.'" *

Otherwise, of all the wit that was lavished during that dinner I can only save one phrase from the oblivion into which the rest has passed for ever, and I only remember this because it related to the Abbé Delille. "What do you think of him as a poet?" asked Miss Williams of Chamfort. "A verse-grinder," he replied. But what struck me most of all was the exaggerated politics of Miss Williams, who showed herself an enthusiast about our Revolution, even over the excesses which condemned it in my eyes.

That Chamfort should have made every effort, whatever the young lady said, to go a little further, or should have seized upon one of her thoughts to make a pretty stanza, would have been far from scandalizing me in the least; he was in the prime of life, she was pretty, he was a poet and a Frenchman. But that M. and Mme Bitaubé, both turned sixty years of age, the very best people on the earth, intelligent and kindly, should appear more revolutionary than their two guests, even

* When Cambon ended a speech on Dec. 15, 1792, with the phrase, "*Guerre aux châteaux, paix aux chaumières*," he was using a form of words of which he was not the author.

to the point of defending the doings of August 10th, did indeed amaze me. Nor is that the only example I could quote of such observations. It seemed as if in these terrible crises the whole atmosphere was charged, that we breathed an air which intoxicated people to the point of making them familiar with the surrounding horrors; and that that was how the public morality of M. and Mme Bitaubé, who were angels in private life, came to be so deteriorated.

It was during that terrible August that Louis XVI and his unhappy family were transferred from the cells of the Feuillants, not to the Luxembourg, where the pitiless Commune of Paris declared it could not answer for them, but to the Temple. The last signs of feudalism and the emblems of royalty everywhere disappeared, and in Paris all the statues of the kings came down. I saw that of Louis XIV in the Place Vendôme overthrown. It was dragged over with ropes, and in its fall made a bigger hole than any bomb ever did. The paving-stones were smashed, and many among the heroes of that act of vandalism were wounded by the splinters.

A few days later Gassicourt had warning that he was to be denounced before the section, and would be arrested in the night. As it was too late to take any other steps, he merely left his lodgings and came with his wife to occupy my room and my bed, while I shared those of Vigearde. In spite of the serious elements in the situation we were so merry that we could not, for laughing, get to bed till two in the morning. But laughter did not last in those days. Every place was more and more filled up with Danton's creatures. It was known that in the Council he, the Minister of Justice, was alone in favour of cruel measures; but it was also known that his five colleagues were under his thumb, that if the Commune were more fiendish than he, it did not outdo him in energy or violence, and that he could do just what he liked with the populace of Paris.

The news of the capture of Longwy came on the 26th. It left no limits to the exasperation, and finally enabled Danton, by means of the Municipal Watch Committee, to order the arming and paying of all the destitute, the disarming and arrest

of all suspected persons. It was on this occasion that those domiciliary visits were devised which were carried out in the most alarming fashion possible, and lasted four days and a half instead of the two days which had been settled at first. While the dwellings and persons of the citizens were thus given over to be searched at the pleasure of the most odious ruffians, the river was blocked, all the barriers were closed, and, in order to get out even with a passport furnished by Marat's committee, it was necessary that the two witnesses who had signed it should be present to prove identity. The suburban parishes had orders to arrest every stranger, especially any seen in the country or on the roads. The names of the streets to be visited and the hour of the visit were proclaimed beforehand by beat of drum. You were held suspected if you were not at home, or if you were in anyone else's house, if any of your declaration was false, or if you had been denounced, still more if you had been accused. After ten o'clock carriages could not go about, and the town was lighted up. Two delegates of the Commune, with an armed force, proceeded to make each visit; and they went on from the evening of August 27th to the morning of September 1st, the sectional assemblies and the extraordinary tribunal sitting continuously.

After three days of anxiety Vigearde and I underwent our visit about noon on August 30th, and they certainly did not find us dressed for a ball. Our costume consisted of duck trousers, the day before yesterday's night-shirt, and a forage-cap. I am not sure if they did not catch us playing patriotic airs on our fiddles. The bell rung. I opened the door, and the words "Good day, citizens," with which I greeted them, put us at once on terms with the two scoundrels who, for the moment, were masters of our existence. The examination as to our families, position, conduct, were not embarrassing even for Vigearde, who in regard to his father could answer, "Dead these twenty years."

From us they passed on to the premises. Our short swords, well engraved and gilt, annoyed them. "Aha!" said one of the two emissaries—"the swords of Veto's guard! Might you be some of the tyrant's underlings?" "The weapons of which

you speak," said Vigearde, "ended in an eagle's head; these have a cock's." "Just consider," I added, "if they were what you think, you would not have found them here." His colleague began to laugh, and one of their myrmidons testified that Vigearde had spoken the truth. This matter cleared up, the bearskin caps came next. Ours aroused their suspicion; they were very handsome, and, as I was a sergeant, mine had gold on the loops. They gave rise to the following dialogue: "So you were grenadiers?" "And we are ready to be again in the country's service," replied Vigearde. "Anyhow, you were in favour of the privileged services?" "Yes," I answered; "but our privilege consisted in mounting guard twice for once."

Luckily, the eloquence of our costume palliated the swords and bearskins, and our hats, on which could still be read "Long live Pétion!" or "Long live Santerre!" (the present chief of the armed forces), saved us. "Well, well," said the less crazy of our two visitors, dragging away his more obstinate colleague, "keep yourselves in a right frame of mind, and long live the nation!" "Long live the nation!" we responded; but hardly had the door closed when Vigearde performed some magnificent skips and jumps, while I was cursing the devisers and executors of those infernal measures.

Gassicourt, having profited by a silly denunciation to get into favour with the section, came equally well out of the claws of these visitors. Salafon, being director of registration—I forget where—had luckily left Paris; while Rivierre had escaped about the 15th, and it was as well that he had. In short, of our intimate acquaintances nearly all escaped arrest among the twelve or fifteen thousand arrests that were made during those horrible days. We breathed again, but the respite was short. On September 1, not long after we were allowed to go about again, news was spread of the capture of Verdun. It did not really surrender till the 2nd, but the story served as an excuse for getting something out of the arrests that had been made; that is, for carrying out the frightful plan which had caused them to be made. The news spread at once, and gave occasion for a sinister report. "We must avenge our brethren!" was the cry on all sides—"We must save the country!" And so, in order

to have only foreign enemies to fight, domestic enemies were to be terrorized. As a provisional measure, it was announced that next day, September 2, the alarm-bell and the drum would sound at an early hour, and that all available citizens were to come armed to the Champ de Mars and encamp there. Now what help could this assemblage of men in the Champ de Mars be to our armies? Was not its object rather to leave Paris at the mercy of the vilest rabble? This question, which everybody was asking, to which no one saw an answer, and which the Assembly itself did not venture to touch upon, was only too soon solved. The clang of the bells, the alarm drums, and the guns, which on that occasion Danton called "The call for a charge on the enemies of the country," began to sound the next morning. I do not know if the concourse in the Champ de Mars was great; I doubt it, no one having been taken in by that trick. Vigearde and I stayed at home till about half-past four, at which hour we went to Robert's, the fashionable eating-house in the Palais-Royal, where we used to dine when we were not asked out. We were finishing our meal when a man with a troubled countenance went straight up to a lady who was dining near us; she at once rose, apparently repeating the words in an interrogative tone, "They are massacring the prisoners?" paid her bill, and went away. A good many people followed her example, we among them, leaving the room almost empty.

The terrible news was only too true. Having ascertained this, we went home, or rather to Mme Barré's, who lived opposite our lodgings. For my own part, I saw nothing of the horrors of which that day was the beginning, and which for the next four days left no security for anyone save the monsters who were a hundred times more worthy of the barbarous death which they inflicted on nearly 1200 victims.

At that moment I shrank from the details which I might have learnt, rather than tried to ascertain them, but I had some of them from M. de la Roserie, who was at that time finishing his studies in Paris. He had been entrusted by the head of his college with a letter for one of the clerical tutors arrested at the time of the domiciliary visits, and now with 2,000 other priests

imprisoned at the Carmelites'. But for a chance meeting which delayed him, M. de la Roserie would have gone into the convent and perished there, but, arriving after the massacres had begun, he had the horrible sight of them without incurring any risk. Two facts struck him while he was waiting before the entrance to that place of horrors. The first was that half the assassins employed there were wearing and disgracing the uniform of National Guards, that they began their work with the bayonet, and that they wiped their weapons dripping with blood on the leaves of some shrubs near the gate. The second was of a different kind. A man of middle age, whose face, manner, and tone were entirely calculated to inspire belief in his kindness, returning from his walk, with two young daughters going in front and his wife on his arm, passed near M. de la Roserie. They had no doubt just heard of the horrors which were going on at the Carmelites', and which, indeed, the frightful cries only too plainly revealed; their faces showed great emotion, and yet the head of the family said to his wife with entire conviction, "No doubt it is as sad as it can be, but these are implacable enemies, and those who are ridding the country of them are saving your life and our poor children's lives." So this man, who may have been quite as kind-hearted as M. and Mme Bitaubé, was, so to say, their echo.

From the Carmelites' M. de la Roserie went on to the Abbaye, and got there at the moment when the body of M. de Montmorin, with eight or ten corpses piled upon it, was being dragged away by the feet to the place where there already were a terrible number of them. There it was that M. Thierri, of Ville d'Avray, perished, and the poor Swiss who had defended the Palace on August 10th. There also M. Jourgniac de Saint-Méard was saved, not in the way that certain historians have reported, following printed accounts more or less amplified, but quite simply, and, according to his own account, given twenty times to M. de la Roserie, because his accent caused him to be recognised as a countryman by a young Provençal who at that moment was acting as judge. This latter, wishing to save him, said to him, half in local speech, half in French, "Well, what have you been doing? You must have been behaving like an

aristocrat, but you're not the enemy of the nation. Come, come, I'll see to this man;" and he escorted him beyond the group of cut-throats. All this took place without any one of those interrogatories, of which there was no idea, nor yet time for it. It was all done in a few words, and, above all, in the absence of the inflexible Maillard and the horrible Billaud-Varennes.

Eager curiosity, which is so powerful at the age of seventeen or eighteen, drew M. de la Roserie as far as La Force. At this point the crowd was immense, and the operators were not more than a score; namely, ten within to hand the victims on to their death, and ten outside, not exactly to do justice on them, but to do for them. And what is eternally shameful, even hideous, to relate, in the middle of that great crowd those ruffians went about their work as tranquilly as if there had been 10,000 of them. It would seem that they were some picked men of the 300 composing Maillard's band, armed, or rather furnished, with long stakes trimmed so as to form clubs —they were in truth the "sloggers" * that they were called. Five stood on either side of the door of egress, hidden by the wall; as soon as the sounds announced that it was going to be opened they raised their bludgeons, and the moment that one of the victims came through the fatal door he fell with a smashed skull, and was at once dragged off by the cleaners-up. Death was rendered all the more inevitable by the fact that, when at the word "Be off with you!" the prisoner was put out, on seeing the crowd he would come out quietly. Still, M. de la Roserie had the satisfaction of seeing one man escape. Sharper than the generality and very active, when the door was hardly ajar he helped to expedite its opening, and as soon as he could pass through, getting a purchase by pressing on the door, before the word "Be off!" was uttered, before the clubs were even lifted, he was off like a flash of lightning. The clubs came down behind him, the cleaners-up could not prevent him from reaching the crowd, and, with its assistance, he disappeared.

[* This word, though not accurately rendering "*tape-dru*," seems to give the meaning of it as nearly as can be done in English.]

The original authors of those domiciliary visits which crowded the nine buildings then serving for prisons in Paris,* in order to empty them again by assassination, were Danton and Marat; but the hero of the atrocities, whose memory will ever be branded by the horror of mankind, was Billaud-Varennes. Hurrying from prison to prison, wading in blood, he said at one place, "People, you are sacrificing your enemies and doing your duty"; at another, "Bring wine for the brave toilers who are delivering the nation from its foes." Finally he had 24 livres paid to each of Maillard's "sloggers."

Those days were the most hideous in the Revolution, and made an indescribable impression on me, exceeding my utmost fears. I was disgusted, humiliated, annihilated. Not knowing what to be at, I went out on the Monday without any definite object, and merely for the sake of moving. I walked on, buried in melancholy thoughts, went through the Palais-Royal without being aware that I was passing it, and, mechanically turning into the Rue Saint-Honoré, went towards the Place Vendôme. A little short of the portal of Saint-Roch I felt myself seized violently by the arm and dragged aside by some one who at the same time cried out, "Look out for yourself!" It was Grasset, who had caught me up and was about to pass me, and had just stopped me from breaking my head against the wheel of an enormous hay-waggon which I had not seen. We exchanged a few words of surprise and thanks, when something made him ask me whither I was going. "I am sure I don't know," I said; "I am walking for walking sake, or perhaps to shake off some of my horrors." Then, as he seemed to be going homewards, I asked, "Whence do you come?" "I come," he answered, "from the Circus of the Palais-Royal,† where I have been enlisting as a grenadier in a battalion which is being formed under the name of the 1st Butte des Moulins Battalion,

* The Abbey of Saint-Germain, the Carmelites', the Conciergerie, La Force, the Bernardines', the Châtelet, Saint-Firmin, the Salpêtrière, and Bicêtre. In the last-named the prisoners defended themselves as long as they could.

† The name given to a building which then stood in the Palais-Royal, and was used as a promenade and ball-room.

and is starting for the front." "You were right," I replied. "Paris is no longer habitable; the country is in danger, and I shall go and enlist likewise." Five minutes later my name was entered.

I went home and told Vigearde of the step I had taken, and how I should bid him good-bye in a few days. He declared that my departure should not separate us. I pointed out that his age and family circumstances laid other duties on him, and that that was why I had acted without consulting him; that even if he thought it his duty to make the campaign he should at least consult his brother and mother before deciding; and that I was personally interested in his doing so, lest it should be thought I had tried to influence him in so important a matter. But I might say what I would—before nightfall he had enlisted. It was impossible, anyhow, to have gone off in better company. It was a superb battalion, and 130 young men, from twenty-one to twenty-eight, the shortest 5 ft. 6 in., formed one of the finest grenadier companies in France. The battalion was the pick of the well-to-do districts comprised in the sections of the Feuillants and Saint-Roch.

CHAPTER VIII.

Marching to the front—Camp life—Dumouriez's plans—Campaigning in November—Affair of Blaton—My father at Tournai—Jouy—Mme de Genlis — Necromancy — Promotion — General Canolle — Appointed aide-de-camp.

I HAD once before had the chance of entering the army in 1791, when M. de Narbonne, then Minister for War, offered me a sub-lieutenancy in the cavalry; but I had at that time no great enthusiasm for the military profession, so declined it. Now I was starting by an odd freak of destiny as a simple grenadier in an infantry regiment.

In thirty-six hours' time our battalion was 1200 strong, and it became needful to organize it. A certain M. Le Brun, of the Saint-Roch section, became our commander; he, as well as the adjutant, the sergeant-major, and the quartermaster being appointed by I know not who. Then each company met to choose its officers. Those of ours were as follows:—Captain, Duplessi-Bertaux, a man of forty-five, known as an engraver of scenes of the Revolution;* he was an excellent commander for drill and manœuvres. Lieutenant, Odiot, also of Saint-Roch, a jeweller in the Rue Saint-Honoré, who had seen service. When we went away, he put a notice on his shop: "Placed under the protection of the public while the head of the establishment is absent, fighting the enemies of the country." Sub-lieutenant, Grasset of the Feuillants, an eminent violinist, afterwards musical director of the Italian Opera. He possessed every quality suiting him for command in war.

These 130 young men, belonging nearly all to the upper classes of society, put themselves under the command of an

* [*Tableaux Historiques de la Révolution Française* (1804); where, by the way, his name is spelt Berthault, though the biographers seem to agree in ascribing them to him, and not to the younger engraver of that name.]

engraver, a jeweller, and a musician because they seemed fitted for command, also largely because the idea of holding any rank with the responsibilities it implied frightened the greater number. The officers, however, did not stay longer than they felt inclined. Odiot returned to Paris in four months, Grasset a little later; while poor Bertaux, however well he could engrave feats of arms, was not the man to perform them, and departed immediately after the first action. We laughed for a long time over the state into which he was put by the first attack with which the enemy favoured us—a night attack, as it happened. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, as soon as the firing began, "there we are, my friends—there we are! Where on earth are my left boot and my collar-buckle?" He had made himself comfortable by the bivouac-fire as if he had been at home. "Dear! dear! what a firing! Upon my word, we are in for it!" When he did appear at the head of the company, it was a fresh joke. He had his sword on the wrong side, only one glove, a straw hat; his countenance was perturbed, and he could not remember a single word of command.

On September 5th the battalion was ordered to go into barracks at the Carmelites', where the recent massacre had left room available. We were, however, so disgusted by the state of the place, where nothing had been done to efface the traces of the bloodshed, that Vigearde and I, with a good many others, refused to sleep there. On the evening of the day before that fixed for our departure we marched in threes through the Assembly, applauded by the deputies. It was an imposing sight, as the floor of the hall shook with all those hundreds of feet marking time rather than advancing, while the drums, beating the quick step, halted at the door till the last man had passed out. There could be no more doubt about the safety of the country; soldiers of yesterday as we were, we were as good as the best troops in the world. No doubt there were few companies that could be compared to ours; but, thanks to the impulse that had been given, there was no longer any hope for the foreign enemies of France. Yet a good many of us were possessed by a painful thought—going to drive the enemy from our territory, we must at the same time leave Paris, which meant

sparing our own domestic brigands a chastisement which we should have been delighted to receive the order to inflict upon them, and leaving the field free for their atrocities. However, destiny had to be obeyed, and we started next morning at daybreak. All the way to the barrier of Saint-Denis the battalion was accompanied by the families and friends of the members; the streets were hardly wide enough to hold all our escort, yet, not until we reached the barrier, did a single man leave the ranks. Then, however, we broke up like a flight of starlings —climbing into the carriages in which relatives were sitting, or, with muskets carried anyhow, walking arm-in-arm with mothers, sisters, cousins, fathers, brothers, each going as he pleased. However, by the time that our last halt had been made and the last farewells taken, no trace of disorder remained.

When we had left Paris and its horrors behind we recovered the gaiety suited to our age. We sang songs, often the 'Marseillaise,' which Grasset had very cleverly set for us, and which we soon could perform so well together that the people used to come under our windows to listen. But, indeed, we marched through every town on our route amid the applause of the entire population; that mass of well-set-up lads, drilled like any picked force, ready to sacrifice themselves for the general safety, and especially for the safety of the provinces through which we were going, was a sight which could not fail to arouse general enthusiasm, though it must be admitted that the innkeepers did their best to make us pay for it.

At Soissons we ran into something of danger: 15,000 of those Federals who had been levied in revolutionary fashion in certain departments were encamped at the gates of the town in battalions. These scoundrels, who later on distinguished themselves only by want of discipline, pillaging, and cowardice, until the epithet "*Fédéré*" became an insult which no soldier forgave, were without pay and partly without clothes; as they could not be of any use, the authorities had other things to do than to think of them at such a moment. They chose to take it amiss that we should be properly clothed, armed, and equipped, although it had not cost the State a halfpenny, and they accordingly formed the plan—very worthy of them—of

surprising us at night, and, favoured by their superior numbers, plundering us, and, if necessary, cutting our throats. About ten o'clock in the evening they began to muster; the authorities, being accustomed to keep an incessant watch on them, discovered the plan, and promptly warned the commander of our battalion. At once he made all those who were in quarters stand to their arms without noise, and sent some picked men with patrols to bring in all who were missing.

Eleven of my comrades and myself had just finished supper at Soissons in the best inn, but the furthest from our quarters, when the order reached us. We were wearing white sleeve-waistcoats and bearskins, and had only our swords; but we were thirteen, including the sergeant who had been sent for us, and, reinforced by a patrol of seven men, we could quite defend ourselves. Followed by the patrol we started, silently marching in threes, sword in hand. We met two bands of the brigands, but they did not dare to attack us. A little after eleven we reached our quarters; our arrival completed the battalion, which was already under arms, the gunners with lighted matches by the guns. At half-past twelve, upon the written requisition of the mayor, with a view to the danger which our presence might cause to the town, we limbered up our guns and started, marching in sections with loaded arms. The show was sufficient to impress the rabble, who were already collecting about our quarters, but made haste to get out of our way; not that we should have been sorry to have had occasion to force a passage.

At Laon an order met us to march on Rheims, whence we proceeded to Châlons. About half-way between the two last towns a staff-officer met us with the information that the enemy was advancing towards, I think, Suippes, in order to cut the communication between Rheims and Châlons. At this, the first news of that nature which we had received, Major Le Brun did the right thing. He halted the battalion, drew it up in line, bade us get our arms in order and break off into sections, and marched us forward in that order. But during the halt, having considered in our wisdom that our bearskins could in future only be in our way as a useless burden, we pitched them all into the ditches by the road-side. I do not know who profited by

this present, but 130 splendid bearskin caps were worth the trouble of picking up. We completed our march uneventfully, although each of us thought ten times over that he saw the enemy who was not there to be seen.

At Châlons we were sent to the camp of l'Épine, not far from the town, where we stayed some days. On the very first night we got a pretty exact idea of the delights of camp-life in a rainy autumn. It came down in torrents all night long, and the wretched canvas which was our only defence from the clouds was soon penetrated. The water at first strained through, but soon began to form big drops, which, following in quick succession, were for each of us as good as any number of spouts. Falling asleep, thanks to our age, as soon as we were down on our straw, we were woke by cold water trickling all over us and wetting us through and through. This was intolerable, and we had to take it by regular turns to shake the tent.

Nor was this the whole of my apprenticeship. The next morning I was on rations and ammunition bread, and began, as soldiers say, by collaring the hard jobs, fetching water, making soup. My first soup was my last—it was detestable, and it was settled that this task should be allotted to the greediest among us, who could be depended on. A man who liked everything was deemed unworthy to be cook. So I had the advantage of eating good soup without the trouble of making it. However, at the first of those terribly *al fresco* meals I lost a good third of my lawful share. I always hated eating my food too hot, while some men have, as soldiers say, their throats paved. Thus, as each man dipped his spoon in turns with a movement as regular as that of threshers in a barn, while I was blowing on my first spoonful my voracious comrades were putting down their second, in such wise that I only escaped missing several turns at the price of scalding palate, throat, and stomach. Next day I got a large saucer into which I put every spoonful, to discuss it afterwards at my ease. It was not long, however, before some of us established a mess-tent—"the gilded tent" as it got called—with a caterer and cook.

In those days I had splendid hair, which would come down

nearly to my ankles, curling naturally, and the style of wearing it then in vogue allowed of its full display. However, it had now to go in conformity with regulations, or rather with my own convenience. I kept only a queue eight inches long, and even this soon gave way to a close crop. I do not know what fair lady my locks embellished, but the delight of the barber when he carried them off was such that he would take nothing for his trouble in cutting them.

One day the general beat suddenly in camp, and the troops stood to their arms. Then appeared, escorted by a number of generals, a large staff, and a numerous body of cavalry, some members of the Convention, come under the name of People's Representatives to proclaim the Republic. It had been decreed by acclamation, without previous discussion, on September 22nd, the third day of that memorable Assembly's session. Among the generals accompanying the representatives was the Duke of Chartres, now become General Égalité. He was good enough to recognise me, and it was a satisfaction to see him again for a moment, though this was somewhat diminished by the loss of César Ducrest, who belonged to the light company of my battalion, a good friend and constant associate of mine, whom the Prince carried off to serve on his staff.

While we had been in camp at Suippes, Dumouriez and his chief-of-staff, Thouvenot, had conceived, developed, and executed an idea which, in spite of the orders from the Government and the opinion of all the other generals in the army, was the saving of France. It allowed time to form an army from the scattered fragments which after La Fayette was gone were the sole hope of France, as well as the best possible evidence for the incapacity of the generals whose place Dumouriez took.

Further reasons which baffled what was meant to be a decisive effort against us were the hesitation of the Duke of Brunswick, indisposed as he was to obey a king who would have annihilated us in that campaign if he had exercised his authority instead of delegating it; the battle of Valmy, which taught the Coalition what sort of men they had to do with; the approach of winter; the abominable country into which Dumouriez was clever enough to force the enemy; and, lastly, the terrible season, the

lack of supplies, and the sickness which developed in the Prussian army. Thus everything combined to leave with us the honours of the campaign and freedom to decide upon further operations.

I am not writing the history of the war or of the Revolution, so I will not stop to discuss the way in which Dumouriez was blamed for not having been more ardent in destroying the Prussian army, and conquering Belgium by taking it in rear, as he could have done at the moment of the Duke of Brunswick's retreat, with the aid of Kellermann, taking the road along the Rhine, or later on, without his aid, by following the Meuse. He wished to owe this conquest rather to a second campaign than to a continuation of the present one. Perhaps, too, he did not want any aid from Kellermann, who was obstinate rather than capable, and thought more of his own vanity than of a success of which he would not have the credit. Anyhow, while a few corps pursued the Prussians, Kellermann returned to Metz. Meanwhile Dumouriez turned upon Flanders and Belgium, where he was to win the battle of Jemmapes, and for the third time in three months fail to draw from his victory the advantage which it might have guaranteed him.

In consequence of the battle of Valmy we left the camp at Suippes and went to Gironcourt, which was still occupied by Kellermann's army. Being about to appear before troops who had been fighting for what seemed to us the enormous time of six months, we took extra pains to reach the camp in thoroughly smart condition, but our efforts were not well recompensed. One of their grenadiers who had been lying in the mud for a month was heard to say to another as dirty as himself, "Come along and see some grenadiers just out of a band-box"—a remark which made such an impression on us that by the next day we were not to be distinguished from the rest of the troops.

From that camp we started for Valenciennes. Say what any one will about the mud of Champagne, it is hard to form an idea of what it was that autumn. The open country was quite impracticable; the roads, washed by continual rain and broken up by the movement of so many armies, were covered by five or six inches of chalky slush in which I marched whole hours

without seeing my feet. But that mud, that climate, those days of downpour, combined with want of provisions, and with the grapes plucked from our vines, had given us a terrible ally against the Prussians, who had been decimated by dysentery.

On the 3rd of October I reached Sainte-Menehould ill with fever, and was obliged to stay there till the 12th. Then, however, by travelling, whenever I could find them, in post-chaises, I overtook the battalion at Landrecies. Vigearde, who did not care more than I did for paddling in the mud, suggested that we should continue the march in the same fashion, nor did we appear in the ranks again except just at morning and evening until Valenciennes. After passing that town there were no more facilities of this kind, so we went in proper military fashion from thence to Condé, which General Chancel had just been making famous by a glorious defence. We merely passed through it, however, and went on to bivouac in the forest of Bonsecours.

Our place in the fighting line was in General O'Moran's division, and we took part in the little combats which were renewed every morning. For my own part, I was presently raised to the rank of corporal, which saved me from sentry and fatigue duty, and three days afterwards to that of sergeant, which freed me from having to relieve guard. As for any increase of pay to which the rank entitled me, I say nothing about it, seeing that the majority of the grenadiers in my company had considered that payment in advance might engage them to serve longer than they might wish, and in this way I and others never touched a *sou* throughout the campaign. I have since thought that our paymaster must have made a very good thing out of us.

In this way we had been taking the air for some days under such leafage as remained in the department of the Nord and in the month of November, when one day, after a good deal of marching, I thought I was doing a clever thing by settling myself for the night in a little trench. The edge served me for a pillow and I soon went fast asleep. I do not know at what o'clock the rain, which had stopped for two days, began again; all I know is, that when I was roused by the morning drum I

was all under water except my head, my right shoulder, and my two arms crossed over my knapsack, on which I had supported my head. I was in a hurry to get out of so unseasonable a bath, but I found it impossible. I called for help, and my comrades dragged me to a large fire, in front of which they turned me round like a sheep on the spit. The heat dried me and restored some movement, but I had a return of fever, and they were obliged to cart me to Condé, where, thanks to one of my friends, a warm room was at once got ready for me, with a bed in it, which, when I arrived, required nothing but the warming-pan.

My comrades kept me company faithfully. I need not mention Vigearde; Grasset, who had given me lessons on the violin at Paris, and whom I delighted to hear play, used to come and play in my room for hours together. One Giraud, formerly employed in the King's stables, used to make me laugh by an extraordinary talent which he had for stringing together long periods made up of totally disconnected sentences. He talked fast, stammered at pleasure, and preserved an imperturbable gravity; and as he reeled off his absurdities in a low and half-confidential tone, people were often some time before they discovered the hoax. Sometimes he would pick a quarrel with an interlocutor who persisted in appearing to understand him, and then, when he repeated aloud part of what he had been saying in a low voice, one may imagine the confusion of the victim, the astonishment of the rest of the company, and the laughter. So I had society, and usually agreeable society, all day long. And, as by good luck I had a clever doctor to attend me, I was able to get up in three days, and on the fourth day I was chatting with Vigearde when some one came to tell him that the battalion was on the point of marching out to attack the enemy.

I remember the vexation which was my first impression at this news, but it did not last long, for I at once determined to rejoin my company, whatever anyone might say and whatever might happen. Still I had not the strength either to walk the good league which lay between Condé and our bivouac, nor to carry my equipment, my uniform, and my arms. So I got into

a gig with Vigearde, and started in a sleeve-waistcoat, armed with a fowling-piece lent me by my landlord. The firing was beginning as we reached the forest, and we got out and walked. We had not gone two hundred paces when we met a poor fellow wounded in the head, covered with blood, and groaning pitifully. "I would give ten pounds not to have met that chap," said poor Vigearde, who, however, soon laughed at his ejaculation, and owned that the money would not have been well laid out. It was not long before we heard the guns, and as, when they do not take off your legs, they set them going, we quickened our pace and were soon in the ranks. Just as we got up, a host of skirmishers, supported by a few sections, were driving the enemy's skirmishers from the bushes lying between their position and ours, and establishing themselves there. The enemy could not leave us in possession of the approaches and hold his own position, so he formed three columns to retake them. But Lieutenant-General O'Moran, who was commanding in person, foresaw this counter-stroke, and as soon as the enemy's movement had gone too far to stop we were quickly formed into attacking columns of battalions and sent forward at the quick march, covered by the fire of all our guns. The enemy's columns, first cannonaded and then attacked with the bayonet, were routed; and almost pell-mell with the fugitives we reached the village of Blaton, which we carried, the division taking up position there. This combat, which did not cost me a single friend, seemed to us magnificent, the profession of arms the finest in the world, and the most inspiring of human conceptions. The object of it was to prevent the corps which we had in front of us from reinforcing the troops whom Dumouriez was the same day beating at Jemmapes with the remainder of his army, of which we were the left wing. After the fight General O'Moran passed along the alignment of his troops. Surprised at seeing a grenadier in a waistcoat in a battalion of such good appearance as ours, he asked the reason. Major Le Brun's answer helped to earn me the two steps which the general gave me four or five months afterwards.

So long as the fighting lasted, the excitement inseparable from a first real action served me instead

of strength; but directly afterwards I felt overcome with fatigue. My fever came back and I was forced to return to Condé.

As everything seemed to point to the continued advance of the army, my farewells to my comrades, and especially to Vigearde, were very melancholy as I got into my gig again. The day had been pretty fine, but it grew cold towards evening; my clothing, though adapted to my strength, was not so to the temperature; a violent cold was added to my previous indisposition, and when I reached the inn I was poorly enough. After a few days' nursing I tried to rejoin, and started, riding half the way; but the weather kept getting colder, and I began to spit blood and was obliged to stop. I wrote, therefore, to Vigearde, enclosing application for leave of absence, addressed to a general, so that Vigearde might present it to whoever happened to be commanding our battalion (which shows that I had not yet very clear ideas about the hierarchy of ranks), and got the requisite permission from General Dampierre to return to my father. I did not, however, even wait for this kind of unlimited leave of absence, but set off for Épinal, where in the bosom of my family I got well in less than a month.

It was not long before our happiness at Épinal came to a doleful end, as a result of the general overturn of that period. My father's office in the Vosges was abolished, and for the fourth time in four years the course of his existence had been changed or interrupted. Reckoning on a permanent position, he had moved all his furniture to the Vosges, established his family there, and purchased a small property. Projects, hopes, present, future—all were annihilated or rendered doubtful, and at what a moment! If just then you asked for a place, you trembled to think where it might be offered you. He wrote, therefore, to such friends as he had still in Paris, but they had already heard of the abolition of his office and had busied themselves in his interest. Grouvelle, who had a kind of veneration for him, and who had been much touched by the way in which I had set out for the army, had got him a nomination as one of the Commissioners in Belgium. That country had recently submitted to our arms, and there was a

desire to unite it to France under the form of accepting an offer made by itself. This part of the mission was a secret which the future alone revealed, the ostensible aim being the administration of the conquered provinces. As for my father, he saw nothing but the advantage of being employed outside of France, so he accepted without hesitation and started with me for Paris on December 28th. I parted from my sister with keen regret, and from my mother with despair in my heart; some presentiment told us that our farewell would be for ever.

Our journey was melancholy, our arrival in Paris still more so; while the King's trial, the end of which was only too clearly foreseen, made any stay in the city at once dangerous and lugubrious. My father, however, could not start until it had been decided in which towns of Belgium the Commissioners should respectively reside. Ultimately it was known that there would be a Commission in every town, consisting of two persons. Through a fresh kindness on the part of M. Grouvelle (who was then secretary of the provisional executive council, and as such had the dreadful duty of reading to Louis XVI the sentence condemning him) the city of Tournai received two Commissioners, of whom my father was one, and an assistant with a salary of 300 francs a month. This place was given to me, so that I did not return to the Public Debt Office, though hitherto, as a defender of the country, I had retained my place and salary. My father only got his orders in the course of January 19th, but, as he had a horror of being in Paris on the day when the King was to be executed, we got off at 8 o'clock in the evening of the 20th.

My father was anxious to travel as slowly as possible. He wished that the terrible news should reach Tournai some days before him, that he might escape hearing the talk about it,—a precaution that was all the more necessary because he was incapable of concealing his opinions on so important a matter. He did not recognise any right in the Convention to try the King, and, in any case, he thought that there should be a final appeal to the people. This opinion he had maintained in a pamphlet that he h[illegible]hed at Épinal, which by great good luck nol[illegible] again. However, he could

congratulate himself on his precautions. If we were questioned on the road, we knew nothing, and consequently had nothing to say, and then when we got to Tournai people had almost ceased to talk about the disastrous event. I have no wish to delay over such a subject, but, in proportion as the King's death was deplorable, do its smallest details gain in importance. I will, therefore, begin with a correction.

It is generally believed, and I long believed myself, that Louis XVI was guillotined in the middle of the Place Louis XV, but this is a mistake; executions were performed in every part of that Place except the middle. Louis XVI was guillotined at a point between the middle of the road leading from the centre of the Place to the Cours La Reine, and the north side of the ditch which runs along the embankment below the bridge. That is where the scaffold was set up and the crime consummated. It is known that a young man had the courage to push his way to the foot of the scaffold and to hand a white handkerchief to the executioner, with a request that he would dip it in the blood of the illustrious victim; the wish was at once complied with, and, not to mention sundry brigands who dipped the ends of their pikes and pieces of linen in the blood in order to make horrible trophies of them, a large number of other spectators, emboldened by the first example, rushed forward with the same object and were similarly gratified. Among them was M. de la Roserie, at whose dictation I write this passage. Although he had finished his studies with high distinction, he had not left his college, judging that a student was in no danger at Paris. The activity natural to his age and the desire to get impressions, however painful, had led him to witness the execution, and to wish to preserve a few drops of the blood of the martyred King. Not having a white handkerchief about him, he supplied its place with a letter; it was returned to him after being dipped in the blood, and he sent it to his mother, who preserved it as a relic.

On arriving at Tournai, we alighted at the Abbey of St. Martin, where rooms had been prepared for us. General O'Moran, commanding in the district of Tournai and the two

Flanders, had his headquarters on the first floor of the same building, while we occupied the ground-floor. He was a dignified and venerable old man, full of courtesy and even amenity. He received us most kindly; and on learning from my father that three months ago I had been under his orders as sergeant of grenadiers in the Butte des Moulins Battalion, he was good enough to remember my conduct at the action of Blaton.

But if we were well pleased with him, he was delighted with us, for he could not have failed to be anxious as to the selection of the Commissioners for Tournai. From his point of view, my father was better than anyone he could have hoped for, and, further, he acted as a check on his colleague. So the General insisted on our taking all our meals at his table, while his kindness to me went to the point of placing at my disposal his four saddle-horses, which came from the Royal stables, and were among the finest hunters that Louis XVI had owned. One in especial, a black one called The Swan, was one of the handsomest and most spirited horses I ever crossed.

The General had two aides-de-camp, one of no consequence, whose name I forget. The other was only too far from being so; his name was Jouy,* and for my sins I very soon became most intimate with him. He was a young man with irregular features, lively, crackling with wit, and with an imagination romantic and turbulent in the extreme. To the reputation of a campaign in India he joined the celebrity acquired by a score of rascalities; and at that moment Tournai was ringing with an adventure of his, the heroine of which was the beautiful Mlle Lenormand d'Étiolles.

Lastly, to complete my summary, I will say a word as to my father's colleague, named Beaumé. He was a man of about

* [Victor-Joseph Étienne, born at Jouy (Seine-et-Oise) in 1764. As a lad he went to the East Indies, where he had various remarkable adventures. He left the army, as will appear, in 1797, and took to literature, in which he achieved a good deal of success. He was elected to the Academy in 1815, and lived till 1846; it gives a certain piquancy to Thiébault's reminiscences of him to reflect that at the time when they were written he was a senior member of that discreet and learned body. Some French critics have compared his work to that of Addison and Steele.]

fifty, with fair hair growing grey, a cat's face, an unsteady look, a velvet paw, and a wheedling voice. His manner was familiar to a disgusting point, especially when he pawed your hands with his flabby ones. He was an unfrocked and married priest, which put us finally on our guard. He had, however, neither energy nor courage to do all the harm of which he was capable; my father, by dint of character and merit, at once got the ascendant over him, and took the work into his own hands in such a way as to leave him only the small jobs, of which, moreover, I did three-quarters. We avoided giving him any hold upon us, and had no fault to find with him as a colleague.

We had hardly been at Tournai ten days when we received a request to send one of our number to Brussels, to confer with the other Commissioners in Belgium as to certain important measures affecting the whole country. My father suggested that Beaumé should go. "I think, my dear colleague," said he, "that we had much better send Paul" (as he almost from the first took the liberty of calling me); "there is some hidden purpose in this gathering, and if neither you nor I go we shall see what happens."

The advice shows the man; but it was good enough to be followed. I started on February 7, and on the morning after my arrival met all the Commissioners who resided at, or had been summoned to, Brussels. They were all leaders of the faction which was becoming dominant, and there was a regular competition among them for the palm of revolutionary extravagance. Those who received us were among the most pronounced; among them was Chaussard, who had changed his name to Publicola.

Being only an assistant and the youngest present, I was entrusted with the duties of secretary. The speeches that were made at the first of the two meetings which we held showed me that the managers had agreed upon their parts, and that their subjects and pleadings were arranged beforehand. The object was to give a start to the union of Belgium with France, and to get it voted by the populations of the different provinces, but in such a way that the Convention should only have to accede to the wish of the Belgians, or, to put it more exactly,

accept what it was in fact taking. In order that nothing might be lacking to the comedy, some objections were raised, but these were at once triumphantly met, and the adoption of the scheme was unanimously voted by the acclamation of all present except myself. I made a little speech, saying that though no one appreciated more than I the utility of the measure and the conciliatory nature of the proposed methods for executing it, and though I had no idea of casting any doubt upon the agreement of the Tournai Commissioners, yet, as a mere assistant, I had no power to do more than report to them the result of the meeting. I returned so quickly that, though I had only two hours' start of the Paris messenger who was to carry the minutes of the sittings, he was able also to take a report signed by my father, M. Beaumé, and myself, asking for orders or instructions. The Minister for Foreign Affairs did not make us wait long. Thirst of conquest had succeeded to the terror which the Prussians and Austrians had inspired; the Brussels proposals were approved, and every Commissioner was bidden to take the necessary steps for getting the annexation voted by as many leading persons as possible.

At Tournai we had found Mme de Sillery—the Countess of Genlis—and with her her niece, Mlle Henriette de Sercey, as well as Mlle d'Orléans, or, as she was then called, Citizeness Égalité. On their return from England a few months before, these ladies had not been able to obtain leave to remain in France, where I think they had landed. On the other hand, rebuffed by the emigrant party, it was almost impossible for them to leave the countries occupied by our armies; and in this plight, while continuing to ask—fortunately for themselves, in vain—for permission to return, they decided to stay while awaiting the decision in some town near our frontier, and they selected one that was at that time occupied by Dumouriez's army, the centre of which was under the command of the Duke of Chartres. M. Thiers, by the way, is mistaken in saying that these ladies were at Ath, as well as in his statement that two of the sons of the Duke of Orleans held high rank in the Army of Belgium. The Duke of Chartres alone was with that army.

In consequence of a remark of General O'Moran, the question

whether we should call upon them or not was raised by Beaumé. My father said that, so far from seeing any objection, he thought that it would be good manners to go to a house where the General was a frequent visitor, and where all the French officials had been received. Beaumé gave way, but, with a mean precaution worthy of himself, he wrote to the Minister, as we afterwards discovered, that the desire of knowing what was going on in that house had decided us to go there.

General O'Moran kindly undertook to prepare the ladies for our visit, and two days after our arrival he presented us to them. They were at home almost every evening, but my father, in spite of a most flattering reception, did not call upon them more than twice a week. Beaumé, from whom people did not take much trouble to conceal their opinion of him, affected a familiarity of which no one set him the example and which no one imitated, and went more often. As for myself, I was very soon the object of special kindness; I was not only received every day, but in the morning no less than in the evening. The Princess, whose room Mlle Henriette shared, did me the favour of receiving me in the one room that they had to themselves; sometimes I was even allowed to breakfast with them, and when they had occasion to take a walk I was their single attendant, or, as they called me, their faithful knight.

Mlle de Sercey painted very well, and must needs do a miniature of me which I still possess. During one of the sittings Mademoiselle, who played the harp admirably and knew my passion for music, was so kind as to perform some pieces in order, as she said, that I might not be bored,—a fact sufficient to show in what an amiable mould that Princess was cast. Speaking of her music, I may say that one day when I was praising her talent to Mme de Genlis, she said to me, "Not being able to give her cleverness, I gave her accomplishments." Now on the one hand there cannot be great accomplishments without cleverness, and on the other hand I should have liked to have punished Mme de Genlis for that piece of impertinence by letting her see what the Princess has become in regard to capacity and cleverness. Yet more—what would it be if she could have seen the reign of Louis Philippe, of whom she said,

"He has plenty of good qualities, but he will never have any of those necessary for a king." It is impossible to make a greater blunder, but to blunder thus about one's own pupils is inexcusable.

Mme de Genlis, who had romantic ideas about everything, wanted to marry me to a young lady whom they called Herminie, and who became Mme Royer-Collard. I don't think I ever saw her, but I never heard a word of her that was not eulogy; and, on an abstract view of everything that was not her own personality, I should have been very happy to have married her. Meanwhile we made all kinds of plans for the future, and the only thing lacking for present happiness was guarantee for its permanence.

Our evenings were varied by the receptions of Mme de Genlis, in which she, my father, and Jouy provided nearly all the entertainment. Yet it happened occasionally that Jouy put them into strange confusion by his inconceivable thoughtlessness and impropriety. One day Mme de Genlis had just been depicting with a good deal of pathos the unhappiness of a woman who had allowed herself to be led astray into guilt, when Jouy, in the presence of ten people, including Mlle Henriette and Mademoiselle, said, "Truly, Madam, it is impossible to give a more powerful interest than you have just done to a situation of that kind, but then

'Who cannot feel for ills himself has borne?'"

We were astounded, and for a moment did not dare to look at each other.

But the most perfect scene which we owed to Jouy was as follows. He had been to Paris and returned just after the newspapers had been talking about a man who had the power of summoning up the dead. The first thing that Mme de Genlis asked him on his return was if he had heard anything of that man. "Certainly," answered Jouy gravely. "Do you happen to have been present at one of his performances?" "I did more, Madam—I succeeded in getting initiated into one of his mysteries." "You?"—and everybody looked at him, while he reaffirmed the statement. "In that case," returned Mme

de Genlis, "I think, M. de Jouy, that you will not refuse to let me witness one of these experiments, and if possible this very evening." "Madam," he replied in a tone that was almost solemn, "these conjurations cannot be got up at short notice. At least three days are necessary to get everything together, to make all arrangements, and to prepare oneself by a course of meditation. Then again, who would be the persons to undergo this experiment? Serious accidents have resulted from over-boldness, so the selection of them deserves careful attention." "But," said Mme de Genlis, "do you think that Henriette would not be able to support it?" "On no account would I begin with a lady." At this the ladies' countenances fell, and the only question was, What man would devote himself? I was the youngest; they all looked at me; I volunteered and was accepted by acclamation. It remained to fix the day; it was now Wednesday, and the necessary interval would bring us to Saturday. "Nothing could be better," remarked I—"it is the *Sabbath* day." Jouy took no notice of this joke, but asserted that, for reasons which it was impossible for him to explain, Sunday, if possible, should be preferred.

On the appointed day we met at half-past eight at Mme de Genlis'—namely, General O'Moran, the military Governor, the commissary-general, Beaumé, my father, and myself; Jouy had gone on in front to make some necessary arrangements. We found a small room entirely hung with white and lighted by a small hanging lamp. The furniture consisted of nothing but a large armchair in the middle of the room covered with a sort of shroud. Everything being ready, people took their places in Mademoiselle's apartment, of which, in fact, the small room was the dressing-closet. After questioning me with real anxiety to make sure that my resolution was not to be shaken, Jouy asked me to enter this sort of sanctuary and locked the door on me.

Next, he placed against the door and in the centre of the semicircle formed by the spectators, a table upon which stood certain phials variously coloured by the liquors contained in them, several little boxes containing powders, some sheets of paper and a pencil; two candles and two empty crystal vases

were placed on the same table, which was covered by a napkin, and the cabalistic inventory was completed by an Arabic book, a naked sword, and two keys.

Then Jouy gravely took his seat in front of the table, and, bowing his head upon his hands, muttered some unintelligible words and appeared absorbed in deep meditation. Some moments later he sat up and asked me in a loud voice, "Are you ready?" On my reply "I am," he presented the pencil and the piece of paper to Mme de Genlis, asking her to write down the name of the person whose spirit she wished to be called up. She wrote "Louis XVI."

The ceremony now began. The phials were emptied into one of the vases, and the contents of this poured into the other, and the powders were mixed with the liquids. Between each of these operations, which were performed slowly, and mingled with the clinking of glasses, keys or swords, certain ritual words were uttered. Ten or twelve minutes having been devoted to this function, Jouy cried, "Are you in your place?" On my affirmative reply, he removed the table from the door, took up the vase containing the preparation, made a great cross on the door with the sword in his right hand, and with his left dashed the liquor over it. At the same moment I cried, "Open! open!" At this appeal the ladies were terrified, but Jouy, with his hand on the key, asked, "Whom do you see?" In a tone of alarm I repeated, "Open—I see——" "Whom do you see?" My blows on the door redoubled, and I shouted in a broken voice, "I see Louis XVI!" The consternation became general—the door was opened; clutching at my collar like one who is suffocating, I dashed out of the den disordered and perturbed. After panting for a few moments on a chair I raised myself up and grew gradually calmer; but however violent the shock to me might seem, others were more agitated than I.

During the rest of that evening the conversation turned on nothing but conjurations, apparitions, and visions, and none of the ladies turned her eyes toward me but they filled with tears; Mme de Genlis was quite perplexed. At last, when I got up to go, she followed me, and, having asked me to go into

a room where we were alone, she said in a frightened tone, "Now tell me the truth, my dear Dad, and say if you did see Louis XVI?" "No, indeed, madam; I saw nothing at all." "What—did you see all that?" "Why, good heavens!" I replied, laughing, "what would such jokes be if they didn't result in a moment of illusion?" "Come, now," she rejoined, pretty well disconcerted, "you will tell me the secret!" "Whenever you like; but please allow the Princess and Mademoiselle Henriette not to be undeceived just yet." She promised and kept her word, as the trick lasted for them all the next day, after which every one was initiated. The success, as may be seen, was complete; still I do not think that Jouy ever tried another hoax of this kind. For my own part, I never repeated it, except by relating it, and for reasons easy to understand. Mme de Genlis did not think it expedient to mention it in her *Memoirs*. Indeed, the fact that Louis XVI was brought into this pretended evocation, whether from superstition or from any other motive, and that by Mme de Genlis in the presence of the Princess and ten other witnesses six weeks after the King's death, and at a moment when the Duke of Orleans was so seriously threatened, is one of the things that have scandalised me most in my whole life.

As for the secret of that pleasantry, it is no less puerile to divulge than it is easy to guess that Jouy and I had agreed upon a code of signals. Every sound and every word represented a figure or letter of the alphabet. For example, *shrunkus* denoted an I, the gurgling of a bottle as it was emptied O, the clink of one key against another U, *ferbosco* I, a *log on the table* S; to blow the nose meant *one*, to tear *paper six*, and so with other words. It will be equally understood that the question "Are you ready?" was equivalent to "*Have you got your ear to the door?* Can you hear all right?" and that "*Are you in your place?*" meant "Are you sure of *the wind?*" Lastly, it was agreed that I should write down *each letter or cypher* as they came, that as soon as I thought *myself certain of the name* I should move my chair in order *to diminish the number of* the signals, and leave more time *for such preparation as* could be made in silence; that even

if Jouy might think I was making a mistake, he should none the less continue the signals, and that if I sneezed a little loud he should begin them afresh. He had not to take that trouble, for we had taken the measure of Mme de Genlis sufficiently well for me to feel safe after the fourth signal, and for him to be certain that I had made no mistake.

To return to the affairs of Belgium. As we know, the Government had ordered that the Belgians should vote their annexation to France of their own accord; but when speaking of that bit of political waggery, I did not mention that it had also instructed the Commissioners to take all the church plate. This measure, and the necessity of being a party to it, disgusted my father profoundly, and he had an idea that he might find in the approaching meeting of the deputies from the bailiwicks a good excuse for postponing its execution, and gain time for securing that some one else might be employed in carrying it out, were it only, as he wrote to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, not to discredit the Commissions. But by bad luck, before the Minister could answer, two members of the Convention, Treilhard and Merlin of Douai, arrived at Tournai. Learning that the removal of the plate had not taken place, they summoned the whole Commission and rated them like the fanatics that they were. After this, Merlin, who had passed a decree that a simple majority of votes should be enough to carry the sentence on Louis XVI—Merlin, the arch-regicide and author of that 'Law of Suspects' which put 460,000 persons into prison, and might have caused the whole population of France, including its authors, to incur the same penalty—this very Merlin issued a decree that if the removal was not carried out within twenty-four hours we should all be arrested and handed over to the Committee of Public Safety. My father recited this decree in the order which charged the inhabitants of the country with the task of carrying out this dirty business, and the effect was what might have been expected—as hateful as the measure itself and as those who had so inopportunely forced on the execution of it. An insurrection broke out the next day,—that is, on the day of voting, and at the hour fixed for collecting the votes.

My father, surrounded by more than 500 deputies, had gone to make a speech from the pulpit of St. Martin's Church, attached to the abbey where our headquarters were, when suddenly the bells sounded and the first shots were heard. No doubt the majority of the deputies had been forewarned of this movement, and they wished to take advantage of it to dissolve the meeting. My father, however, who by his fine and venerable face, by the vigour and swing of his eloquence, by the opinion which people had formed of him, and by the tone of honesty and conviction which prevailed in all that he said, had already got hold of the meeting, called out just as the deputies were rising, "Stop, citizens! Remain at your post of duty. What have the blunders of a few men, the audacity of some factious persons, to do with the great interests that unite us, or the disorder of the moment with the future of your country?—these shots, with what I still have to say to you?" The effect was instantaneous; the deputies resumed their seats; and then my father, having ordered the doors to be shut, took advantage of this success to continue his peroration, to get the annexation of Belgium to France voted, and to get the report signed by all present. The most characteristic part of the whole business was that, when the last signature was made, fighting was still going on in the streets of Tournai.

Beaumé, whose place like mine was with my father, had bolted at the first sounds of the disturbance. I collected the sentries, and placed them in the church to guard the pulpit-stairs. Then I went, at my father's order, to close the outer doors; but when I saw that he had mastered the meeting, I went off to headquarters to report proceedings to General O'Moran. He had already started with a small force to disperse the rioters, and in such a hurry that the headquarters were left without any orders. I therefore took command, placing five men at the principal gate, and barricading the other doors of the abbey; and, having sent five more as a reinforcement to the church, I passed my time in going to and fro between the two points. As soon as the annexation had been voted, and my father got into a place of safety, I hastened across the firing to Mme de Genlis, reassured her, and took steps for the ladies'

protection, for all which they were extremely grateful, and were kind enough to preserve a recollection of it.

At this juncture General O'Moran received the order to raise a regiment, under the name of the 1st Tournai Regiment, and to organize the first battalion at once. This was an opportunity for me to rejoin the service. My father and Jouy approved the action; and General O'Moran, basing his selection on my service in 1792, on my conduct at the Blaton affair, and on my rank as sergeant of grenadiers, titles to consideration which other young men who had been nominated as officers did not possess, appointed me, on February 22, lieutenant, and, shortly after, captain in that corps. The command was given to one Göttmann, a very handsome man, but one who cut a better figure in a club than at the head of a body of troops.

Suddenly the excellent General O'Moran was summoned to take command of a camp which was being formed at Cassel. His departure from Tournai was a grief; that of Jouy a loss of another kind. The day before he went, after taking leave of Mme de Genlis, Jouy was received by Mademoiselle, who was in her room with Mlle Henriette and myself. It was a short and melancholy visit, and he was about to withdraw when the latter lady asked him to write something in her album. He thought a moment, took the pen, and wrote the following lines, touching, considering all the circumstances, but which in Jouy's case the heart surely yielded at the instance of the head:—

> "Friendship, I feel it, is too bold a dream;
> This cannot hold your heart where'er you go;
> Forget me, then, should fortune on you beam,
> And only think of me in times of woe."

If anything could have added to our regret at losing General O'Moran, it would have been the way in which his place was filled. His successor was General de Canolle, a man of good family, but the very ideal of silliness. Hearing that he was to be congratulated by the fish-wives, he composed and delivered to them, with appropriate emphasis, a speech which became famous. I had forgotten it, but Colonel de Forceville wrote it

down at the time, and it is sufficiently characteristic to be copied here:—

"Liberty, equality, fraternity, or death!

"Ladies, citizens, sisters, and friends, gratitude is a preponderating duty for every heart which has learnt to need it. Moreover, you are not ignorant, and I knew enough of the physics of the matter to believe that the impulse of the accessories will always make you cherish humanity in the person of our hearts.

"Long live the Republic!"

This was the same man who said to a commissariat agent, "I expect the soil occupied by my division to be always covered with eatables"; and to some soldiers, "Comrades, when you have no bread I will come and share your soup." To which a grenadier replied, "A good way of increasing our rations!" When in command, I think at Ghent, before coming to Tournai, he had happened to be in plain clothes in a tavern where a fight was going on. Wishing to restore order, he had raised up both parties against him, and in spite of his broad shoulders had got a right good thrashing. But the comic part of it was, that while they were pitching into him he kept on crying, "Police! police!" A picket was stationed near the place, but did not stir; and when the general complained of this, the officer commanding, who knew him well enough to be delighted at the adventure, replied, "If I had had the least idea that it was you we should have hastened to your aid, and if you had only cried, 'Guard!'—but 'Police! police!'—we thought you were laughing at us. What have soldiers got to do with that?" "You are right," he answered—"I hadn't thought of it." Fit for nothing but to weaken the authority entrusted to him, he was every day, and especially during meals, the object of perpetual laughter. One day, however, he noticed that he was being laughed at, and, regarding me as responsible, said before all the table, "Know, sir, that I have always despised wit."

In a solitary country-house about five miles from Tournai a lady named de Calonne was staying with a friend. She had been recently confined, and was very ill when this Canolle came. We all knew she was there; but as she gave no cause for complaint, nor even for mention, nobody thought of doing

anything to aggravate her misfortune. As for de Canolle, who at once got into relations with all the fanatics of the country, hearing from one of his blackguards that this lady was within his district, and wishing to make a merit of a most unnecessary persecution, he resolved to get hold of her. A corporal's guard would in all conscience have been four times more than were wanted to arrest three women, but, in order to give importance where none existed, he ordered out 50 cavalry, 200 infantry, and one gun, and took the command himself. The most profound secrecy was kept, so that when the general rode off at ten o'clock one evening, with his staff and any number of gendarmes to escort him, nobody could understand where they were all going. Reaching the modest house occupied by the ladies about one in the morning, he first surrounded it, and, when he was sure that nobody could escape, he had the door battered in and ordered the drums to beat, and then, sword in hand, was the first to enter Mme de Calonne's bedroom. Nothing more absurd nor more uselessly cruel can ever have happened. That nothing should be done by halves, the house and even the beds of the ladies were ransacked with no less brutality than indelicacy, every scrap of paper was taken, a report of the whole was drawn up, and the ladies were locked up in the prisons of Tournai.

Night had fallen when Canolle returned to Tournai, twenty-one hours after setting out, delighted with the success of his expedition, but perishing with hunger. Supper was awaiting him; he ate immoderately, and two or three hours after he had gone to bed a young sub-lieutenant named Machemin, as gay and merry a lad as ever came from the Garonne, who as his aide-de-camp slept near him, was suddenly roused by lamentable cries from his general, who was bawling, "Machemin! Machemin!" "What is it, General?" "Oh, my dear fellow, I'm very ill! I have a preponderating malady." "Has it many accessories?" The only reply was one suggesting a channel passage. Canolle had an indigestion; the night was spent in drenching him with tea, and the following day in laughing at this termination to the adventure as related in the most comic fashion by Machemin, one of the wittiest as well as one of the

bravest officers that I ever knew. He presently joined my battalion as lieutenant, but never got beyond the rank of captain, having been only a year later riddled with wounds and hopelessly crippled, during Pichegru's campaign in Holland.

In 1792 the fortune of the campaign had been decided by a series of operations which would have been decisive even for the campaign of 1793, if the Prussian army had, as it might have, been destroyed; if Custine had not sacrificed too much to his rhodomontades, had joined Beurnonville, and, descending the Rhine, had made it possible for Dumouriez to cross the Meuse and drive the army of the Coalition beyond that river; or if Dumouriez himself had taken better advantage of his victory at Jemmapes. But the enemy, having remained master of the left bank of the Rhine and of Namur, Luxemburg, and Treves, had been able to entrench himself in all his positions, to receive reinforcements, re-form his old corps, form new ones, furnish them with all that was necessary, and at the beginning of March 1793 to find himself ready to take the field with 260,000 combatants. While these formidable preparations were being completed, Dumouriez's army had continued to lack teams for its artillery, shoes, clothing, often pay, sometimes victuals for its men; more than 100,000 National Guards had left the colours and gone home, so that when hostilities were resumed Dumouriez had, in spite of the efforts of the Convention, less than that number under his command — even then, had he only been able to keep them together! But on February 1 the Convention had declared war against England and Holland, and had ordered the conquest of the latter country. Such an operation, extremely risky in itself, could only be carried out after crossing three great rivers near their mouths; it would bring our left to Amsterdam while our centre and our right were so seriously threatened, and finally a new declaration of war was going to increase the enemy's forces and set an Anglo-Dutch army of 40,000 men on the march against our left. I have never been able to understand how the Convention, which had not been able to muster one-half of the 500,000 men with whom it wished to take the field in 1793, could have dreamt of such an enterprise; how

Dumouriez, who had only two-thirds of the force promised him, ventured to set about it; why the enemy did not wait till we were under the walls of Amsterdam to force the left of the 60,000 men remaining in Belgium, and deliver a battle the success of which could not have been doubtful while its results must have been terrible; or why, taking vigorous advantage of this situation, the Prince of Coburg did not combine with his 60,000 men the 30,000 occupying Luxemburg, and, advancing without any anxiety about his rear, did not march upon Paris, which nothing could have hindered him from reaching. But at that time war on a large scale was unknown; instead of invading countries they took fortresses, armies were wasted in giving a beaten enemy time to re-form his own, and wars were dragged out for ever instead of being made illustrious by immortal feats of arms.

In the early days of March, just as General Dumouriez was about to cross the Moerdyck, we were attacked at Aix-la-Chapelle. The poor Butte des Moulins battalion was wrecked, and we were driven out, as also out of Liège and Tongres. They succeeded, however, though with the loss of part of the artillery, in rallying the army first upon Saint-Trond, then upon Tirlemont, where Dumouriez rejoined it, and finally in front of Louvain.

Being a daring man, he saw that in order to give confidence to troops, shaken as he saw his to be, he ought to resume the offensive as soon as possible, and, being a man of inspirations, he devised a method of carrying out the idea. Accordingly, on March 15 he attacked Tirlemont, took it from the Austrians, carried the commanding position of Gussenhoven, and held it on the 16th, in spite of the enemy's efforts to recapture it. These, however, were only the preliminaries; the question remained unsettled, and only a great battle could decide it. Dumouriez, therefore, resolved to fight, and this was the motive for the battle of Neerwinden. I need not recall the details of it. Beautifully planned and opened, it was lost by some false movements. These were partly repaired by the ability and vigour of Dumouriez, the courage and good conduct of the Duke of Chartres, the chivalrous bravery and success of the Count of

Valence, who once found himself in rear of the enemy's cavalry, and cut his way back through them. However, for one thing, Valence got wounded, and had to leave the field; and for another, Miranda, who ought to have held his positions against the attacking force, committed not only the error of letting his troops get out of hand, and being dragged in their headlong flight as far as Tirlemont, but also the grave mistake of not letting the commander-in-chief know that his left had been forced and turned. This fault might have had the disastrous result of the loss of the whole army, if the enemy had taken advantage of his luck; had not Dumouriez, receiving no news and suspecting a disaster, gone himself to verify the fact, and thus gained time to secure the retreat of the right and the centre, which, owing to the Count of Valence's wound, were now united under the command of the Duke of Chartres.

Jemmapes had given us Belgium; Neerwinden took it from us again. The only thing to be done was to withdraw upon our own frontier and recall the troops collected on the Moerdyck who had remained there by order of the Government, while their presence at Neerwinden would have secured a victory that would have carried us on to the Rhine. It was, therefore, simply insanity to hurry on the war with England and Holland before we had won a victory, and before we had reached the Rhine, just as it was madness to order the conquest of Holland before knowing if we could keep Belgium.

We were in the full confusion of these terrible news when the Count of Valence arrived at the house of his mother-in-law, Mme de Genlis, at Tournai. I had hardly got there when I found that the ladies had been speaking of me to him in the kind tone with which they honoured me. He received me, therefore, very well, himself broaching a subject on which I should not have ventured to express my wishes. The second time that I saw him he said, "I lost two aides-de-camp at the battle of Neerwinden: one of them, de Rilly, was killed; the other, Château-Regnault, was so badly wounded that he will never serve again. I have replaced the former; but the other makes two vacancies—that of aide-de-camp to me and that of captain in the Chamborant Hussars. I propose, therefore, that

you should be transferred with your present rank to that regiment, and should be attached to me as aide-de-camp."

I do not know what I answered, but my words were surely the least expressive part of my thanks. Indeed, to find myself at twenty-three years of age changed from an unconfirmed captain in a corps which might any day be reduced before it was recognised, to captain in a crack hussar regiment, and selected as aide-de-camp by a general with a fine reputation and a good name, connected with the Orleans family from whom I had received so many guarantees of favour, so surpassed my hopes that I thought I was dreaming. There was the further satisfactory prospect of passing a good part of the summer in company with the three ladies at Saint-Amand, where the Count of Valence's headquarters were to be fixed, and where he was expected to be stationed for some time.

As Dumouriez and the Duke of Chartres were both expected at Tournai, Beaumé asked my father what line he thought we should take. My father, who was the referee for both of us in all difficult questions, said, "However much General Dumouriez may have disapproved our mission, and however severely he may have behaved towards some of our colleagues, we can have nothing to fear from him. Our conduct has been irreproachable, and, if some odious things have been done here, no one imputes them to us. But is that any reason for advertising the confidence which we feel in his justice, and in the testimony which it would be in our power to call? Certainly not. The more difference he seems inclined to make between us and the members of some other commissions, the less chance we ought to give him of showing it. His hostility to the Government is a material consideration in this respect. Finally, our mission is at an end, owing to the ill-success of our arms, just as it was the result of our victories. To-morrow we must retire before Dumouriez, as two days later we should have to do before the enemy."

So the Commission left Tournai the day before Dumouriez was due to arrive there; but it was settled that, after signing at Lille the despatch reporting to the Minister for Foreign Affairs that we had left Tournai and laid down our office, I should

return there to take up my new post in regular form. In twenty-four hours I was back. The Duke of Chartres, whom I found with Mme de Genlis, seemed glad to see me again and to hear what the Count of Valence was doing for me. As for Dumouriez, to whom the Count presented me, he signed my provisional commission to the Chamborant and my appointment as aide-de-camp to General Valence. The latter kept the papers in order to forward them to Beurnonville, the Minister for War, with the view of hastening the despatch of my commission.

So far as I was concerned, all seemed to be done. As we left the dinner-table (where a place was now always laid for me) the Count said, "You have now only got to procure your outfit, but you will not find what you want nearer than Lille; here is your leave to spend four days there, after which you will rejoin me at Saint-Amand. You will find the ladies there."

Thus we parted. Long years and terrible events were to lie between us and our next meeting.

CHAPTER IX.

Desertion of Dumouriez—I am arrested—Prisons of Amiens—Female patriots—Two good gendarmes—The Committee of Public Safety—Respite—Acquittal—Offer of diplomatic employment.

THREE days had elapsed since my return, for the second time, to Lille. My uniform was ready; I had bought some handsome weapons, and nearly concluded the purchase of two horses, one of them for 100 louis, when the town rang with the news that the delegates from the Convention—Bancal, Quinette, Camus, Lamarque, and Beurnonville, the Minister for War—had been arrested; that Dumouriez had gone over to the enemy; that some of the line regiments in his army, disliking the volunteers, had followed him; and that he was arranging a movement to seize Lille and Valenciennes, and, as a preliminary, to get those places brought over by partisans.

It was all up with my dreams of prosperity, which vanished simultaneously with the army which I was to have entered. But any regrets which my father and I might feel for what I was losing soon gave way to more powerful considerations. I begged him to leave Lille at once, and he bade me do the same, he looking to my position in regard to Valence and Dumouriez, I with a view to what his safety seemed to me to demand. In point of fact, I persuaded him to start immediately, nor did he need to bid me accompany him, for on no account would I have left him until he was quite out of reach of the belligerent parties.

We found everyone in a state of mental agitation; at every post-house we were surrounded by almost the whole population; my father pointed out in vehement s[illegible] unmasking of a traitor was his ruin and [illegible]s

we were taken to the municipal offices, where we found the representatives Saladin and Pocholle both very anxious and eager to hear our news. My father held forth until Saladin said, "Well, citizen, since you do not despair of the safety of the country, we should not do so either."

Before going on to Paris my father decided to pass a few days with some friends at Pont-Sainte-Maxence, so we left the direct road and went to Montdidier, where I parted from my father in order to return to Lille and try to rejoin my battalion. On reaching Bapaume I went to the municipal offices to get my passport stamped, but it had hardly been examined when, upon a remark made in a low tone by one of the officials to his colleagues, all eyes were fixed on me. After some questions, which I quite failed to understand, I was informed that I was under arrest and was to be taken to Amiens, where the representatives would settle what was to be done with me. Without further explanation two troopers arrived with a led horse, on which I was mounted and taken away.

It was Sunday and a beautiful day. The streets of Amiens were crowded when I got there, about three o'clock in the afternoon, so that there was a considerable throng about me. I should, however, say that, far from being the object of any insult or eliciting any sign of ill-will, I received nothing but marks of interest, which some ladies expressed in the words "Poor young man!" When I entered the Guildhall with my escort, they were debating about I know not what, but the sitting was well attended, and the two representatives were present. "Halloa! citizen," said Pocholle, "is it you that have been arrested?" "As you see," I answered, with a smile. "But what for?" "It would be hard for me to tell you, for I could get no answer to any of my questions. However, the corporal here has a letter which will no doubt enlighten you." Saladin took the letter, ran through it, burst out laughing, and passed it to his colleague, who, having read it, said to me, "They took you for the Duke of Chartres in disguise, and nothing need be seen in this little business except a proof of the Mayor of Bapaume's zeal. You can go when you like." This explanation amused the assembly, and, in spite of the gravity

which Pocholle put into it, we were still joking about my adventure when the bulletins from the Convention arrived.*

At that time people were eager for news, and the bulletins were awaited with impatience. Richard, who was reading them out loud, soon came to the following:—

"Documents intercepted at Lille.

"No. 3.—To Paul Thiébault, aide-de-camp; care of Mr. Hamilton at Lille.

"Come quickly, my dear Paul; we require you very much for an important and definite business. The ladies send their best regards and beg you to lose no time.

"No. 4.—All post-masters on the road to Lille are ordered at once to supply the horses required by the bearer, who is charged with important dispatches.

"Saint-Amand, April 3, 1.30 A.M.

(Signed) "PHILIPPE-ÉGALITÉ, General of Division."

At this point Saladin interrupted the reading by saying to me, "But it seems to me that this concerns you, citizen." "If I may judge by what I have just heard," I replied, "I agree with you. However, if you will kindly hand me the bulletin, I will tell you more certainly." He handed it to me, and after glancing at it I gave it him back, saying, "I am the man." The effect was instantaneous: everybody looked away from me, people whispered to each other, somebody went out. Twelve grenadiers came in, I was collared and marched off to the *Conciergerie*, where everything awaited me that could make a prisoner's position cruel. By day I was huddled up with thieves, murderers, beggars covered with rags and vermin, who never opened their mouths without uttering the foulest oaths, imprecations, and blasphemies. At night I was treble locked and bolted into a filthy, stinking cell, six feet square; I was visited by warders accompanied by enormous bull-dogs. I had to pay their weight in gold for the smallest articles—above all, a truckle-bed and a little eatable food; and, to complete the situation, I could hear the bellowings of the populace demanding, from dawn to dusk, that the traitors should be handed over for justice to be done on them.

* These bulletins were printed during the sittings, on great sheets of blue paper, in order to be posted up and to disseminate important news in the departments before the newspapers could get them.

During the few minutes which my father had passed in the town-hall of Amiens he had come across a certain Caron-Berquier, a printer, to whom he had rendered an important service while he was Director of the Library, and who seemed to have remembered it. I thought of applying to him, and I wrote to him that, whatever prejudice an act with which I had nothing to do might have caused in regard to me, whatever my fate might be, there was no reason to mix me up with the vilest scum, and I begged him to use his good offices in getting my position changed. The good man on receiving my letter hastened to see me, was disgusted at the company amid which he found me, ordered the gaoler to pay me every attention, and, even if he could not take me out of that horrible *Conciergerie*, he succeeded in obtaining my transfer by the next day to a prison situated outside the town, called *Bicêtre*. He did more; he undertook to answer for me on the way there, and escorted me himself without any guard. Here I had a large, comfortable, well-furnished room on the first floor, and, being recommended to the porter of the prison, I was as well off as could be, wanting for nothing. I could write to my father, to my comrades, and to some friends, and draw up a kind of memorandum in my defence. Premising that no one ought to be held responsible for an act to which he was not a party, and that I appeared to be compromised by a letter which General Égalité had written to me, I gave a summary of my doings since 1789, and pointed out that the fact of my leaving Lille, and keeping away from General Valence as soon as I heard of the step Dumouriez had taken, proved that I wished to have no more to do with him; while the fact that General Égalité had addressed his letter to Mr. Hamilton's, where I never had any intention of staying, proved that there were no relations between us, and the very terms of his letter showed that he had not admitted me into his counsels, and was not certain how I should receive his proposals.

There was no time to be lost, for on April 12, two days after my place of detention had been changed, I started under a formal order from Saladin and Pocholle, in the custody of two gendarmes, to be brought before the Com-

mittee of Public Safety at Paris. As I had to pay the expenses of the journey, we travelled fast, and covered the distance in one day.

Having reached Roye without stopping, we alighted for dinner at the Post, and had hardly finished our meal when the house was attacked by two or three hundred women. The words "An aide-de-camp of Dumouriez" had set them going, and they had settled in their wisdom that nothing would serve but to twist my neck without ceremony or delay. Luckily, the two gendarmes in charge of me were the best fellows in the world. As soon as the uproar began they had made haste to close the doors and the ground-floor shutters, and ordered the horses to be put to. Then, placing me at the back of the post-chaise and seating themselves on the front seat, they let the postilion mount and whip up the horses, and had the gate opened suddenly; so that when the furies wished to fling themselves on me we were upon them at a gallop, the gendarmes, sabre in hand, ready to strike, and the postilion flogging away with the full swing of his arm: so they had to get out of the way. In a moment we were through the mob of fiends, who could only exhale their impotent rage in horrible vociferations. I had escaped a great danger: but to prolong my life was one thing; to save it, another. Alarming as my departure from Roye might seem, my arrival at Paris was even more so.

My two gendarmes, however, in their own words, thought me more unlucky than guilty; they took a real interest in me, and continued to give remarkable proof of it. Thus, after passing Roye they slackened the pace, so that we might not reach Paris before nightfall, or the Committee-room before night, in order, as they said, that we might not be followed by a crowd, which might make matters look worse. Just before entering Paris, they put on their overcoats to conceal their uniforms. As we went along the Rue du Faubourg-Poissonnière I saw my servant at my own door, for Vigearde and I had kept the rooms and left him there as caretaker. I told the gendarmes, and one of them advised me to give him my arms, which were not wanted for the trial, as well as any valuables, money, or papers that I wished.

On reaching the Committee-rooms, then in the buildings of the Feuillants, already so full of memories for me, we found no one there. We waited for some time in an ante-room, where were posted up the list of members composing that formidable tribunal, among whom I read, not without some terror, the names of Rovère, Ingrand, Basire, Chabot, Alquier, Drouet, Garnier, and others; two of them reminding me of some lines that applied equally well to the lot:—

"A bigger fool does any know
Than Merlin, Basire, and Chabot?
Or could you find a worse lot here
Than Merlin, Chabot, and Basire?
What viler rogues have ever been
Than Chabot, Basire, and Merlin?"

At last, towards ten o'clock, appeared Alquier, the President of the Committee. "Citizen," said one of my gendarmes, stopping him, "here is a prisoner whom we had orders to bring from Amiens to the Committee of Public Safety. We got here a couple of hours ago." "What the devil would you have me do with him at this time of night?" he replied, without doing me the honour of looking at me. "Put him in the Abbaye, and bring him up again to-morrow at eleven."

When one is conscious of innocence, one finds it hard to get used to the part of a criminal, and I had enough good-nature to be scandalized at such harsh, off-hand ways. However, I held my tongue, and let myself be walked off.

On reaching the gate of the Court of the Feuillants, which opens on the Rue Saint-Honoré opposite the middle of the Place Vendôme, one of the gendarmes stopped and said to me, "Citizen, you would not wish to ruin two fathers of families?" "Not I," I replied. "So we think," he continued; "and, if you will give us your word of honour to be in that coffee-house at eleven o'clock to-morrow, we will leave you free, and you can take advantage of to-night to see your friends and try to get your affair settled." I was deeply touched, and, taking the gendarme's hand, I pressed it warmly, saying, "If a thousand deaths awaited me, I would be there at eleven."

I hastened to the house of my mother's friend, Mme Pinon, whose husband, a former valet of the King's, was now a major-general. My father had just arrived there from Pont-Sainte-Maxence, where my letter had informed him of my arrest. After the first moments allowed to the expression of our feelings, we thought how to make the most of the twelve hours remaining to us. To this end, our numerous friends were divided into two classes; those whom by division of labour we might hope to see between seven and half-past ten next morning, and those to whom we resolved to write. We passed the night in composing our letters to these latter, and before seven o'clock they were sent off. Our friends displayed the utmost zeal. Before he left his house every member of the Committee had received several letters or visits. Of the former, one of the most influential was that addressed by M. Loyseau to Alquier, and laid by him before the Committee. As for running about, Gassicourt's devotion was such that he had to change his linen three times, and nearly caught a congestion of the lungs. M. Bitaubé and many others no less outdid all that we could have expected of them. As for me, I completed the visits which I had assigned to myself, and as eleven was striking I entered the coffee-house, where I met my gendarmes and went with them to the Committee of Public Safety. While I was waiting for them to condescend to attend to me, several persons of my acquaintance on their way to the Committee passed through the kind of ante-room where I was, and, amazed at seeing me in the custody of gendarmes, did yet more to plead my cause with the men whom fortune had made the arbiters of my destiny. At last I went up, and, as in the course of my examination, I happened to speak with a little too much animation, a man whom I did not know interrupted me in the harshest manner with the words "Not so loud!" It was a member of the Convention, a friend of one of my father's friends, who feared that I might injure my cause by over-vehemence, and, judging that he could be of more use to me by dissembling his real feelings, concealed the interest that he took in me under the form of what was almost brutality.

There are few serious situations in which the most unexpected

or most insignificant circumstances may not have a decisive influence on the progress and result of an affair. It has been seen how well I had been served by such up to this time, but I was still further indebted to them. By a new piece of good luck the parcel containing the report of the representatives, the minutes of my arrest, had not reached the Committee—it never did reach them. The reason of this was that that good Caron-Berquier, to whom I already owed so much, including the selection of my gendarmes and their conduct towards me, had found that certain expressions used in these documents showed too much bias against me; so he contrived to get hold of the parcel and burnt it instead of posting it. Thus the only documents concerning my case were exculpatory, while at the same time, thanks to the zeal of our friends, there was no one present, save the members of the Committee themselves, who was not favourable to me.

At the end of my examination I was put out while they deliberated. The same man who had addressed me so harshly, and whose name I regret that I have forgotten, seeing the Committee in doubt as to the line they should take, made a suggestion which saved me. "Pending the arrival of the documents in this case and further information," said he to his colleagues, "what objection would you see to putting this young man under arrest in his own house if one or two well-known persons were willing to go bail for him?" No proposal is so easily adopted as one which nobody is able to meet with another, and in their state of indecision they asked me for a list of persons who I thought would take that responsibility. I wrote down some thirty names, and among them, fortunately, were those of M. Dusaulx, the translator of Juvenal, author of other works in much esteem, but also a member of the Convention and a friend of Alquier, and M. Loyseau, a learned jurist, who had borne an important part in directing the insurrection of the French Guards in 1789, and for whom at that moment parties were disputing. The President then sent word that if the citizens Dusaulx and Loyseau would be my bail the Committee would agree to put me under arrest in my own house. I wrote off hastily to those gentlemen, and their answers

were such as to produce the most favourable decision, running as follows:—

"National Convention.

"*Committee of Public Safety and Watchfulness.*

"April 13, 1793. Second year of the French Republic one and indivisible.

"The Committee decrees that Citizen Thiébaud (*sic*) shall remain till further orders under arrest in his own house, subject to the undertaking which the Citizens Loiseau (*sic*), rue Guenegaut, and Dussault (*sic*), deputy, shall give to the Committee of Public Safety to answer to his person.

(Signed) "Garnier, Ingrand, Drouet, Alquier,
"Members of the Committee of Public
Safety of the National Convention."

Snatching rather than receiving this document from the hands of the usher of the Committee, I set off. My gendarmes received my farewells and thanks, but refused the present that I should have been glad to make them. In a few minutes I was in the arms of my father and almost suffocated among I know not how many friends, who had met at his house the sooner to learn my fate. We had succeeded beyond all our hopes; in fact, although I was not yet entirely at liberty, I was none the less free. It only required one more favourable circumstance to make me definitely so, and, while avoiding places that were too public, I went about everywhere.

Göttmann, the major of my battalion, came to Paris soon after me. His journey had several objects: the first to get his corps legally recognised by the Government; the second to have it considered as a French corps; and the third to get commissions delivered to each of the officers guaranteeing their ranks in place of General O'Moran's provisional nominations. Being active and bold, a great talker, soon received at the Jacobins', and backed by them as president of the club at Tournai, knocking at every door and employing every means, he succeeded completely. In order not to risk his ground he began by getting the commissions for himself and his officers, and it was only after having in this way secured our position and his own that he obtained equal success in his request that the first Tournai battalion should become a French corps as the 24th Light Infantry. May I add that, as concerned me, his

behaviour was excellent? He had brought all the certificates for which I had asked, adding thereto his own written declaration, and offering to do whatever depended upon him.

Forty-four days passed, and no change took place in my position, nor was it possible to overlook the fact that it became less favourable as the action of the Government grew more violent. We were on the high-road to the Terror, and, though they were not as yet guillotining by the hundred, few days passed without an execution. All who had been compromised in the treason of Dumouriez were specially exposed to vigorous treatment. His chief-of-staff, Devaux, a natural son of Charles of Lorraine, brother to the Emperor Francis I., had been arrested on April 6; and though but slightly incriminated, as he had not followed his general into exile, he went to the scaffold on May 27. Between acquittal and death there was no middle course. I remember that the elder M. Cadet, hearing Devaux' sentence cried in the street, and deceived by the similarity of the final sound, thought he heard my name, and arrived beside himself at the house of his son, who put him right.

No one knew what to do in these circumstances. Some advised that I should make an effort to terminate the situation, on the ground that matters if left to settle themselves always did it badly. But most people said, "Mind you do nothing; try to get forgotten, and leave it to time to do you justice." This was my father's opinion, while I myself, having my duties as captain to perform, wanted to bring things to an end. Finally destiny took charge of my fate, and put an end to my situation in the most lucky way.

One day as I was strolling about Paris in a melancholy mood, all the more vexed with my inaction that the war was getting more lively in the North, in turning the corner of a street I ran up against M. Grouvelle. It would be hard to say why we had not applied to him at the time of my arrest, or how it was that we had not seen him since; but, anyhow, he knew nothing of my adventure nor of my present position: he learnt them with surprise, and was good enough to be satisfied with a commonplace apology.

Chatting as we went, I had accompanied him to his own

house, and then, having heard thoroughly all my concerns, "By Jove," he said, "I have an idea! I have just been appointed Envoy Plenipotentiary of the Republic at Copenhagen. I have no Secretary of Legation yet, or I should say the one who has been suggested to me has neither the tone, nor the manners, nor the capacity suited to the place. From these points of view, as from all others, I should be charmed to have you; and you know German, which is another advantage. If it suits you, say so; I am sure I can get you accepted by the Committee of Diplomacy, and, what is more, get them to put an end to your affair with the Committee of Public Safety." A proposal of this kind was not to be refused, and I accepted it with gratitude. We discussed our future mission for more than an hour, and when I was about to leave him he added, "Look here; it is perhaps better luck than one thinks to leave France just now, and not come back for some years."

Three days later, on the evening of May 27, I received a document to this effect:—

"The Committee of Public Safety, after discussing the charges made against Citizen Thiébaut (*sic*) in regard to the letter addressed to him by Citizen Égalité some days before the defection of the last-named, and after assuring themselves that these charges relating to an insignificant note are not supported by any considerations based on Citizen Thiébaut's conduct, or on the examination which has been compulsorily made of his papers, decrees that that citizen may have his full and entire liberty.

(Signed) "ALQUIER, *President*;
C. BASIRE, INGRAND, FRANÇOIS CHABOT;
J. S. ROVÈRE, *Secretary*."

Meanwhile the Committee for Diplomacy had accepted me, and our passage was taken on board an American vessel loading at Havre and bound for Copenhagen. M. Grouvelle advanced me 900 francs on the 3,000 allowed me for outfit. But two days after, with the encouragement of my father, who did not much like my going to Denmark, and saw that by keeping my rank in the army (for which there were precedents) I should have the means of returning when I wished, I asked M. Grouvelle if it would be possible thus to keep my military rank, by which I owned that I set much store. He promised to make inquiries;

the result being that he found it was impossible. Seeing that I was vexed, he said, with his perfect courtesy and the honesty worthy of his honourable character, "Monsieur Thiébault, in doing what I have done, my first object was to get you out of a position which was unpleasant and might become menacing; and the second to associate you with duties which you would help to make more welcome to me. But the chief thing is that it should entirely suit yourself." I assured him that nothing could suit me better than to give him evidence of my attachment and gratitude. "I feel sure of it," he said, "but, when you say career, you say existence, and nothing is so important as to have a real call for the career which one takes up. You see that you would commit a double mistake in giving up a career which you like and taking one in which you would see a forecast of regret. And what can be more meritorious than a soldier's career at a moment when we have defeats to retrieve and France is contending single-handed with all Europe? I was much touched by the way in which you enlisted at the moment when the country was declared in danger, and this devotion, the basis of my esteem, and the esteem of all your acquaintances, for you, is a beginning to which you ought every day to hold more closely." Not wishing to be outdone, I insisted on my desire to be attached to him in duty as I was in feeling; but he urged that in consistency he must strengthen my reason against the impulses of my courtesy, and ended by saying, "It is then to *Captain* Thiébault that I henceforward vow a friendship no less sincere than lasting, and I give him my best wishes." We shook hands, and six days later I had left Paris on my way back to the army.

CHAPTER X.

Return to the front—A big drink—A commission to Robespierre—Hulin—Officers of my battalion—Re-organization of the army—Custine takes command—Teaching the enemy.

It was impossible to meet Jouy and become intimate with him without one's whole life being affected; if it were not to be affected disastrously, one needed to hold all the trumps. Endowed with an ill-regulated but attractive imagination, which ever required something fresh to feed upon, with wit sufficient to find a reason for everything, but not judgement enough to allow for the good and the bad in all matters—having, to start with, nothing in the least like conscience, feeling, or morality—all parts were easy to him; and, as a part stimulated him in proportion to the amount of intrigue for which it gave an opening, this charming but dangerous man was ready to play any for which an opportunity offered. All he wanted was a subject and an aim; unluckily, I supplied him with both, and he was all the more bent on the success of his plans that personal calculations made him deem it impossible that such success could fail to be useful to himself.

[The circumstances to which Thiébault alludes in the preceding lines, and relates in the pages following them, are of a private nature, and offer no special historical interest; so that it was thought they had better not be published. However, for the understanding of passages which will come in due course, the reader ought to know that while Thiébault was living with his father at Tournai he had been introduced by General O'Moran and Jouy to the society of a certain Mr. Hamilton, of English origin, who was living at Lille in very great style. When the story is resumed, Thiébault is on the point of marrying the elder of Mr. Hamilton's step-daughters, and thus

becoming brother-in-law to Jouy, who is about to marry the younger.*—EDITOR.]

The first letters which I received from Jouy after my arrest had expressed only surprise and anxiety, but the favourable turn which my misadventure had taken so reassured him that he had lost no time in returning to his plans, and his later letters had all dealt with the importance of our meeting again and the necessity of my not reappearing at Lille until we had met. As General O'Moran was in chief command at Dunkirk and Bergues, as well as at the camps of Cassel and Ghyveld, and was residing in the first-mentioned place, I decided to go all that way round in order to reach Landrecies, where my battalion was. But in view of the revolutionary manner in which all matters of police were conducted at Paris, the universal incrimination, and the interest I had in not allowing anyone to get further hold upon me, I had been obliged to get my passport at once, and it was handed to me on June 2nd. It was signed by Xavier Audouin, assistant in the War department, and bore the words "available for six days," which compelled me to be, before the end of that time, within the district of the Army of the North. I started, accordingly, on the evening of the 6th, riding post in order to save time. A few leagues from Chantilly I was overtaken by a messenger who carried an evening paper called *L'Éclair*. This paper owed its popularity to the fact that it gave the news of the day even before the other papers, which only brought the news of yesterday, had come to hand. This messenger got into conversation with me; at every stage he had his horses and postilion ready, so he suggested to me, by an arrangement made between himself and the post-masters on the road, that I should ride and pay for his postilion's horse while continuing to pay for my own. By favour of this arrangement the post-masters gained, in that they got pay for three horses and only had to send two; the postilion got pay for his stage without riding, the messenger saved the cost of a

* [These ladies are said to have been nieces of the first Lord Malmesbury; but, as the only one of his sisters who appears to have married did not become a widow till Dec. 1792, she could hardly have been Mr. Hamilton's wife in June 1793.]

horse in every stage, and I gained in speed. As far as Amiens I got along very rapidly, but then I halted to thank Caron-Berquier once more for the great service he had done me, and to see the two gendarmes to whom I was under eternal obligations. I reckoned on staying an hour in the town, but I had to accept a dinner, and could do nothing better than sleep at Abbeville, whence I reached Dunkirk on the 8th.

My effects had been forwarded direct to Lille, and I was consequently without luggage when I alighted at the door of the house occupied by General O'Moran. My only fear was that Jouy might have gone out. What, then, was my disappointment on learning that that very morning he had started with the General for Cassel and Ghyveld, whence they were to return next day. As I did not know their route, I could not overtake them, and had to wait, but at least I made the best use of my time in seeing the town, the port, the sands, and the signal-tower. I found nothing to recollect in the former, and there was nothing curious in the signal-tower, except that on reaching the platform I had, for the first time in my life, a view of the sea, and with the help of a telescope saw very distinctly the English coast and nine sail entering the Thames. As for the sands, they would long ago have disappeared in the mists of the past if I had not incurred there one of the dangers of my life.

In my enthusiasm at the novelty of the sight I had ventured out, at very low tide, as far as the sand allowed me to walk, and had paid no attention to the signals of the people who were hastening back. Caught by the rising tide, which was near the spring, I was overtaken by enormous waves, which eddied round me above the knees, and, in order not to be overturned, I had to support myself on my sword, quickening my pace with a great effort towards the shore, where numerous spectators had been drawn by my danger, and thought me very lucky to have got through.

On the evening of the 9th General O'Moran returned to Dunkirk, but alone, since Jouy had gone to Lille, and so late that I could not see him. But I wanted him not only to extend the period for which my passport was available, but also to

come to an understanding about our common business. Then I could not escape breakfasting with the General, which caused a further delay of some hours; however, I left Dunkirk, and got to Lille in the evening, and my stay there reminds me of a sufficiently tragi-comic scene.

I was lodging at the Hôtel de la Cloche, where I usually stayed. Custine turned up there unexpectedly with a large number of his staff, and a good many travellers were obliged to give up their rooms. Among them was a certain M. de Maraize, a captain in the 5th Mounted Chasseurs, whom I had known for some time. Hearing that there was a second bed in my room unoccupied, he came and asked for it, and I was happy to put it at his disposal.

That same day I had an invitation to supper, and among the guests was my father's old colleague Beaumé; Jouy was not there. Now as soon as the ladies had left the room the master of the house proposed that we should drink, not to quench our thirst, for we had drunk much more than enough for that during supper, but to pass the bottle, as it is called in England.* These orgies were never to my taste, but as only four remained to take part in it I submitted, though it was the first and last time I ever did so. The butler was summoned and told to bring four glasses of equal size and four bottles of claret; the host first filled a bumper, passed the bottle to his neighbour on the right, and tossed off his own glass, turning the last drop on to his thumbnail and sucking it. Each of us proceeded in the same way, and the four bottles of claret made their rounds until they were finished. Four bottles of burgundy were then brought and drunk in like manner; four bottles of still champagne succeeded, and finally four bottles of sparkling champagne ended the disgusting scene.

It was midnight when we withdrew. The master of the house for the last quarter of an hour had only been held up by the arms of his chair; he tried to stand up and fell back. Three servants came and carried him off. Beaumé was drunk, but by feeling his way along the walls he managed to get to his

* [In the original, "Pour faire ce qu'en Angleterre on nomme le 'pass wine.'" The phrase is too pleasing to be lost.]

own house, which was not far off. As for me, I could still walk straight, but my head was full of a thousand ideas each more crazy than the other. In the longish journey that I had to make to get back to my lodgings it was all that I could do not to sing at the top of my voice. In this condition I entered my room, expecting to find de Maraize in bed, but he was waiting for me. Deep sadness was imprinted on his countenance, but the more his face expressed grief the more comic I seemed to find it. I restrained myself at first until he said, "You find me very unhappy. I have lost the sister whom I loved most dearly." And when, bursting into tears and handing me a paper, he added, "Here, read the letter which brings me this terrible news," I could contain myself no longer. A convulsive inextinguishable laughter took possession of me, and each time that my eyes rested on poor de Maraize, whose face expressed in succession astonishment, indignation, and anger, the laughter was mingled with screams and shouts. The fit reached such a point that soon I could no longer stand upright, and I fell into an arm-chair, where I continued to roar with laughter until, having succeeded in articulating a few words, I was able to say, "I am drunk—I can't help it; call somebody and get some tea made." He understood that I had a violent nervous attack, and, repressing his annoyance, he kept making tea and making me drink it all night. The fit, however, did not end with that night, for during the next two days no one could look me in the face or speak to me without my bursting out laughing.

It was June 18, and I had permission from General La Marlière to stay at Lille till the 24th. I had, therefore, five clear days to myself, and, being anxious to talk to my father once more about the matter which had brought me to Lille, I formed the plan of going to Paris for twenty-four hours. My passport not being available, I got a pass from the military governor; and this hurried trip, which I may say was without result, recalls to me two memories.

Towards the evening of that same 18th, being still at Lille, in the Place de la Comédie, I met an ex-marquis—it may have been Saint-Huruge—a terrorist of the wildest kind, dressed in a spencer, with a hat on his head adorned with tricolor feathers,

his shirt unbuttoned, no neckcloth, as may be supposed, trailing a great sabre, and wearing as a decoration at his button-hole a little red cap and a gold guillotine. On seeing me, this caterer for the scaffold came up to me, and the following colloquy ensued: "I hear that you are going to Paris." "You hear right." "Will you take charge of a letter for Robespierre?" "I shall be very happy." "And you will put it into his own hands?" "I will take it myself." It was far from being an amusing commission; nor did my father think it of good omen. Still, I had got the letter, and had to go back to Lille, so it must be delivered. It was three in the afternoon when my father, who wished to go with me, and I presented ourselves at Robespierre's. He was lodging at a cabinet-maker's in the Rue Saint-Honoré, at the bottom of a little court, which was all blocked with planks. There was the tiger's den. As we had anticipated, he was at the Convention; two hours later I had left Paris, and it was as well I had.

I was only in Paris one complete day, and on that day Gassicourt was giving a supper to Fourcroy. I was among the guests. He had just taken a house in the Rue Le Peletier, and everything was fresh, new, and beautifully furnished. We had had an excellent supper, and had got to dessert when Fourcroy, balancing on his chair and looking about him, from the cornices to the table covered with glass and lights, remarked—I forget in what connexion—"Nothing is so dangerous in a Republic as anything that can make a man independent or preponderant, and I hope that before a year is out there will not be a single fortune of £800 a year left in France." No one answered. The place, the occasion, the air and tone with which it was said, combined to make the remark an atrocious one under the circumstances; for it need not be repeated that just then the guillotine was being used to coin money.

Returning to Lille on the 22nd, I started on the 24th for Landrecies, where my battalion, now, as I have said, the 24th Light Infantry, was in garrison with I forget which battalion of the line. The quaint thing was that the commanders of these corps, both majors, and one with the title of lieutenant-

colonel, were under the orders there of a mere captain, who was military governor. However, this captain, a man over six feet high, strong in proportion and exceedingly handsome, was Hulin, a sergeant in the French Guards on the day of July 12, 1789, and one of the captors of the Bastille on the 14th. Immediately afterwards, by Louis XVI, too, he was promoted officer for a feat of arms which was no feat. Destined to be on active service all his life, to take part in our most brilliant campaigns and yet never see any fighting, he rose under Napoleon to the highest ranks, honours, and dignities. Probably the only similar case was that of M. de Caux, who without ever leaving the desk became lieutenant-general, viscount, Grand Cross, peer of France, and Minister for War.

In Hulin's case, military governments always fell to his share, and he passed from captain-commandant at Landrecies to the governorship of almost all the great towns of Europe, ending with Paris, and with the successive grades of major, colonel, major-general, lieutenant-general, the title of count, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, and rich gratuities. It is true that it would have been hard to combine more special advantages, physical and other, for the functions he fulfilled, than he possessed; no one could make a better show nor understand the duties better; but if he made an impression by his bearing and his good qualities, he also made himself beloved. I must add, however, that, for want of energy or proper self-respect, a devotion more to his interest than to his honour once made him play a part which history will not forgive him; for he was president of the court-martial before which the Duc d'Enghien was brought on the night of March 20th, 1804, and by which he was condemned to be shot within half an hour.

I must give a word of praise to the manner in which Göttmann, an extemporised soldier, the major commanding our corps, had made all the regulations as to instruction and duty. At five every morning there were manœuvres, followed by plain drill, at which only a captain was present. At ten, officers' mess-breakfast; at noon, inspection of quarters and of men in hospital; after dinner, theoretical instruction, and after

this, three times a week, a ride round the neighbourhood to study the ground on which we might have to fight, and especially the forest of Mormal, between Landrecies and Le Quesnoy. Thus before long the battalion was not less remarkable for its bearing, discipline, and instruction than for its composition. As for the soldiers, they were what Belgians, when well commanded, always will be; men combining with the dash of Frenchmen a tenacity and an energy which, when in large bodies we have not; soldiers, that is, inferior to none in the world. Of the officers, four especially were men of quite extraordinary mould; all died a violent death without uttering a complaint or showing a sign of weakness.

One of them, named Dath, lieutenant then, afterwards captain, and attached to me during the campaigns of Naples and Genoa, was afterwards employed on the unlucky expedition to San Domingo. On board the vessel which brought him home he quarrelled with a commissariat officer, and they fought with pistols on reaching Brest. At the first shot Dath fell, mortally wounded, but, rallying his last strength, he raised himself and cried to his adversary, who thought the duel was over, "Back to your place! I have only a minute to live, but it is enough for my revenge." He fired, shot his opponent through the body, and expired.

The second, Étienne Göttmann, our major's brother, received a grapeshot wound in the left side in the battle of the 3rd Prairial, during Pichegru's campaign in 1794. In spite of his loss of blood and the pain he was suffering, they could not get him to leave the field. When he was urged at least to let his wound be dressed, he said, "To see the enemy run will be enough to heal it." Seven hours after he was wounded he heard of the death of a captain in the same battalion, who had had his head taken off by a cannon-ball. "That is how I should like to die!" he exclaimed. And hardly had he uttered the words when he did die in the same way.

The third, Captain Francœur, was a good-looking young man, active, brave, and merry. In one of our sorties from the camp at Maubeuge he got his left elbow smashed by a bullet. Holding his left arm in his right hand, he went off singing to

the hospital, where a young surgeon, thinking the wound should be cleaned, spent an hour in extracting the splinters. At that moment appeared the surgeon-major, who, after wigging his assistant, informed Francœur that it would be necessary to cut off the left arm at once. He was beginning to tie up the right arm when Francœur remarked quietly, "You don't know me; you will find this arm which you wish to prevent me from using of some service to you"—and he actually assisted at his own amputation without a complaint, without a wink, chatting as if it had been somebody else, saying to the surgeon, for example, "Take another knife—that one tears and does not cut." On our return from the action we all hastened to see him, and, as we were very fond of him, we were very much distressed at finding his arm off. As for him he was sitting up with a good colour and quite cheerful. "Why distress yourselves?" he said, laughing. "It's no such great disaster to have only one arm! When I am making up to a woman, I shall with my stump look like a pigeon flapping its wings." His serene and courageous resignation never flagged for a moment, but at the end of a week lockjaw came on and Francœur died.

The fourth, Captain Chaffaux, was a man on the ancient model, statuesque in appearance, and very strongly built. Strict in his morals, principles, and habits, he was no less temperate than self-controlled. Of fair complexion, his face was calm but firm, with even something chivalrous about it which his turned-up moustaches suited admirably. He slept little, and never undressed except to change his linen, for even in cantonments or garrison he slept in his clothes, and, by preference, on straw. A hard student, he knew a great deal; and, being a man of reflection and meditation, he was a powerful and original thinker on most subjects, but, rather modest and talking little, he required to be known in order to be appreciated. If he received orders, he executed them blindly; if he had to give them, he always did it wisely. No one could be more deferential towards his superiors, more devoted towards his comrades, and his duty more solicitous to those under him; I never knew an officer more esteemed and

were loved. In order to get a knowledge of his capacities and his force he had tried some singular experiments on himself, among others that of ascertaining how long he could go without eating or drinking, and he had come very near seventy-two hours. He died from a terrible wound during Pichegru's campaign in Holland. Aware of his condition, he expressed no regret save that he could not die on the field of battle, but up to the last moment he astonished every one by his imperturbable stoicism.

The battalion contained two other officers deserving mention —a young lieutenant, Machemin, who has already been named, who, having fought for some hours at the passage of the Waal, after receiving two wounds was so crippled by a third that he could never serve again except in fortresses; and a captain, named Sacqueleu, who earned a reputation in that rank which, as I shall have to relate, he did not sustain as adjutant-general, so far as ability went, for no man could be braver.*

This brings me back to Landrecies and my return to active service, which again leads to the mention of what was then the position of the Army of the North, and what had brought it into that position. The desertion of Dumouriez, with the loss of the generals who followed him, and of the Bercheny regiment of hussars, which went off in a body with him, left the remains of the French army in so shaky and disorganized a state that if the Prince of Coburg, who had more than 100,000 men at his disposal, had then and there crossed the line of our fortresses and made a forced march upon Paris, the 40,000 men who were levied to cover that city could not have prevented him from dissolving the Convention and putting an end to the Revolution.

But Providence ordained otherwise; as much embarrassed by their successes as we were by our reverses, the Allies halted when they should have quickened their movements, and resolved to hold a congress at Antwerp in order to agree upon their further operations. The Duke of York, the Prince of Coburg, and the

* [Thiébault does not appear to mention him again, but the misfortune that befell him is related in General Marbot's *Mémoires*, vol. i., p. 107.]

Prince of Orange decided to go on at once with the sieges of Mainz, Condé, Valenciennes, and Dunkirk, and not to advance before those places were reduced. It was a most absurd resolve. No doubt all evidence justifies the sacrifice of everything to the necessity of securing your base when you may be attacked by forces even not more than equal to your own; but that more than 100,000 victorious troops should have dreamt of dawdling about fortresses when they had in front of them not more than 50,000 soldiers beaten, demoralised, and easy to overwhelm, passes all belief. Anyhow, it was the only method of saving us from no less certain than speedy destruction; but was it the enemy's place to offer it to us?

As for the executive power, it did not lose a moment. Dampierre took Dumouriez's place with all speed; and making every effort to restore to the army the confidence it had lost, and backed moreover by the delegates of the Convention, who, by stimulating the zeal of the authorities, checked desertion, he rallied the army at the camp of Famars, where he completed his re-organization.

In this central position Dampierre had passed the month of April, and there he would have liked to await the reinforcements which his army had to receive out of the 300,000 who had been ordered to be levied. It was in great need of them, of cavalry especially. But revolutionary impatience could not come to terms with reasons of wisdom or prudence; and moreover, precedents notwithstanding, it was generally allowed that the satellites of tyrants could not face the soldiers of freedom. Treason apart, to fight was to conquer. Accordingly, Dampierre, being ordered to attack, left the camp of Famars on May 1 and marched to meet the allied army at Saint-Amand. It must be said—for on this point the opinion of the army was unanimous—that Dampierre might have won a victory that day. All he had to do was to throw himself in strong masses upon an enemy who, not expecting to have to fight, had distributed his troops upon far too extended a line. But the fault which the Prince of Coburg had committed, in over-reliance on the strength of his position, Dampierre committed with no reason at all. Attacking simultaneously all the points occupied by the enemy, he every-

where left his adversary with the superiority in numbers as well as the advantage of position. If he had forced the line at one or two points, he could easily have manœuvred so as to deprive the Austrians of the means of rallying. Instead of that he failed at all points, and, in spite of the bravery with which our soldiers fought, he was obliged to retreat. Luckily, if our generals were incompetent, those of the enemy were no less so.

On the 7th and 8th he returned to the attack in such dispositions as a week before would have assured him the victory; but the Prince of Coburg had had time to concentrate. A cannon-ball which killed Dampierre placed the destinies of the Army of the North in the hands of General Lamarche, who evacuated the camp of Famars, retired upon Bouchain, and occupied Cæsar's Camp, leaving the enemy to turn Valenciennes and blockade Condé.

Condé had just been starved into opening its gates when I arrived at Landrecies. Custine had taken command of the Army of the North on Lamarche's refusal of that perilous honour, and was doing his utmost to re-organize it, while the sieges of Valenciennes and Le Quesnoy, which were to fall at an interval of three days, were being pushed forward with the greatest vigour.

How many times has it been repeated, *vivâ voce* as well as in writing, "Without generals, without officers, without soldiers, we beat the armies of all the world"? Nothing can be more ridiculous or more untrue. But for the systematic slowness of the Austrians, we should have been beaten ninety-nine times out of a hundred. They alone saved us, by giving us time to make soldiers, officers, and generals; while, as for fortresses, never was a country better served than by those we lost in 1793. It is all the more essential to establish this fact, because similar faults will never be made again. By dint of beating them we taught the Germans how to fight. They adopted our organization by army corps, a splendid conception, which forms intermediate steps between the command of a division or that of an army, and makes it possible to get all that can be got out of every degree of ability. They came to understand that

a victory was incomplete if the enemy was allowed time to repair his losses and revive the spirit of his troops; and that the only decisive result of victory is the occupation of capitals, and not that of fortresses, which only serve to weaken an army corps by the garrisons they require. Thus they succeeded in once more giving to numbers the advantage of which Napoleon had deprived them, and in restoring an equilibrium which could not fail to be fatal to us.

CHAPTER XI.

Jouy married—He is sent on important duty—Military affairs in the North—Jouy's pranks—Pursued by Austrian hussars—To Paris—Denounced—Our hiding-place—Our escape—Parting with Jouy.

At the end of June Jouy was married. If his happiness had been judged by the passionate, nay, burning characters of the letters which he wrote before his marriage, one would have been convinced that the day would be for him one of bliss. Yet it was nothing of the kind. In truth, hardly was he married than he began to see nothing but the annoyances and embarrassments in the state of which he had exaggerated the advantages and the pleasures, and the fact of finding himself in bonds put him in a bad humour. The day on which his wishes were to be accomplished was marked by a torrent of phrases biting in the extreme, and rendered more cruel by the tone in which they were said; nor did he even honour his wife with his company on the wedding-night. Indeed, a single daughter—a charming girl, too, and full of good qualities—was the only evidence that the marriage was anything but formal.

Another incident made perhaps even a more unpleasant impression on his wife. That scamp Jouy maintained on some occasion that he could weep at pleasure, and added, to prove it, that you might give him anything you liked to read and he would be in tears before he had finished. "Well," said his wife, somewhat scared by this tardy confidence, "let me see if you can cry while reading the names of the twelve months." The idea was ridiculous enough to have thrown out anyone else; but he accepted the challenge imperturbably, took the almanack which was handed to him, became serious, collected himself, and began to read. Repeating the names at irregular

intervals, he appeared at each to be a prey to greater grief. As he said "June" he breathed thick; at "July" he was visibly moved; at "August" his voice broke; at "September" he was sobbing; and when he articulated "October" his whole face twitched and he wept hot tears. "Oh," cried his poor wife, not less alarmed than disgusted at a success which told such a tale, "you are a monster!" And there was as much prophecy as memory in her verdict.

After the capture of Famars, where he had distinguished himself, Jouy had been made adjutant-general * while holding the rank of major; and, although this appointment qualified him to perform duties higher than those of his rank, he had got leave to continue to serve as aide-de-camp with General O'Moran, who on his side had retained him from habit, out of kindness, and also, no doubt, on account of the brilliant style in which he conducted the correspondence; in short, owing to the fine qualities which he displayed as soon as he had a sword or a pen in his hand. But the General was anxious about it; he felt that some of Jouy's indiscretions might be visited on him, and they certainly contributed to cause his death. He had a presentiment of it when, as I was taking leave of him at Dunkirk, he said, "I say, tell your friend to be a little more prudent."

Jouy, who, whenever he got a chance, passed from royalism to liberalism, from ultraism to republicanism, from Bourbonism to Napoleonism, and *vice versâ*—who, under the names of Jouy and de Jouy, his own being Étienne, hymned the Duchess of Angoulême and edited the *Minerve*—who, two or three months after the time of which I am speaking, had to go abroad as an aristocrat, and who, under the Restoration, was locked up in Sainte-Pélagie as a red-hot patriot—on whom the *Dictionnaire des Girouettes* † conferred four weathercocks, though he had a

* [The *adjudant-général* of this time seems to have been frequently employed in the capacity of brigadier, and to have been regarded as a general officer, and addressed as *général*. See note at end of this chapter.]

† [This work was published in 1815. It gave a full and true account of the political attitude taken by various distinguished persons in the course of the previous twenty-five years. Each name was followed by a series of little weathercocks, corresponding in number to the changes in its bearer's politics during that time.]

right to many more—was now posing as a royalist, because the dangers of the past had made him go crazy on that chord. He played the part like a lunatic; I do not know who was not compromised by his imprudences and indiscretions. In short, he carried the thing so far that an order was issued for his arrest. Hearing of this, the good O'Moran sent him off in a hurry from Dunkirk to Lille, where fresh information of a similar nature decided him to betake himself to Paris.

No sooner had he arrived than he called at the Ministry of War. Finding there at the head of the department a person named, I think, Dupin, a creature of Robespierre and Marat, he approached him without the least shyness, showed even greater fanaticism than the man himself, delighted him and got round him to such an extent that he got himself promoted to the rank of brigadier-general. Next, in pursuance of a decree issued by the Committee of Public Safety on July 23rd, he succeeded on the 25th in getting himself nominated senior commissioner from the Executive Council, with orders to take 21,000 men from the armies of the Ardennes and the Moselle and to lead them to the relief of Valenciennes, which was on the point of falling into the hands of the enemy.

Having authority to engage any subordinates that might be necessary for the success of his operations, he took me as his assistant, and sent me, on that same 25th, orders to join him at once at Mézières. The order, however, did not reach me at Landrecies till the evening of the 31st, and I did not get there till August 2nd. His plan of action was already organized; he had divided it into two parts, embracing respectively the movement of the troops of the Ardennes army and of the Moselle army; the latter, as the furthest off, had to get together and approach Sedan and Mézières, while the former were utilising all the means of transport that could be got ready.

He had, further, sent from Paris on the 25th the most imperative orders to the authorities that the troops in question were to march two hours after the receipt of the order, and that on fixed days and hours the greatest possible number of vehicles should be ready at every stage, so that on his arrival he might only have to verify and hasten the execution of

orders. It was impossible to do more or do it better, and the operation was getting along splendidly when we learnt that Valenciennes had surrendered on the 28th. We had therefore missed our aim, but a serious question now presented itself. Had not the troops intended to raise the siege of Valenciennes now become indispensable to check the victorious enemy with all his forces at his disposal and hinder him from marching straight on Paris? Jouy referred it at once to the Executive Council, but he thought that he must at the same time confer upon it with the delegates of the Convention at Lille, or rather take this pretext for gratifying his fancy for going there. Consequently he went off at all speed. I may mention two things about this journey. Hurrying breathlessly along, we arrived about one in the morning at the gates of Avesnes. A recruit on outpost duty was foolish enough to challenge a post-chaise going full speed; the clatter of the wheels and horse-shoes on the pavement and the crack of the whip prevented the postilion and ourselves from hearing, whereupon he let fly at us, but the bullet fortunately touched neither beast nor man, and only hit the boot of the carriage. The second incident was of a different kind. In every town through which we passed Jouy stopped and demanded, in return for receipts, such sums as he asserted to be necessary to continue his operations, holding the authorities responsible for refusal (which, indeed, he nowhere experienced), for the delivery of the total sum demanded, and for the smallest delay. He amazed me by his audacity and by the imperiousness and cleverness of the reasons which he used to justify his demands. Knowing that he had received all the funds which he could require and that he was in no want of money, I could not help saying that he seemed to me to be compromising himself, and all the more so that the sum which he was thus collecting was becoming excessive; but he answered, "Do you suppose that anyone knows what anyone does or anything that is done in this muddle of a Republic? And, besides, it's so much taken from the scamps who govern us."

We reached Lille, where on a thousand grounds he should have avoided showing himself. The representatives of the Duquesnoy, and Treilhard—were therefore not

unnaturally surprised and annoyed at seeing him again, and observed that he ought to have waited at Mézières for further decisions of the executive council. He was therefore listened to with distrust and questioned with suspicion; he received orders to go back at daybreak the next morning, and, by way of punishment and precaution, had attached to him a creature called Nivet, a major, a pillar of the Club, a fanatic in the service of the representatives, a spy of the Committee of Public Safety, a blackguard whose past was written large on his ill-looking face and in his false, sneaking glance. "Come, now," said Jouy, when he announced this news to me, "the only thing left to us is to keep up the game with this thief and to be better patriots than he." To keep up the game, or rather any game of this kind, never suited my disposition; being by nature and by principle equally opposed to extremes, I confined my part to saying little. As for Jouy, who was always stimulated by every odd situation, who never lacked inspiration to show himself other than he was, and who then, with all his affection for royalty, was feigning a hatred for tyrants, he played his part in such superior fashion that Nivet was enchanted, fell quite in love with him, and lost no time in saying to me, "How little they know citizen Jouy! When I get back to Lille, I will see that justice is done him."

To the imprudence of this journey to Lille he added a second, as he would have added ten if he had had the opportunity. On leaving the representatives of the people, and almost under their windows, he met a Captain Daboville. Learning that the captain was just then in a most ticklish position, he took him, under Nivet's nose, and carried him off as his assistant.

Hardly had we left Lille on the morning of the 7th when we heard cannon on our left and in front of us; soon after we could distinguish the musketry. The fire grew even hotter, and came nearer to us in proportion as we drew near to Orchies. Soon we could make out the combatants, and finally, just as we were abreast of the village, the enemy had driven our troops back and was pursuing them at the sword's point; in front and in rear of us our road was cut. The confusion may be imagined, and it was further increased by the cannon-shot which

were already falling about us. It was suddenly completed by the fugitives running up from all sides, the *vivandières* flogging their poor beasts to death to save their little carts; wounded men, waggons, tumbrils, and guns dashing pell-mell across the fields. In the middle of this disorder there was nothing to be done but to mingle with it, and it was with our three horses galloping that, without leaving our carriage, we crossed ploughed land, woods, and hedges, and, by clearing the ditches at the risk of smashing everything, that we succeeded in escaping the enemy and reaching Arras, which we had not expected to pass. Thence, as best we could, we resumed the road to the Ardennes, which in the course of the 8th the enemy intercepted by parties which he pushed forward as far as Péronne, surely the ugliest of maidens.

That was the day when the Duke of York and the Prince of Coburg, marching with 70,000 men, having beaten all the corps thrown forward by us, arrived in front of Cæsar's Camp when it was barely defended by 35,000 demoralised troops, who only escaped a great disaster because General Kilmaine had the good sense to evacuate the camp during the night, and ability enough to fall back without loss and in good order upon the camp at Gavrelle. No doubt this movement left Bouchain and Cambrai to their own resources, as the evacuation of Cæsar's Camp had left Valenciennes; but none the less it was the only means of preserving to France the remains of troops which had become the nucleus of the Army of the North, which formed the only covering to Paris, and which it was the object of Jouy's mission to reinforce with 21,000 men.

A melancholy recollection is connected with this movement. Jouy thought it his duty to report to the representatives at Lille what had befallen us, and the delay which would result from the circuit we had had to make, and he carried out his intention as soon as we were out of reach of the enemy, and on the direct road from Lille to Arras. Nothing could have been more useless, seeing that all this might just as well have been done later, and in any case a letter by post was all that was wanted. But he put it into a report in the form of a dispatch, which he gave to Daboville to take. I said, "Do you mean to

say you are sending Daboville back to Lille when you only brought him away because he was on the point of being arrested; and to the representatives of the people, too?" "Of course," he replied; "a bearer of dispatches is sacred, and this is the way to do him a good turn." Well, this poor bearer of dispatches was so far sacred that he had hardly got there when he was arrested, and his mission did him such a good turn that he was guillotined within a week.

The movement of the troops from the Army of the Ardennes had just been executed when we reached Mézières, the Committee of Public Safety having wisely ordered the completion of the operation entrusted to Jouy; and as the loss of Valenciennes rendered the arrival of those reinforcements even more urgent than ever, we went to Sedan to complete the organization and to hasten the movement of the troops from the Moselle.

Two fresh delegates from the Convention were awaiting us at Sedan—Perrin of the Vosges and Penières. I was known to the first, for I had met him at Epinal. He was a tall, fine-looking man, the best sportsman in the district. One day I was telling him how I had happened to kill six swallows on the wing in six shots. "I will bet you when you please," said he, "that I will kill at least thirteen in twelve shots," and on my expressing my surprise he added, "Nothing simpler; supposing me to miss one shot, I am certain, twice at least, to kill two swallows at a shot the moment they are crossing." He was a widower with only one daughter, and at that time made much of me as a possible son-in-law. In spite of the share he took in all the horrors of the time, and an inclination which he showed to get my father guillotined because he attributed to him my lukewarmness in regard to his daughter's hand, he was not a bad fellow. He was one of those impressible men with weak heads, capable of enthusiasm and of anger, and such a one could not fail to be carried away by the terrible circumstances in which France then was, nor by the part which he found himself called to play. Moreover, he was friendly to me as I was to him, nor did I ever know what schemes he had until I had to find an explanation for his subsequent dislike. He was not strong enough to see through Jouy, and, being led by appear-

ances, he was as much delighted with him as Nivet had been, so that we were well received by him and his colleague. In consequence of our confusion at Orchies, of our flight to Arras, of the circuit which we were compelled to take, and the halts which Jouy rightly made at every stage, and especially at Mézières, to verify for himself how his instructions had been or were being carried out, we did not reach Sedan till the morning of August 10th. The delegates were giving a great banquet on this anniversary to the authorities, and the wildest Jacobins were among the guests. The dinner was a hot affair, thanks at once to the cooks, the season, and the general enthusiasm. Jouy yielded to no one in this respect, and surpassed everybody in the flashes of wit which, in every word he said, testified to his brilliant imagination. At dessert Perrin said, "Come, citizen Jouy, I hope this great day will inspire you, and that we shall not in vain have so distinguished a poet for our guest." He tried to excuse himself, but they were doubly urgent, so, asking for a moment to think, he almost immediately sang, to the air of the 'Marseillaise,' a stanza quite as republican as its author was at that time royalist, ending with the words

"Hurrah for liberty!
Long live equality!
War let us vow to kings and death to tyranny!"

Shouts of "bravo!" and clapping of hands resounded on all sides; I could not join, for I could not get my arms up. As for the stanza, it was encored, the chorus was repeated with frenzy, and Jouy had a triumph quite worthy of himself.

No less remarkable for doing the right thing than for saying the wrong thing, and quite as smart in good conduct as in bad, he applied to outdoing his duty the same zeal, the same ardour, the same ability as to piling up his follies. He had no less talent for getting on than for ruining himself, and whatever he did, whether for or against his interest, he was no less pleased with himself. For me he was a continual subject both of admiration and of pity; whenever he pleased he could demolish in four or five days a piece of work which would have taken another ten or twelve, and so by the 14th or the 15th of August he had organized his accelerated transport, and was no longer required at Sedan

or Mézières; consequently we started to go back to Lille, where he still thought he was bound to report to the representatives the complete success of his operation, declaring, moreover, that he was obliged to give back into their own hands the precious deposit which had been entrusted to him in the person of Nivet above mentioned.

Having reached the post-station of Cambrai, we were informed that they could not without orders give us horses for the journey to Douai, and that since the 7th there had been no communication with that town. We all three went to the general, who told us that, though the enemy was not encamped either upon or to the left of the Douai road, he was none the less blocking it; that he had been manœuvring since the morning along the whole line, and that it was impossible to go any further. Nivet thought that the statement was unanswerable, and I judged it no less important, but Jouy maintained that the very fact of the enemy having manœuvred since daybreak showed that he must be retreating, and that the road must consequently be open; moreover, if there were any danger, the importance of his getting to Lille made it his duty to face it; that he was capable of judging for himself if it was possible for him to get to Douai, or if it would be necessary for him to retreat, and that in these circumstances he demanded post-horses or else a written refusal, which he could forward to the Committee of Public Safety. The general, whose name I forget, did not care to take the responsibility of a delay which, after all, had no importance except in the mouth of Jouy, and, in order not to get into trouble with the Committee of Public Safety, to Nivet's great regret he acceded to the demand.

So we started and were driven briskly to Aubencheul, the half-way post between Cambrai and Douai. "Great heavens! citizens," said the post-master; then, when he recognised us for French officers, "What do you mean to do on this road?" "Hang it all," answered Jouy, laughing, "we are going from Cambrai to Douai." "But, citizens, the enemy is all about, and it's not five minutes since 150 Austrian cavalry left this place after refreshing themselves." "Well," replied Jouy, "since they have left it, it's clear that they are not there any long

and that we have nothing to be afraid of; so let us have your three best horses, a good postilion, and off we go." It was the height of insanity; but Nivet was growing visibly paler, his fear amused Jouy, and nothing more was wanted to make him inflexible. The horses were soon changed; they gave us a young postilion, who looked resolute, and three splendid animals which had not been out for a week. Then, with Nivet groaning and gasping and the post-master shaking his head, we set off at a gallop.

As far as the village of Aubigny we did not meet a soul, nor did we notice any sign of danger; but the aspect of the village itself was not exactly reassuring. There was no one in it. The houses had been looted from top to bottom, and had neither doors nor windows; several had been burnt, and one was still smoking. A dog only attested that the place had once been inhabited, and amid the dismal solitude his howls rose from among the ruins.

After passing the village we saw to the right of the wood, and a little in front of us, a small mound on which stood a mill. "Hallo!" said I to Jouy; "if there are any Austrians left within reach of this road, they will have a picket at that mill." I had hardly spoken when the postilion cried, "A vedette!" "Let us turn back," said Nivet, with an uneasy countenance. But it was no longer possible; we were two leagues from Douai, four from Cambrai. We had no business to be there; but, being there, we had to take our chance, and Jouy was as right as possible in ordering the driver to go on. In fact this bold move made the vedette think that we belonged to his army. As, however, his "*Wer da?*" met with no reply, he fired a shot at us and gave the alarm. Very soon the hussars, of whom, as bad luck would have it, the picket consisted, were on our heels. Jouy shouted to the postilion, "A louis for yourself if you save us and death if you stop!" Hastily we seized our pistols and arranged our parts. I put myself at the left-hand window ready to blow the brains out of the first two hussars who should pass between the carriage and the ditch on that side; Jouy did the same at the window on the right, and Nivet, who was trembling so that he would

have missed a camel at four paces, and whose pistols we should have taken if we had fired our own and had no time to reload, was charged provisionally with the duty of firing at the postilion if he slackened speed. Our carriage being light and lightly loaded, the horses tore along, and the hussars only overhauled us very slowly. The sight of our pistols checked the first, and this was in short our only chance of safety in our kind of little travelling fortress.

Fiendish as our situation was, Jouy and I were before long at our wits' end to help laughing at the joke which Nivet afforded us. "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" he exclaimed every moment. "We are taken, or we shall be, and I shall be hanged! I got so-and-so arrested. I denounced this and that. I had t'other guillotined. They will never let me off!" And Jouy, as soon as he could control his countenance, replied, with an air of conviction to this confession *in articulo mortis*, "Not a doubt of it—you are a hanged man."

Though Jouy and I put a good face upon it, it was not the less clear that before long we must be taken or killed. The hussars, who were catching us up, were increasing in number; they were treading on our heels, and could not fail to "pot" us in our carriage with carbine-shots. They could nullify half our fire by keeping all on one side of the road, and firing their own pistols into us as they passed. Then we should be done for; since, if one of them reached the horses' heads, he could stop us by cutting down the postilion or killing a horse. From all that appeared, we had only a limited space further to travel when there appeared in the direction of Arleux, a thousand or twelve hundred paces away, an immense cloud of dust, coming straight for us. At once we saw that we were either lost or saved. Nor were we long in uncertainty. Our hussars, who by this time were a long way from their post, soon slackened their pursuit, then halted, then retired. As we were approaching the cloud with no less speed than it was coming to us, we were soon in the middle of it. Three hundred troopers from the camp at Arleux, being on reconnoissance and noticing a carriage which seemed to be escorted by Austrian hussars, had made a dash to capture it. Their surprise and disappointment may be imagined

when, just as they were charging on us, we all shouted "France!" So they made no prize; but, being told that they had saved a carriage containing most important papers, especially the states of all the camps, posts, and garrisons from Dunkirk to Besançon, they escorted us to the entrance of Douai. We arrived there in high spirits, Jouy, meanwhile, keeping on saying, very imprudently, to Nivet, "A fine thing, war—especially when one has got back!"

We found the gates of Douai shut and the keys with the military governor. Nobody, surely, was expected by that road, and, before the general could believe the reported arrival of a carriage from Cambrai, he made us come and tell him our story.

We continued our journey at once. Half a mile from Pont-à-Marcq we saw a chasseur coming at full gallop. Hearing at the same time guns beginning to thunder in front of us, we stopped the soldier, and heard from him that the enemy in considerable force was attacking the entrenched cantonment there, held by one division, and that he was an orderly sent to call in the advanced posts. Here was another episode in as adventurous a journey as ever was. Anyhow, we were among Frenchmen; we could come out of our box and help to defend the position. We actually did alight on entering Pont-à-Marcq, and took part, as amateurs, in a combat lasting an hour and a quarter. Nivet employed the time in inquiring into the patriotism of the inhabitants, and ascertaining if anyone was suspected of having brought about the attack by an understanding with the enemy. That is, he played the spy, and drew up some denunciations to keep his hand in.

The enemy retiring, we pursued our course to Lille, where part of the garrison had gone out to effect a diversion on the enemy's right flank. We brought back Nivet, who, though safe and sound, swore in the most ingenuous fashion that he would not be caught travelling with us again. We heard, too, of poor Daboville's end.

Jouy was not well received, in spite of Nivet's protection and the celerity with which he had achieved it duty confided to him. Indeed, he was assu -

sentative Duquesnoy, he would have been arrested. He saw therefore the necessity of getting away quickly, and started with me on the morning of the 18th, under the plea of laying before the Committee of Public Safety, to whom he had no notion of showing himself, a report in which he could add nothing to his very full dispatches. All this was far from cheerful. I maintained that it was to our interest to be always starting and never arriving, and that the well-known line of Dante, "All hope abandon," might be written for us over the gates of every town in France.

As for Jouy, he was in a thoroughly surly humour, and, as it was always necessary that these attacks should display themselves in some extravagance, at every stage he sent for the post-masters and conversed with them in a way which will seem incredible to anyone who has the least notion of the period when they took place. "Mr. Postmaster," he would say, "what news from Paris?" At the "*Mr.*" there would be a frown, and the answer was generally, "I don't know, citizen." "What!" he would reply—"haven't they told you yet that Robespierre's hung?" The greater number withdrew at once, others turned their backs without answering, and Jouy was delighted. "Hang it all," I said to him at the first of these mad pranks, "anyone would think that our position is too favourable, and that you are afraid that fortune may spare us all danger." "I think nothing and I am afraid of nothing!" he retorted, adding, with the forced laugh which only indicates fierce anger, "I am amusing myself, and that's enough for me."

Being much safer on the journey than we should be on reaching our destination, we slept but one stage and did not get to Paris till the evening of the 19th. The next morning we hastened to my father, and from him to Gassicourt, to whom I introduced Jouy. The first meeting between these two men was a perfect duel of wit. We dined with Gassicourt a few days afterwards; there was a good deal of company, including a person before whom he at once cautioned us to be on our guard. This advice, which seemed to make extreme reticence a special obligation, particularly for Jouy, who was present for the first time as a guest in the house of one of my friends, had, on the

contrary, no effect upon him but that of making him not merely imprudent but more outrageous than ever. He passed every limit no less of politeness than of good sense, and among other things ended by saying, as he sipped his coffee, that we had not an army left, that what was still called the Army of the North was nothing but a barefoot rabble, and that he would want no more than a coach-whip to thrash all the armies of the Republic. At this hardly credible remark the person to whom Gassicourt had called our attention slipped out; I was in torture, Gassicourt much displeased, his wife beside herself, everybody scandalized. As for Jouy, delighted with himself and his sallies, he went on a little longer, improving upon everything that he had said till no one made any reply to him. Finally he went off to the Français, while I, irritated by what had happened, went to find Vigeardе and ride with him in the Bois de Boulogne.

As we were crossing the Place Louis-Quinze, which, by the way, had changed its name and was now called "Place de la Liberté," I saw a man in a gig stop his horse, signal to me to wait for him, alight and hurry towards me. Recognising a friend of Jouy's, I hastened to dismount, and heard from him the following confidence: "Not ten minutes ago the order was signed to arrest Jouy and yourself; it is to be executed this evening at eleven o'clock or midnight, when you return to your lodgings." That we might not be seen to turn back too obviously upon this meeting we went on as far as the beginning of the Champs Elysées, then we turned to our right to get into the Rue Saint-Honoré, which we followed as far as the Rue de l'Échelle, leaving our horses there to be taken back by the servant who was with us. We then went to the Français, and Vigeardе went in alone. He was some time finding Jouy; finally he caught sight of him, made his way to him, and said that I wished to speak to him. Jouy did not want to come out, but Vigeardе's urgency and serious manner decided him to do so; he was, however, grumbling when he came up to me. "Well, now—come, what do you want of me, and what have you got to tell me in such a hurry?" "A trifle," said I, and I retailed my news. "Ah, the scamp!" cried he. "Don't speak

so loud," I said; "after so many imprudences it is time to put the drag on."

Our course anyhow was soon decided on. Leaving Vigearde we went to our inn in the Rue Notre-Dame des Victoires, we exchanged our civilian clothes for overcoats, took our money and our most important papers, a shirt apiece, and some handkerchiefs and cravats. By the hand of a porter whom I fetched myself I sent my uniform-coat and hat, some clothing, and my sword to Vigearde, who, as arranged, received them as his property and paid the porter. Finally, as we went out we ordered supper for eight at half-past ten, and went off, leaving Jouy's property and nearly all our baggage, which we were never to see again.

With nothing to hinder us, but also with no clothes and no place of refuge, we walked for some time at random, but even this was inconvenient and anxious work, for we might be recognised. To be taken and to be hung was one and the same thing, and no one could look at us without our thinking he was going to collar us. Everything, therefore, resolved itself into: "What's to be done?" "We'll think about that to-night," said Jouy, rousing himself as if from a brown study; "as for how to pass the night I have an excellent idea. I know a lady who used to be about the Court; in order to conceal herself, she has become a sempstress in the Rue Saint-Denis; I will ask her for the shelter which she will not refuse us."

We at once changed our direction, and, quickening our pace, were not long before we entered a shop of humble appearance, narrow but running far back. Although it was already dusk, no lamp had yet been lighted. At the counter were two ladies, whom we saluted, Jouy introducing me as his friend; and near the far end of the shop an old gentleman was sitting, in a shabby overcoat and with his hat slouched over his eyes. Perceiving him, Jouy went up to him, calling him "*Monsieur le Comte.*" The Count of Ray, a general officer and Knight of Saint-Louis, answered merely by asking, "Well, M. de Jouy, are you still in this nation's service?" "To speak honestly," replied Jouy, "the only service we are concerned with at this moment is that which we have come to ask of you." And he drew a

picture of our situation, calculated to arouse the interest of which we stood in need. "Oh! heavens," said the elder lady, whose name, like so many others, has slipped from my memory —Jouy has equally forgotten it—"To keep you in this house is impossible; we are already strongly suspected, and we cannot even depend on our own servant."

Our perplexity had increased till we had no more notion what to say or do, when the younger lady offered to take us for that night to a lodging belonging to a friend of hers in the Rue Mauconseil, of which, while the owner was in the country, she kept the key with her. We accepted the proposal with gratitude, started off, and were shown to the third floor of an oldish house, and into a small room looking into the court and unprovided with curtains or sheets. Here our conductor said, "You will not be too comfortable here, but a night is soon over. I have not a light to leave you, but the nights are short, and you will not want one much. I will come and let you out at seven o'clock to-morrow." Whereupon she wished us good-night and departed, double-locking the door and taking the key, for what reason I have never been able to understand.

Hardly had she gone when we heard some one calling in the court. We were in one of those situations in which the smallest trifles acquire sufficient importance to arouse curiosity if not anxiety. Our curiosity was therefore natural, and the conversation which we heard, after gently opening one of our windows, gave us reason to think that such painful presentiments as we might have were not misleading. In fact, the portress of our house, having called some other person downstairs, was holding the following colloquy with her—I suppress the opening, the answers, and the repetitions—"Yes, neighbour, one of the women you know of has just brought two men here. I ask you if it is in order to bring two men like that after nightfall, to tell nobody about them, and to leave them without a light in rooms that are all in a mess. You may be sure they are some enemies of the people—agents of Pitt and Coburg" (or, as they said in those days, "Pique and Faubourg"). "Ah! I should think it was suspicious. I must go and tell the section all about it. It won't do to run the risk of compromising oneself and the whole

house as well. So, neighbour, you watch my gate a minute, and I'll run and lay my information."

When this hag, worthy of the period and of the infernal Manconseil section, had gone off, I said to Jouy, "Well, what do you think of her?" We tried to open our outer door, but we should have had to smash the lock, and the least attempt of that kind would seal our destruction. We judged the drop from our windows—it gave no hope of escape. We examined the width of the chimneys and found it impossible to climb them; and, moreover, what sort of refuge would an isolated roof be, where daylight would draw all eyes upon us, and where we could not fail to be pursued? We were caught as in a mouse-trap, and there was nothing for it but to submit to our fate. This uncertainty had lasted a mortal quarter of an hour, when a loud knock at the front gate announced that our fate was going to be declared.

Our witch was back again. Addressing the other woman, she exclaimed, "See how disagreeable! The meeting is just up, though most nights they sit till eleven; but I will be there before nine to-morrow, and we will see what it all means."

We breathed again, for it was a respite from death. Able to devote some hours to rest, we groped about till we found the two beds which the lodging contained, and, throwing ourselves fully dressed upon them, we slept for some hours. Awaking towards five, as I had luckily brought my pocket writing-case and some sheets of paper, I made up my accounts with Jouy. He owed me 400 francs and made all sorts of difficulties about paying them, but still he settled up. Also I made him write me an order to rejoin my regiment, and in this he insisted on directing me to go by way of Lille to get my horses. Now I had no horses at Lille or elsewhere, and the only object was that I might take news of him to his wife, and that at a moment when I should have been as mad as he was had I shown myself at Lille. At last, just as it was about to strike seven, our gaoler reappeared and set us free. We hastily told her our history, which did not exactly divert her, and, having thanked her, we went off. The citizeness at the gate looked at us as we went by, and, seeing her prey escaping, cast terrible glances at us.

On reaching the street-gate I said to Jouy, "Here we part; so which way do you go?" "To the right." "In that case I go to the left. Good-bye. I hope we may meet again in happier days."

Vigearde was to be by eight o'clock at the coffee-house which then stood at the angle of the Boulevard and Rue Montmartre, and there I found him. We at once started upon our only possible subject of conversation. It seemed hopeless to try to leave Paris for three or four days; yet we thought I had better not show myself in any house where I was known, if only on account of the servants. I must, therefore, apply to some one out of my set, but at the same time one whose friendship and prudence would afford the guarantees I required. These considerations made us select the eldest son of Mme Desrosiers. That excellent fellow anticipated all that we could ask of him. He had a small lodging in the Rue du Bouloi, and he offered to share it with me. His servant, a woman, had been dismissed on account of a serious quarrel, and he did not replace her or take her back till I was off his hands. So I took refuge with him, living on what he and Vigearde brought me in their pockets, in addition to an occasional *bavaroise;* and thus I passed three days and a half, during which my father had news of me, but did not come to see me because it was possible that he might be followed.

I had kept the kind of passport which Jouy and I had used to get from Lille to Paris. Our mission being at an end, Jouy had given me the order to rejoin my regiment; but these documents were of no use to enable me to get out of Paris, and could not be shown in the district occupied by the first military division. Consequently, Vigearde had got hold of a printed form for the use of the local staff, and, by disguising his hand, he turned it into an order to rejoin my battalion at Landrecies. I imitated as best I could the signature of the general-commandant, of which Vigearde, who was son-in-law and at that time aide-de-camp to General Pinon, had a copy on his pass. With the aid of a uniform button bearing the words *République Française,* and a little lamp-black, I made a stamp; and having done all that was in my power, and waited as long

as was thought necessary, leaving the rest to Providence, I rode off with Vigearde at ten o'clock in the evening of August 30. We got out of Paris at a spot where the new walls did not quite meet, as if we were merely taking a ride. In this way we avoided the barriers, where a very sharp look-out was kept, and where they were bound to have my description. Reaching Le Bourget, I managed to get two post-horses and a postilion, took leave of Vigearde, and continued my journey, or rather my flight, riding at full speed.

At Compiègne a gendarme, who was more of an expert in passports than some of his comrades to whom I had shown my fabrication, wanted to stop me, but I made impudence serve my turn, and got by. Between Chauny and La Fère my horse upon starting at full gallop stumbled with all four feet and landed me at the bottom of a ditch. It was pitch-dark, and I did not know where I was falling to. Luckily I was not hurt, my horse still less, and we were able to go on. At length I reached my battalion on September 3rd. It had left Landrecies without my hearing of it, and, forming part of the Maubeuge army, was cantoned at Cerfontaine. I must own I was a little uneasy on arriving. It was to be feared, nay, expected, that the order for my arrest would have been forwarded, and it was a real relief to be assured of the contrary. Whether no great importance was attached to the pursuit of me, or that it was not known in the Committees of the Convention to what corps I belonged, or that in the hurry of the moment they had forgotten me, I do not know.

As for Jouy, on leaving me he went to seek shelter with an attorney named Bosquille, in whose house there was a trap-door unknown even to the servants. Below the trap was a little room, and this Jouy occupied. He passed six weeks there, during which his imprudences repeatedly made his protector shudder. Sometimes he would come out of his hole without warning his host; sometimes he would go all over Paris; and in one of these wild excursions he once ran up against Dupin of the War Office, who frowned on recognising him, but let him pass. One comical incident of his stay below the trap-door was that he heard the criers of the judgements

passed by the revolutionary tribunal bawl themselves hoarse with announcing the capital sentence on the disgraced generals, Chancel and O'Moran, and, in default, on the scoundrel de Jouy, aide-de-camp to the latter.

In this terrible state of things, which he was equally at a loss how to prolong and how to bring to an end, his sister, Mme Broudes, came to his aid. Happening to be in Sologne, she had come across a half-witted person who in face and figure was curiously like Jouy. She at once conceived the idea of sending him on some pretext or other to Paris, getting him a passport to travel in France, in which she practically dictated the description of his person. She informed Jouy by letter of her plan, and an interview ensued at which Jouy, who was only known to the man by a feigned name, managed to make him drunk, to steal his passport, and to get away. All he needed was a wig a little darker than his own hair and a touch of dye to his eyebrows, and with this he reached Switzerland, while his double, remaining at Paris without papers, was arrested and sent to prison.

Such were the chief adventures involved in Jouy's mission of twenty days. Of the three of us who had left Lille on August 7th, Daboville was arrested almost at once and guillotined; Jouy escaped the scaffold only by the help of a trap-door and by going abroad; and I because they forgot about me. He brought about this result while fulfilling an important and difficult mission with distinguished success, but at the same time persistently turning into a political crime everything which should have been reckoned to him as a merit.

[NOTE: the *adjudant-général.*

By an arrangement made in 1792, each army consisted of four divisions. A *chef d'état-major* was appointed for the whole army, while the chief of staff to each division was styled *adjudant-général.* He had two *adjoints* under him. In 1801 the First Consul re-arranged the army corps in two wings and a centre, with a *lieutenant-général* at the head of each; each having an *adjudant-général* as his chief of staff. A little later this name was changed to *adjudant-commandant*, and the *adjoints* were aboli-hed.]

CHAPTER XII.

Some Republican generals—Operations at Cerfontaine and Maubeuge—Blockaded in our camp—A clever gunner—General Chancel—The blockade raised—Treatment of a good general—An Amazon—A new appointment.

WHEN I rejoined my battalion, it was, as I have said, stationed at Cerfontaine, a pretty village a mile and a half from Maubeuge, and half that distance from the arsenal of that place. The position was connected with the entrenched camp covering that town on the right bank of the Sambre. There was no military advantage about it, and it merely served in the echelonning of our troops, who were stationed at Recquignies, at the camp of Rocq, at Jeumont, at Cousolre, and at Solre-le-Château, where the Army of the North came into touch with that of the Ardennes.

It will be remembered that when the Count of Valence made me his aide-de-camp he was commanding the Army of the Ardennes. Being so near that army, I was curious to see by what kind of man that distinguished man and brilliant commander, so difficult from every point of view to replace, had been succeeded. The successor's name, I was told, was Charbonnier. One cannot judge of the goods by the ticket, but the comparison to which investigation led me left no doubt as to the contrast between the two in point of capacity, chivalrous nature, and military science.

From this it may be judged what would have become of us but for the ineptitude of our enemies and the irresistible action of a government of blood and iron. In 1792 our armies were led by men trained to command. During the first six months of '93 some of these men were still left, but from that time onward the guillotine accounted for nearly all of them who had

not escaped its knife by flight. Soon a decree of the Convention expelled from the army all persons of noble birth, and then ordered their arrest. After the upper classes it was the turn of the middle classes, who furnished such a number of victims that before long a general's commission was called a commission for the guillotine. After that the only guarantee seemed to lie in emancipation from the hierarchy of ranks, and then it was that, under the influence of the revolutionary committees with which France soon swarmed, the representatives or delegates to the armies cashiered, superseded, and arrested at their pleasure officers of every rank, creating new ones, until privates or even drummers became at a bound assistant-chiefs of staff, brigadiers, major-generals, or generals of division, then the highest possible promotion. One may instance Balland, who had been the drummer of my company at the Feuillants, who cleaned our boots and ran our errands, a man of neither style nor substantive merit, but who found himself, on a sudden, general of division; or Vinternier, a leading "slogger" in the September massacre, who was made a major-general on the field of battle by Saint-Just, whom he had rescued from the hands of the Austrians. M. de la Roserie had employed him as a white-washer, and, meeting him one day got up in a round hat with a plume, and a kind of woollen smock-frock, girt with a belt from which hung a splendid sword, the whole completed by a pair of "spinach-seed" epaulettes with stars, inquired the meaning of this fine costume. "What," replied the extemporised general, "do you not know that Saint-Just, the people's hero, giving way to the fervour of his courage, got surrounded by the Austrians, and would have been slain if I, Vinternier, had not rescued him by killing them all? And for this great service to the nation I have been made major-general." The 10th Thermidor annulled this nomination, and it would have been well if it had done the same by others.

These facts are only curiosities to-day, but were distressing then. I was unhappy at having to serve under a commander whom one could not respect, and but for my father I should, not long after this date, have left the service. Luckily he made me see the awkwardness of changing my career, and showed me

the weakness of regarding as permanent what could only be transitory. Thus fortified by his wisdom, I stuck to my profession.

As for Charbonnier, whose bravery was unquestioned—he was quoted for it, notably at the attack of Bossut, in April 1794—if he could not make a military reputation, he made one of another kind. Anecdotes of him, of which one specimen will serve, amused not only his own army but all the armies of the Republic. One day some one came and told him, "General, the enemy is attacking your lines." "Yes? Well, he will have a jolly warm reception." And as he did not budge, someone added, "But, general, will not you join your troops?" "My troops? Ah, be easy! They are a lot of little bull-dogs who know their business better than I can teach it 'em."

Word was sent from Paris that he was doing nothing, and if he did not make haste and beat the enemy he would be cashiered. Three days afterwards he wrote as follows to the Committee of Public Safety: "Citizens and representatives, I have attacked the satellites of despotism at all points. Everywhere the terrified slaves have fled before the unbreeched soldiers of the Army of the Ardennes, or have fallen under their blows. Their corpses, awaiting those of the tyrants, strew the soil of liberty. Long live the Republic! Fraternity or death!" He received the thanks of the House, and he had not stirred!

This original had others to match him. The Army of Italy had its Charbonnier in one Macquart, who had forgotten to learn to read, but was equal to signing his name. When a letter was brought him to sign he always asked, "Have you rammed in the 'Fraternity'?" When they said "yes," he signed. One day a messenger from the War Minister brought him a most pressing dispatch when his readers were out of the way. The messenger, who had to take back the answer, asked that it might be got ready. Macquart, swearing like a heathen, bawled, "I wish the devil had twisted the neck of the beggar who invented writing! But why on earth did not your Minister tell you to tell me what he had to write to me about?" *

* [Other anecdotes of this hero may be found in General Marbot's *Mémoires*, vol. i., pp. 84, 85.]

I prefer at this moment to say nothing of such men as Despinoy, Donnadieu, Canuel, Victor, Clarke, Villatte; but I hasten to observe that, while the delegates raised to the higher grades men of little use or worth, they also brought forward some of high ability and force, like Hoche, Marceau, Kléber, Desaix, Dugommier, Jourdan, Masséna, not to mention the hero among heroes, the great man among so many great men.

To return to our cantonments at Cerfontaine. Operations were presently set on foot to raise the blockade of Le Quesnoy, which the Prince of Coburg had invested, while the Duke of York was getting beaten by Houchard. They were carried out in such a way as to testify to the ignorance and incapacity of those who directed them. General Beaulieu's corps had combined with the Prince of Coburg's army in order to make the capture of the place more certain. It could not hold out long, and the enemy attached much importance to its possession as a base for attacks on Landrecies, Avesnes, and Maubeuge. We had not more than 12,000 or 15,000 men to oppose to these forces, nor even, if we could have reached the gates of Le Quesnoy, would a momentary raising of the blockade have been of any use. We had no means of revictualling the place, nor of keeping within touch of it, seeing that we could not leave our far more important camp at Maubeuge for more than a few moments.

There could be no question of a diversion, for just at that time no other point was attacked; and, if any hopes of success had been based on the idea of a surprise, they had to be renounced. Arriving as we did after 11 A.M. at Landrecies, where we ought to have been before daybreak, there was no longer anyone to surprise. Lastly, in order to relieve a place, it ought to be still relievable, and, when we delivered our attack, Le Quesnoy had surrendered twenty-four hours before.

Anyhow, we passed through Landrecies, and were formed in three attacking columns, besides a reserve.* I never felt more

* Speaking of this operation, M. Thiers says: "These columns were to come from Landrecies, Cambrai, Maubeuge; but unluckily they could not act simultaneously, one being shut up in Landrecies and another surrounded in the plain of Avesnes." Now there was no one shut up in Landrecies.

enthusiastic than at the moment preceding that when we received the order to attack. I was proud and pleased to find myself for the first time in command of a fine company in presence of the enemy, and to be, as it were, the arbiter of the lives of eighty-two brave men. So I omitted nothing to stimulate their ardour. I made them a speech, pointing out how important for the honour of a new corps was the manner in which it made its start in war. A *vivandière* happening to pass near us, I stood a nip of brandy to the whole company, and marched them on, singing the 'Marseillaise.'

On the left of the road from Landrecies to Le Quesnoy, we entered the forest of Mormal to attack the village of Fontaine. I was among the first to enter at the point of the bayonet, and, while the drums beat the charge, I had a sight of war in all its severity. I do not mean the action properly so-called—that was the usual thing; but many inhabitants of the village, Frenchmen like ourselves, had been wounded by bullets; the enemy's shells had set several houses and barns on fire, and it was a terrible sight to see the poor creatures covered with blood trying to put out the fire, instead of getting their wounds dressed.

Having passed this village in pursuit of the Austrians, I went through some young copse-wood, on emerging from which I found myself in front of a redoubt, which defended a clearing. At once I re-formed my company. A score of skirmishers drove in those of the enemy; with the remainder I marched upon the redoubt, turning it on the left, and took possession of it. But what was our astonishment to find nothing inside but a row of posts, which we had taken for soldiers. The Austrians had recourse pretty often to this trick, which, by concealing their abandonment of a work, gave them some minutes to the good, and sometimes checked the assailants. But the effect of this kind of easy conquest was to excite us to a further advance. Scarcely had we made it when the troops continuing the line to our left were attacked with such vigour that they were forced at several points, and thrown back in disorder on Landrecies. My own battalion was on the point of being surrounded, and would have been captured if the recall had not been sounded.

We were furious, and with good reason. I may even say that the dissatisfaction was general. I do not remember any action that gave rise to more talk on the part of the troops who had been engaged. Göttmann, a practised club spouter, did not lose the chance. Taking with him some other corps commanders and officers of all ranks, he went to the town-council of Landrecies, and there dictated, signed, and got signed a denunciation, with full particulars, of the generals who had commanded us, and took a receipt for it. Towards nightfall we started to march back to Maubeuge; the men, who had been on their feet for forty hours, were quite done up. Abreast of Maroilles we were halted to bivouac, and also to rally us, for we had got into a regular stampede. Everybody said that if the enemy, who was only on the other side of the Sambre, had attacked with fifty cavalry, he would have routed us and taken all the guns. But how could he have dreamt of such disorder? He allowed us to complete this melancholy expedition without further mishap, returning to our cantonments at Cerfontaine.

A fortnight passed in tranquillity; but at daybreak on September 23 the firing of cannon was heard in our front and rear, that is to say, both above and below Maubeuge. It was from the guns of Count Colloredo, in command of the left of the Prince of Coburg's army, forcing the passage of the Sambre in front of Cerfontaine. His numbers left no doubt of his success; it was in his power to destroy all our advanced cantonments in that direction. But he attacked at as many points as we had cantonments, so that, while everywhere pushing us back, he left our scattered corps means of friction and of retreat, of which he should have deprived them.

But, anyhow, we were attacked by more than 30,000 men, and we could not hinder the enemy from establishing himself in force at Cerfontaine. He carried the heights on the woods surrounding the camp at Maubeuge, and immediately set to work day and night to cover them with entrenchments. It became evident then that a blockade was inevitable. The next day an extraordinary circumstance showed how little order and discipline prevailed among some corps in the camp. About five in the evening 400 grenadiers, belonging to several regiments, sud-

denly mustered with their arms, and on their own invitation left the camp and went to attack the enemy in the wood of Séru.

Instantly a strong column of infantry with guns came out of Cerfontaine and took the grenadiers in flank. Left unsupported, they were forced to retire; but the enemy did not stop at that. In order to utilize the rest of his troops under arms, while the first column was carrying one point, he brought up a second against the arsenal, or weapon factory, which our battalion was holding, and which was one of the principal stores of the camp. Against this the fire of several guns was directed; it was assaulted, we were compelled to evacuate it, and not only the factory but all the farms and villages within reach of the camp were burnt.

As there had been no indication that a fight was likely that day, I had gone to Maubeuge after dinner. For this I had several reasons. The first was to claim a parcel which my father had sent me; another was to post some letters and get any that might have come for me—a matter which I never entrusted to anyone else; the third was a case of looking ahead. I knew that Maubeuge was very badly victualled, and I did not care at all about sharing the famine which I apprehended. Consequently, I bought 8 lbs. of chocolate, 6 lbs. of rice, and 10 lbs. of sugar. Hardly had I done my shopping when the guns hastened my return, and when I rejoined my company it was beginning to ascend the hill as it fell back on the camp. During this operation the enemy's guns played upon us vigorously. My company lost several men. One light infantry man was struck by a round-shot between the shoulders as I was speaking to him. He fell as if lying down, and died without a groan or a sign of pain. There was a kind of exclamation at his good luck in dying thus, reminding me of a remark made by an old soldier to a young officer who wished that, in the always probable event of his being killed in battle, he might die by a cannon-shot: "By Jove! you are easily suited!"

When my battalion had taken up the ground which it was to occupy, I told our major that my baggage had remained in the factory, and asked his permission to make an attempt to recover it. He agreed, and I set out with fifteen volunteers. I

had calculated that, as the factory was within range of our batteries, the enemy could not have in it more than a few sharpshooters attracted by the hope of plunder. This proved correct, and I had equally foreseen that fifteen men in no order would not seem to him worth a great expenditure of cannon-balls. Finally, having explored the whole factory only the evening before, I had noticed a little door which, when I had once descended the hill, I could reach under cover of the spacious buildings. From thence it was easy to get to my baggage, so my little expedition seemed bound to succeed. But I had not taken account of the fire which by bad luck was already devouring the wing in which my room had been. Not to mention my papers, I lost my linen and clothes for the second time in five weeks.

When night fell, nothing but flames was to be seen all round the horizon; the sight became more melancholy when the wretched inhabitants of the burnt farms and villages came flocking in from all sides, bringing their wives and children, together with all the animals and property which they had been able to save, to seek refuge in a camp which before long was to be worse beleaguered by the enemy. Although the indications pointed more to a blockade than an attack, there was reason to fear that the enemy might seek to take advantage of the confusion of the night to carry the camp by assault. Precautions were therefore taken, but to no purpose, for he did not stir.

During the nineteen days that the blockade lasted there was fighting every day, and never without our having to take the head of the attacking columns, partly because we were light infantry, partly because we were a Belgian corps, and also because our 24th battalion was brave and well-commanded. The details of these combats without result would have no interest, so I will confine myself to recalling incidents which have left some personal recollection. As I had foreseen, want of food was soon one of our scourges, and was a grave reproach to those who were bound and able to prevent it. We were in a fertile country, the harvest had been plentiful, and had everywhere been got in. Nothing

would have been more easy than to victual the camp, which was constructed for 20,000 men, and should have contained enough to feed them for at least a month or six weeks. But the mistake was made of not forming stores in the camp, and not collecting herds sufficient to meet the want, and, besides, a great part of what had been collected was in the factory buildings which were at the mercy of the enemy.

Personally I did not suffer much. Among the peasants who had entered our camp on the first night of the blockade, one who was dragging a handsome cow behind him stopped near me to take breath. I said, "How are you going to manage to prevent their eating your cow?" He very naturally trembled. "Look here," I said, "fasten her up behind my tent, say that I have bought her from you, and keep me all the milk I want, and I will pay you ten *sous* a pint for it." The bargain was struck, I saved his cow, and with the milk, from part of which I had butter made, my chocolate, my rice, and my sugar, I got excellent and substantial food. Meanwhile my comrades were reduced to a half ration of mouldy bread and two ounces of rancid bacon; the latter I gave to my peasant, reserving the crust of my bread, which I toasted.

The most numerous and the hottest affairs took place in front of the Lime-tree redoubt and the Wolf redoubt, which flanked the two banks of the Somme above Maubeuge. The curtains which should have connected the river with the works at the camp had not been made when the work began, and they were only completed under the enemy's fire which was incessantly kept up at the labourers, so that it took almost as many people to keep them from running away as to reply to the enemy. But this was not the whole of our task. Half a cannon-shot in advance of the Wolf redoubt was a farm very strongly built, which we had been careless enough not to demolish beforehand. We could not allow the enemy to entrench himself there, but neither would he allow us to establish ourselves in it. Carried and lost by us six times over, it cost us many men, but it cost the enemy still more, for he never put a gun in battery there without its being at once dismounted. A non-commissioned officer of artillery,

an extraordinary man for laying a gun, who had the entire disposal of a magnificent 24-pounder at the salient angle of the Wolf redoubt, performed wonders in this respect. Although we were almost as badly off for ammunition as for provisions, and each shot involved a certain responsibility, this gunner had free leave to fire as much as he would. All his shots told, and he could fire as well by calculation as by aim. To see him fire was a regular show even for the generals, who used to make this redoubt an object for a walk. One day when I was chatting with him we saw some Austrian officers emerge from the farm and get behind a hedge which concealed them; they came near enough to the redoubt to have a good view of it. "If there were only two or three of them," said he to me, "I could not guess where they meant to post themselves; but, as they are five, there is only one spot behind that hedge where they can conveniently stop. I am going to lay my gun beforehand on that spot, and, allowing them three minutes to get there, I will let them have a taste of my trade." The time elapsed, and he fired a round of grape; instantly we saw two of the officers bolting as hard as their legs would carry them. I do not know when the third, who was no doubt wounded, withdrew; but as for the two others, when an hour later we attacked, we saw their bodies at the spot where they had been aimed at.

It was in front of the Lime-tree redoubt, on October 13, that we had the most deplorable combat of the whole blockade. The troops sent to support us, receiving while in rear of us the enemy's bullets which passed over our heads, without seeing upon whom they were firing, opened a lively fusillade, wounding and killing more of our people than did the enemy, while we believed that he had turned our flank. This kind of mistake, which is a reproach to the soldiers and a crime in the officers, happens more often than is supposed, and always has a very bad effect on troops. It was on this fatal day and by a French bullet that Captain Francœur, whom I have already mentioned, received his mortal wound.

To the left of the Wolf redoubt there was a hollow by which the enemy might reach the outworks of the camp at night

without being seen or heard. From some information or other it was believed that an attack would be made at this point on the evening of the 14th, and it was decided to send 100 men, of whom I took command, to bivouac there. About ten in the evening I was guided to the centre of the space in perfect silence, no one left his arms, and there was no question of lighting fires. The spot was marshy and pestilential, and towards two o'clock in the morning several of my men became ill and had to retire. Soon after my sub-lieutenant was obliged to follow; half an hour later my lieutenant dropped in a faint, and four men carried him off; lastly, about half-past three, although I kept always walking round and inspecting my line of sentries, I suddenly felt myself breaking down. Luckily there was a *vivandière* there; she had hot coffee and brandy, and three cups of *gloria* which I swallowed one after another, not being in the habit of taking either coffee or spirits, enabled me to finish my night in this unpleasant position.

My father knew General Chancel, who had so creditably defended Condé in the early part of 1793. He was among those who were at Maubeuge, and a few days before the blockade my father had sent me a letter for him, which I took to him, and was kindly received. I was also a friend of his aide-de-camp, Captain Simon—who died a major-general, and was justly regarded as an educated and capable officer. So I had a two-fold connexion with the general, and he never came to the camp without sending for me and chatting with me. Sometimes he kept me with him while he finished his rounds, and made me discuss points suggested by what he noticed or that took his fancy.

One day, when I was with him in this way, he was surrounded by a number of soldiers complaining of the defective quality and quantity of their food. One of the youngest, addressing him, said, "We want nothing better than to fight, you know, general; but both before and after fighting one wants victuals that one can eat, as much as rest after hard work." "And pray what merit or what glory," returned the good general, "would there be in going from good quarters and a good table to the battlefield? I can tell you, young man," he added, after

enlarging eloquently on his theme, "that the honour of fighting and dying for your country has to be earned by long toils, privations, fatigues, and sufferings." His speech made a keen impression, and the cheers that burst forth did as much honour to the men who uttered them as to the chief who had elicited them. As for me, it inspired me with the highest respect for General Chancel.

On October 15 distant guns were heard, apparently coming nearer and mingling with musketry fire. The idea that succour was at hand made the men enthusiastic; they flew to arms, mustered, and loudly demanded to be led to fight. But hours passed before any of the generals appeared, and when they reached the camp at last their manner cast a chill over these brave men. Nothing could get out of their heads the idea that the firing was that of the siege of Avesnes, or a dodge of the enemy to draw us from our entrenchments, that he might enter them at our heels. Next day, however, the firing began again; curses rang through the camp, and, if the generals had not decided to make a sortie, the men would have set upon them. As my battalion was starting, General Chancel, who had not been there on the previous day, came up with a servant leading a horse. He made me mount this, and kept me with him all the evening.

Our attack had no character but that of a poor reconnoissance. The enemy had still all his guns in front, and showed nearly as many troops as usual; but he certainly had no more than these, and if we had gone forward they would have retired. To the scandal of everyone and the indignation of General Chancel—who mostly kept aloof from the group formed by the other generals, frequently remarking, "What a set of fellows!"—the affair did not go beyond some firing by halted skirmishers and a few rounds of artillery. Not a manœuvre, not a charge, nothing that could throw light on the position. After two hours wasted in this way we returned to camp at nightfall.

Just where the fire of our skirmishers and those of the enemy had been hottest, and the greatest number of cannon-balls had been flying, a hare had got up among the men's legs. Instantly the enemy was forgotten, and two hundred men dashed after

the hare, firing, prodding with bayonets, striking with butts, at the risk of killing or wounding each other. In spite of all the officers could say or do, this absurd chase continued, amid shouts, peals of laughter, and general amazement on the part of the Austrians, till the unlucky beast was in the knapsack of one of the pursuers. The story is only worth recording as showing the temper of the soldiers, who could be induced by want of confidence in their chiefs and lack of food to commit such a breach of discipline in presence of the enemy.

On our return I accompanied General Chancel, and he explained to me why he kept away from the other generals, Desjardin, Meyer, and Ferrand, and expressed his anger at not having been able to persuade them on the previous day to muster all the forces at their disposal, with the exception of pickets and outposts, and march on the sound of the guns. "The men," he added, in a tone of annoyance, "made no mistake as to the importance of the movement." Finally, as we were parting, he offered me a vacancy as his aide-de-camp, saying that, if I accepted, I could join him as soon as we knew our fate. I accepted warmly and gratefully.

At early dawn on the 17th I was awoke by shouts and unusual disturbance. On going out of my tent I saw a peasant-girl surrounded by inquirers. Going up to her, and questioning her in my turn, I learnt that she had just come from Haumont, and that there was no enemy in the neighbourhood of the camp. The news spread like wild-fire, and a thousand voices proclaimed, "The blockade is raised!" The soldiers stood to their arms, the battalions formed, the drums without orders beat the general, amid cheers verging on frenzy. The truth was that the battle of Wattignies had been won on the second day of fighting by General Jourdan, thanks to the system of bringing masses to bear on points of the enemy's line. It must also be said that the fear of what our camp might do had in some measure taken the place of what we had not done; in some measure, I say, for, if the 20,000 men at Maubeuge had seconded the relieving force, the enemy would not have been merely repulsed, but thoroughly beaten.

Meanwhile, aides-de-camp were running up in every direc-

tion to know what it all meant. On learning our deliverance, they galloped off to report the news to their generals, who at last appeared, too much ashamed of themselves not to feel a little awkward. As for the men, instead of remaining in line, they had already faced to the flank, and were impatiently marking time, trying to elicit a word of command. They did not have long to wait; in a quarter of an hour the camp was empty, but by a piece of stupidity, worthy of what had gone before, the column of which my battalion formed the head was sent along the road to Avesnes, by way of the Haumont woods. We had not gone more than three miles when we saw coming towards us, escorted by a squadron of cavalry, General Jourdan and the representatives Carnot, Bar, and Duquesnoy. "What are you doing on this road?" cried the first, in a tone at once of command and irritation. "March on Saint-Remy—you ought to be following the bank of the Sambre!" He was right a hundred times over, and we went to Saint-Remy, where we passed the night, starting the next morning for Jeumont. There we were cantonned with the Ardennes Hussars, and flanked by other corps. The warfare of skirmishes and outpost attacks, which was still in fashion, and of which the only result was to train a few men at the cost of the lives of many others, was not to be interrupted by the winter.

As soon as my battalion was in quarters at Jeumont, I went, on the 19th, to get General Chancel's final orders. There were two gendarmes at his door, but I was going in without taking much notice of them, when they stopped me, asking what I wanted. Surprised by the question, I replied, "To speak to General Chancel." "Nobody can speak to him," said one of the gendarmes; "he is under arrest, and is just going to be taken to Paris." I was dumbfounded, and certainly what was in my mind was not my own personal loss due to this arrest, but indignation at the monstrous injustice of it and pity for the fate of a good man and distinguished general, whose only crime consisted in having blamed the stupid and cowardly inaction of those who commanded the camp and the troops, and in having been in the right as against the band of fanatics, who looked on merit, virtue, and fame with equal dread.

So I could not see General Chancel, who, laden with the iniquities of Israel, reached Paris only to be guillotined. But why did he call no evidence? It is true that, once arrested, you could communicate with no one; very often you did not know what you were charged with, and only found it out when before the Revolutionary tribunal, where you were never listened to and always condemned. One circumstance added to my grief at his death. He went to execution in the same cart and was murdered on the same day as the good and respected General O'Moran, who eight months before had appointed me captain, and had levied and formed the battalion in which I was serving.

To finish all I have to say, I will add that the death of General Chancel has always been, and will remain in my eyes, a blot in the life of General Jourdan, and still more in that of General Carnot. One can understand that chartered executioners like Bar and Duquesnoy may have found in his title of general an additional motive for striking at Chancel, and even an additional satisfaction in doing so at a moment when frenzy had reached such a pitch that it was unsafe to admit that one knew a general, and might compromise oneself by speaking of him, even if he were the saviour of the Republic. But Jourdan, a commander-in-chief, and Carnot, a general and a member of the Committee of Public Safety, ought for very shame and for their own honour, if not for fairness' sake, to have examined their brother in arms, verified the facts charged against him, and confounded the impudent calumniators who accused another of their own faults, and sacrificed him for fear lest he might accuse them.

We had skirmishes almost every day, for we had only the Sambre, a river of no great width, which could be crossed at any time, between us and the enemy. The mutual fury was stimulated by the Austrians calling our men king-eaters and assassins, and ours calling them the creatures of slavery. These affairs are not worth mention, though they cost lives; but on November 2 eight battalions, some of the Ardennes Hussars, and six pieces of artillery crossed the Sambre to attack the enemy's camp which faced us. The combat was without

result and, in my judgement, purposeless. It lasted a great part of the day with varying success, and when evening came, instead of returning to our quarters, we were made to bivouac at the angle of the wood which at that point commands the course of the Sambre. It was frightfully damp—the wood was so saturated that no fires could be lighted; the cold was bitter; we were up to our ankles in mud, and it was impossible to lie down, to sit down, to warm oneself, or to walk about. It was one of the most cruel nights I remember, and next morning at ten o'clock we returned to our cantonments, where we might quite as well have been left.

The only thing which interested me that day was the wife of a captain in the hussars, whose name, as General Margaron, then a major in the same regiment, reminds me, was de Saulanne. This young Amazon, only twenty years old, in the uniform of an officer of the regiment, never quitted her husband, and in two charges which took place under our eyes she behaved as bravely as any hussar. Sword in hand, she was always among the first; but, not being confident of the strength of her arm, she had a sword that was nearly straight, gave point instead of cutting, and lunged at the face with great neatness. She rode splendidly, and handled her light and clean-built charger with perfect ease. I remember that once when some light infantry of my battalion with some of the hussars had ventured too far and were being vigorously shown the way back by a squadron of the Blankenstein, she went off at full gallop, followed by a few troopers who flung themselves after her of their own accord, inspired by her enthusiasm, and, getting among the men who were in greatest danger, checked the pursuit and called to our soldiers, "Infantry, catch hold of the horses' tails!" The two corps were, anyhow, supporting each other with equal devotion, and almost at once were bound in that brotherhood of arms of which our armies can show such honourable examples.

I was beginning to look upon Jeumont as our winter-quarters when I received a nomination as assistant to an adjutant-general named Cambray. I knew nothing of him, nor did my father, and I could not conceive by whose interest I had

obtained the post. However, Cambray was at Paris, and to Paris I was ordered to go. Now the decree of arrest with which I had already been threatened, though I had escaped it, was not cancelled because it was forgotten, but might be put in force any day; nevertheless I wished so much to see my father that I was glad of the circumstance which recalled me to the city. My order, signed by Xavier Audouin, assistant to the War Office for the sixth division, at Paris on the fourth day of the second month, Year II of the French Republic, only reached me on the evening of the 21st. Next day my order for departure was signed by Chaffaux, commanding the battalion in Göttmann's absence, by Brigadier-General Desjardin, commanding the camp, and by Maisonneuve, general of division. On the 23rd I started for Paris, arriving on the 27th, furnished as was necessary at the moment with a certificate that I had always conducted myself as a patriotic soldier and a good comrade, and had always openly avowed sentiments of devotion to the interests of the Republic and to all revolutionary principles. A second certificate, signed by the two generals, testified that at Landrecies I had accepted the Constitutional Act with every mark of satisfaction which that masterpiece of human genius should give to the genuine friends of liberty. But there are times when the best certificates may not be sufficient.

CHAPTER XIII.

New work—An intelligent official—With the Army of the Rhine—Donzelot and his methods—Talk of the camp—A fort blown up—In Landau—A risky exploit—Braving the authorities.

It was decreed that nothing was to happen for me as it did for other people, and that the most simple matters were to get into complications. I ought only to have just called in Paris, for as I had to join an adjutant-general, and moreover one employed in the Army of the West, it was a case of arriving only to start again with him at once. But at this juncture Cambray had been made major-general, and the assistant who was on duty with him had become his aide-de-camp, so that he had no longer a post to offer me. It was a disappointment, but at the same time almost a piece of luck, for, as I afterwards learnt, I could not have got on for a week with that man, who was worthy to be promoted in those days of the Ballands, the Macquarts, and the Charbonniers. None the less was I in difficulties at Paris, where the Terror was reigning so terribly, and where I had so many reasons for not staying, were it only to prevent them from getting on to my track again. To return to my corps, however, I required a fresh order from the Minister of War, while all this coming and going could not fail to produce a bad effect.

While we were in this embarrassment my father thought he remembered that Donzelot, an adjutant-general whom he had recently met in Paris, had no assistant except his own brother; and on the 27th, the day of my arrival, he wrote to him to ask on my behalf for the place of his second assistant, if it was still vacant. On receiving the letter, Donzelot accepted me, and got me accepted by the chief of the staff of the Army of the Rhine,

in which he was serving. His reply came quickly, and I might have got away from Paris in a week; but the Minister, instead of at once sending me my new order for service, answered Donzelot's request with the word "Wait." This was getting serious; I was still under an order of arrest. I had not been pursued, but on returning to Paris I found myself again in the wolf's jaws.

However, by making interest, I got my nomination. At that moment we received the news that my excellent mother, who had been a long time ill at Épinal, had just died at that place. I set out therefore in order to mingle my tears with those of my sister, and to help her in making the arrangements necessary to enable her to come back to my father as soon as possible.

I did not remain long at Épinal. At one o'clock in the morning on the day after I left it I reached Sainte-Marie-aux-Mines. The exhibition of passports was compulsory at every stage, so, in spite of the hour and the bitter cold, I took mine to the municipal office. "What!" said the creature who was examining the passports—"you were born at Berlin?" "Certainly." "Then you belong to the faction of the foreigner?" This way of drawing inferences would have been only laughable if my interlocutor had confined himself to words, but he informed me that as such I was under arrest. Now at a moment when Robespierre and his gang were making this foreigner question the pretext for their crimes, my former arrest rendered my present situation sufficiently serious for it to be worth my while to risk a little audacity; so I began to laugh, and asked him if he thought he knew more about it than the Minister of War, who had signed my passport. I further declared that I was charged with an urgent verbal mission by Xavier Audouin, and that I should hold him responsible for the smallest delay in my route, adding, "Do you think it's for my own pleasure that I am travelling day and night in this kind of weather?" And he let me go.

At Strasburg I was forced to wait two hours for horses, during which I dined and looked about the town. One recollection recalls the occasion to me. A house had been

completely pulled down because the owner, a dealer in I forget what, having sold fifteen sous' worth of goods to a friend, had refused to give him four francs five sous change in cash for an *assignat* of five francs which was no longer worth a sou. At last I got off in the night, but on reaching Haguenau I could get no horses. The whole army was moving to attack the enemy, who was himself taking the offensive, so the shock was bound to be violent, perhaps decisive. The position being thus serious, everything that could be of use had been employed, and the post-horses had been taken to fill up the gaps in some teams. It was, therefore, only towards noon that with much difficulty I got towards the battlefield just as our centre was forcing the Austrians to abandon the Geisberg, which very rightly gave its name to the day. At such a moment it was impossible either to look for Donzelot or to choose one's place. If it is a good rule to march upon the sound of the guns, *à fortiori* it is a duty to remain where the guns are telling, which was at that moment where the enemies' cannon-balls were ploughing the ground. So I followed the first general whom I met, who happened to be General Michaud. I introduced myself to him; he gave me leave to join his staff, and it was in my travelling clothes and on my posting nag that I took part in the continuance of that great action and in the operations and combats which on the following day, December 27, brought about the raising of the blockade of Landau, after giving Wissembourg into our hands and allowing us to recapture the lines of the Queich, which we had lost on October 13. On the 28th, however, when the Austrians evacuated the left bank of the Rhine and the Prussians began retreating on Mainz, I joined Donzelot at Lachen, where he was performing the duties of chief of the staff to a kind of division, commanded by Major-General Girard, called *Vieux*, and forming part of the troops under the orders of Lieutenant-General Ferino.

As I did not know a living soul in this army, not even Donzelot, it will be understood that my first inquiries referred to the persons under whose command I was. General Ferino, an Italian by birth, but long in the Austrian service, had acquired a certain German gravity. He was of remarkable

bearing, and distinguished by his talents and military qualities. I had no personal dealings with him, but a kind of intimacy grew up almost at once between one of his aides-de-camp and myself. We even addressed each other with "thou" in that army, where it was not very usual, and, save during the latter years when his fortune was at its height, we continued to do so until his death. That aide-de-camp was Savary, the future Duke of Rovigo. General Girard, a simple and kindly man, whose personal qualities and courage were the only compensation for a lack of natural capacity and military talent, was worthy of all esteem but not of record. If he and his aide-de-camp had changed places it might have been otherwise, for that post was held by a Captain Sol, an officer of high merit, who was in fact his chief's chief. As for Donzelot, even before he spoke to me, his look and his physiognomy generally had told me that I had to do with a clever and quick-witted man; his conversation showed that he was highly educated, his industry that he was zealous in his duty. Nobody was better able to grasp a subject as a whole and analyse it with order and perspicuity. His facility of composition was such that I have seen him write in his magnificent hand minutes seven or eight pages long, perfectly composed, and without an erasure, that might be taken for fair copies. Further, as with these advantages he combined conspicuously well-bred manners, I found myself at a good school and in good company. It was a suggestion of his that gave me the idea of writing my *Manual of the Duties of Staff Officers.*

It was not long before we left this cantonment and moved upon Fort Vauban, which the enemy was still holding and which we were to besiege. I was told off to lead a column composed of the 150th "half-brigade"—the old King's Regiment—and the 7th Light Cavalry. In those days the pride of rank gave way to the fear inspired by having to exercise the least authority. No one cared any longer to command—everyone wished to obey. This feeling was so strong that the colonel of cavalry who had the command of the column, as the brigade-commander of the infantry would have had it in garrison, asked my orders about everything; that is, about marching and

halting, even to the order in which the troops were to march. When I pointed out that my intervention seemed less than useless, he replied, "You represent the general—you must know his mind, and his orders must be transmitted through you." I was in considerable difficulty during this march, especially when a peasant told us that the enemy was crossing the Rhine to our front, and the colonel asked me if we ought to fight in the event of his showing himself. To this, on the score that we ought not to regard ourselves as an isolated corps, I answered, "Why, certainly."

We reached our destination and were soon united with the other troops under General Ferino. We established bivouacs along the arm of the Rhine which divides its left bank from Fort Vauban, and ourselves occupied houses near the bivouacs. One evening after supper Donzelot put on a cloak and a forage-cap, telling me to do the same and follow him. "As you are desirous of knowledge," he added, "I am going to enable you to form an estimate of how much can be learnt among our men. We will mingle with the groups round the fire and hear the fellows gossip. You will see how they criticise the generals and the operations in which they have taken part." The test was perfect; movements, combats, battles were talked over, explained, commented upon; each general was praised or blamed according to his merits or his mistakes, and I was amazed at the severe but accurate fashion in which each was summed up, amid a fire of jokes each funnier than the last.

Next evening we made another of these expeditions, which amused Donzelot as much as they interested me. Hardly had we returned to our quarters when a terrific explosion was heard. The hubbub which it excited in the camp made us run out again in a hurry and down to the bank of the Rhine. There we saw, as near as it was possible to get, and not without danger, for the stones were falling where we were, all the works of the town and of Fort Vauban flying into the air. It was one of the darkest of nights, and therefore all the better for appreciating such a display. Of the kind, it was one of the most extraordinary sights I can remember, by reason of the constant sudden transitions from intense brightness to black darkness,

and of the varied effects produced by the gigantic fireworks, repeated upside down in the Rhine, so that the fire seemed to be at once rising to heaven and descending to the other place. The noise of the stones and bricks falling into the water sounded like the applause of distant spectators—at all events, that was the comparison that our men made, as, amid shouts of laughter, they pronounced by their exclamations on each explosion as if it had been some "set-piece"; they hooted or went into raptures, hissed or clapped, according as they were pleased or displeased.

There could be no doubt of it; why, we knew not, but the enemy had evacuated the island on which the fort stood: he had destroyed what he would not defend, and had left us, to tell the truth, a fort to reconstruct and re-arm; but, anyhow, we had got back without striking a blow what must have cost us a good deal in expense, labour, suffering, and bloodshed. The only thing to be done was to take possession of the ruins. The troops were as keen as possible, but there was still reason to fear that some mines might have been arranged so as to blow up some time after the other, or even that some men might have been posted there to spring them when they saw us coming. Consequently, the general ordered that the Rhine should not be crossed till noon, but the day had hardly broken when we saw some of our men walking calmly about on the ruins of the fort. These lunatics, quite ready to have swum across, had discovered a boat and gone over on their own authority.

The post of chief of the staff fell vacant in one of the finest divisions of the army. Donzelot had a fancy for it, and sent me on some trifling errand to the chief of the general staff, with instructions to take advantage of my presence at headquarters to set forth his claims and try to get it for him. In this way, if he got it he would be under no personal obligation to anyone, while in the contrary event, as he had asked for nothing, he would undergo no refusal. Unluckily, when I got there it had just been filled up, but I helped to get him nominated chief of the staff to a division, while, strictly speaking, he was so only to a brigade. This division indeed had two provisional generals, one named Vachot, commanding the whole division, the other named Argond, commanding the first brigade—both more

ignorant and commonplace than can be imagined. Convinced at our first interview that we could have only official relations with them, we saw them only once a day; but we always went together to the headquarters in order to bring back absurdities enough to keep us in laughter for the next twenty-four hours. One day that Donzelot had to speak to General Vachot, about dinner-time, we found him preparing the dinner himself in a cotton cap and apron. Indeed we caught him turning an omelette with a dexterity that showed he must have been a cook. Anyhow, his origin must have been very low; but this in no way gave him republican tastes, so far at least as his get-up went. His coats, his waistcoats, his overcoats were braided from top to bottom, up and down, till he looked like a gilt-edged book. This luxury, which would have been in bad taste at any time, formed then a ridiculous contrast to the simplicity which everyone affected, especially in clothing.

The fact of finding ourselves thrown with such people was, however, very lucky for my instruction. Donzelot and I, being reduced to each other's company in villages where there was no one to visit, and at a time of year when no excursions were possible, were seldom apart. As he talked well, and consequently liked to talk, and as his military lore, acquired during several years when he had been secretary to the Marquis of Langeron, for whom he had abstracted works dealing with the defence of the frontiers and drawn maps and plans, made him fond of everything to do with war, and, as he was good-natured in answering my questions, our conversations were for me a course of instruction which I made more useful by classifying and writing down without delay all that he told me. Once my zeal nearly brought me to grief. I had been writing my notes in bed after one of our chats, and, as often happened, fell asleep with the candle burning. It set fire to my bed, and, when aroused by the burning, I was half-suffocated and lay for a time helpless, though quite conscious of what was taking place. At last, by a sort of convulsive movement, I rolled out of bed, crawled on all fours to the window, which, dazed as I was, I opened. The fire blazed up, but the cold air had restored my wits; I threw the burning stuff out of window and shouted

for help. The lesson, though strong, was insufficient to break me of the habit.

Going one day to Landau for some reason or other, I met near that place a commissariat officer named Cetty riding a very nice-looking little horse. I complimented him on his animal, and he told me that it was one of the best-tempered creatures in the world, and at the same time one of the cleverest and most active. As a proof, which, as he said, was incontrovertible, he added that on that horse he had crossed one of the masonry partitions which divide some of the fosses at Landau, and that he would do it again. I do not think they are more than eighteen inches wide, but they are pretty long, the fosses being very deep and broad in proportion. "All right," said I; "if your horse does it, others can too." "Nobody has ventured to try it," he answered. Just then we were entering Landau, and he took me to one of the partitions and rode across it. "Well," he cried, radiant at having got safe and sound to the other side, "what do you say to that?" "Why, I say it is as good a way as another." And I sent my own horse on to the partition. I had not gone four steps when I became aware of my enormous imprudence, but it was impossible either to stop or to go back, so I let my horse have his head, did my best to preserve perfect equilibrium, and abandoned myself to my fate. On getting back to him—"Well, what do you say to that?" I echoed. "I say," he replied, still looking discomposed, "that you are a lunatic." In truth, my horse was only a Hungarian hussar's mount captured from the enemy, for which I had paid one hundred and twenty francs. He was nice-looking and a good enough horse, but both he and I ought to have broken our necks. So Cetty swaggered about how he would repeat the feat when he pleased, while I would never do it again—and he was quite right.

In the recent operations which resulted in the unblocking of Landau the Army of the Rhine and its general, Pichegru, had, as is known, been under the orders of Hoche, commanding the Army of the Moselle. It was a useless arrangement, as there was no need for the two armies to attack simultaneously, and absurd, because one chief could not follow the movements of

two armies, and because Pichegru with justice claimed most of the glory of the day. It was contrary to military hierarchy, because the Army of the Moselle was the smaller and Pichegru was senior to Hoche; and, lastly, it was impolitic, because it mortified and offended one while it did not make the other more loyal than he was already. It must be supposed that they wished to repair the wrong done to Pichegru for having on a day of battle taken away from him the chief command of a second-class army; they now gave him that of the strongest of all the armies of the Republic and the one destined to play the first part—that of the North.

Donzelot, whom he liked and esteemed, at once conceived the idea of going with him, and got orders to do so. As we no longer belonged to the Army of the Rhine, after Donzelot's place had been filled we returned to Strasburg. Two hours after getting there, on returning from an expedition, the object of which he had not told me, he said, "It is a long time since I have seen my family, and I am going to take this opportunity of spending some days at Besançon, whence I shall proceed to Lille by way of Paris. I have just got leave from the representatives. My horses will, therefore, go to-morrow to Lille direct." "In that case," I replied, "as it will not be hard to replace my horses, I will sell them and come with you." "Very good," said he; "but get leave." "Do you think that necessary?" "Indispensable." "Even when I travel with you?" "Adjutant-generals' assistants are not like aides-de-camp." "Then you should have told me where you were going; I would have gone with you, and a word from you would have got me included in your leave." "No; your application might have endangered the success of mine." I did not like the last remark, and besides, it was not correct, for Donzelot might have begun by settling his own business, and then have helped me in mine. However, I went alone to our proconsuls, but they were inexorable, and, say what I would, I got nothing.

It is not my nature to let myself be stopped or frightened, so I resolved to brave the order forbidding me to leave the regular route. Despising all the dangers of that terrible time and all inducements to prudence, and in spite of Donzelot's strong

advice, I set out with him to perform an illegal journey of five hundred miles, with only a pass from the military governor of Strasburg, a document more likely to compromise me than to save me.

We got to Besançon without being objected to. There we stayed a week, and I saw the town, but my way to Paris was less easy. Several times we had need of special pleading to get my perfectly-unfounded claims admitted. At Dijon, particularly, I was arrested at the entrance gate and released with difficulty, then taken by the police to the Revolutionary Committee, from whom I thought I should not get away. I was bothered yet again on leaving the town. Dijon was certainly a town of ill-omen for me, for, having at the beginning of 1794 run the risk of falling a victim to the extreme men of that time, twenty years afterwards, when lieutenant-general in command of the 18th Military Division, I did fall a victim to that Jacobin and professional informer, Clarke, Count of Hunebourg, Duke of Feltre, and Minister for War to Louis XVIII—Minister rather to the faction which made capital of dismissals, exiles, persecution of all kinds, even to the legal assassinations of 1815.

However, I got out of Dijon and arrived safe and sound in Paris on the 20th Germinal; that is, April 9. Donzelot saw the Minister on the following day, got his passport, and departed on the 13th, whereas I was unable to get away till the 18th, and only reported myself to him at Lille on the morning of the 20th.

CHAPTER XIV.

Donzelot's alarms—The height of the Terror—A story of Moreau—and of Moras—Practical joking—The 10th Thermidor—My new regiment—Bivouacking in winter—Invasion of Holland—The lines of Breda—Rout of the Dutch.

DIRECTLY I saw Donzelot he became so extremely confused that I was obliged to ask for an explanation. "I have some disagreeable news for you," he said. "Everybody here knows the position of your family,* and that you have been under arrest. No doubt you were innocent enough, but in such a state of things General Liébert, the chief of the general staff of the army, could not allow your name to appear among his staff-officers." "The more my conduct has been inquired into," I answered, "the more it has been found that there was nothing I could be reproached with. I shall go to General Liébert and have it out with him." "Do nothing of the sort," said Donzelot sharply; "such a step would be dangerous both for you and for me." Sparing him all the thoughts which his way of having an answer for everything suggested to me, I simply added, "Anyhow, give me an order to rejoin my battalion." "I thought of that, but your battalion is no longer in existence. All the corps originally Belgians have been formed into five battalions of sharpshooters, and, as you were absent, I do not know if you were included in the re-organization." "Then what do you suppose I am to do, and what is to become of me?" "Stay here till I find out the position in which you are placed by this measure; only be prudent, do not show yourself much, and, above all, take no steps of which the least mischief would be to

* His wife and father-in-law were under arrest for the sole crime of being foreigners; but, what was more serious, his brother-in-law Jouy had, as we have seen, gone abroad.—ED.

get you disqualified by the Committee of Public Safety." The fact was that Donzelot, too timid a man not to play the high Republican, obeyed only his fears and used the name of General Liébert to rid himself of my presence, which he deemed compromising. Eight years later, finding myself in command of the department of Indre-et-Loire, under the orders of General Liébert, and recognising him for the best of men, I asked him if he would compensate me in 1802 for the trouble he had caused me in 1794. To this he replied by giving me his word of honour that he had not understood what had then passed between Donzelot and myself, that for his part he had never had any idea of objecting to me as assistant, and that I had been wrong in not coming to see him, but that in everything I said he fully recognised Donzelot, who was always in fear of tumbling over his own nose. Donzelot, in fact, not daring so much as to write my name for fear of compromising himself, had taken good care to do nothing that might be of service to me.

Another circumstance added to my difficulty. The men who at that time were dividing France into assassins and victims had the idea of allowing no one to remain in military or civil employment unless they could produce certificates of "civism" from their section. I saw that I must get this document at once or give up getting it at all. I considered whom I could ask to do me this service, and an inspiration determined me to write to La Fargue, my old comrade in the Feuillants Grenadiers and in the Butte des Moulins battalion, a man no less distinguished for talent than for character, though he died in obscurity, in spite of a nature to justify all that fortune might have done for him. The evening after he got my letter he went to the section, contriving even to be there when the sitting opened, before people's heads had got heated. He put his request as soon as he could, and it was going to be granted when in came Anisson-Duperon, printer to the Convention.* I

* Thiébault seems wrong in naming Anisson-Duperon, who was not printer to the Assembly but director of the royal press, and was at this moment on the eve of being guillotined. He confuses him with Baudouin, who was printer to the Convention, and was a member of the committee of Thiébault's section.—Ed.

think I still see him with his ill-looking face and a great pimple on his nose. Being told what the question was, he exclaimed, "That Thiébault's an aristocrat! I object to his being given a certificate, and I call upon citizen La Fargue to say what he is." It would have been all up with me and my family if La Fargue's good friendship and presence of mind had not saved us. "Upon my word," he answered, "I should find it very hard to tell you. It was one of his comrades whom I do not know that came to me this morning to ask me from him to get the thing done, and, as he said that he would come back to fetch the document, I did not think of asking for his name and address." So I escaped this new danger, but my situation only became more awkward, since, even with all the goodwill that Donzelot might have brought to bear and did not, I could no longer find employment, and did not even dare to rejoin my battalion.

The Terror had reached its final stage; to be suspected of being suspected was enough to get you arrested; to be arrested was the same thing as being sentenced to death. It is a well-known story of the inhabitant of Paris who, on presenting himself at one of the barriers, though he had a spencer, a fine cockade in his hat, and even a little red cap in his buttonhole, went through the following conversation: "Your ticket of safety." "Here." "Your enrolment in the National Guard." "There it is." "Your certificate of civism." "Here you are." "You rascal!" cried his questioner—"you're too correct by half, and I arrest you!" It was the moment of the big batches, and three days later the poor citizen was guillotined.

At so frightful a time, in so threatening a situation as mine, what could I do? Nothing, except wait, resign myself, and hold my tongue. The worst days for me were the days of battle; everybody then had his place assigned, his duty marked out, his verbal or written orders, and staff-officers who remained without special duty followed the chief of the general staff. I alone had no place, no duty, no general orders, and hardly dared to show myself where my comrades were proud to be. Yet to stay at Lille when they were fighting all along the line, to seem to hide myself when others were getting honour by running

into danger, to find myself on the stage where 300,000 men were struggling for victory, and to take no part in the strife, was more than I or anyone else could stand. In this exasperating situation I took the only course open to me—that of giving myself orders; and, followed by an orderly whom I got as best I could, I accompanied sometimes one division, sometimes another. I had, moreover, to avoid the divisional staffs, where I should have been too conspicuous. All that I could do was to follow the operations of some general of brigade, who might take me for a staff-officer told off for service with him. After fighting all day, avoiding as much as possible any mention of my name, and abstaining from claiming any mention, I used to return to Lille, having smelt more powder than many staff-officers.

The two principal actions in which I thus took part were those of the 28th and 29th Floréal and the 3rd Prairial. The first upset the most famous enterprise devised by the Coalition —that of destroying the 70,000 men who formed our left by suddenly concentrating 100,000 against them. The courage of our troops, the ability of our generals, and the delay in the arrival of some of the enemies' columns, enabled us to wreck this plan and to substitute a victory for the destruction which Coburg had made so sure of inflicting on us.

One recollection worth noting is connected with the days of Tourcoing. When the news came that all the forces which the enemy had in Flanders and Belgium were in motion to cut off part of our troops and hurl us back beyond Lille, Pichegru was out in the direction of Charleroi. There was no time to send for him or get his orders, so in this critical situation Generals Moreau, Souham, and, I think, Bonnaud, whose divisions amounted to 70,000 men, called a council of war to decide what steps should be taken. Among the suggestions made, that of a certain colonel struck everybody as seeming to promise important advantages, but it seemed impossible to carry it out without the destruction of part of Moreau's division. When the colonel ended, a moment of silence followed, which was quickly broken by Moreau with these words: "It would require a piece of good luck on which we must not reckon to

prevent half my division and myself from being sacrificed according to this plan, but it is none the less the best that could be suggested, and, consequently, that which ought to be adopted." The plan was followed. General Souham is my authority for this story, honourable in the last degree to Moreau, who was to bear arms against his own country, and to die by a cannon-ball which he should himself have sent at the foe.

The second action in which I took part was the so-called battle of Tournai on the 3rd Prairial,—a purposeless butchery, with no result except that of weakening the effect of the victory at Tourcoing. I was careful not to be with the same general as on the 28th and 29th, for it would not do to show myself twice in any place where it was my interest to remain unknown.

At Lille there was a bookseller named J——, whom I had seen when my father and I were going to Tournai. He was now a municipal officer and something of a personage, and was visited by a good many people largely on account of his pretty daughter. Among the frequenters of his shop was a Captain Moras, a great butt of ours. One day I got out of him an order for forage, which was our delight. I have it still; it was drawn up in these terms: "Army of the North, for four days. Order for twelve rations of forage as provender for the assistant on the headquarters' staff. (Signed) MORAS."

Passing this shop one day on horseback, I took the mad fancy of going in without dismounting. I had forgotten that as it was paved with very smooth flags it was impossible for my horse to keep his feet there, and in fact I had hardly got in when he slipped with all four shoes, got up and fell down again more completely. The shop was narrow; the horse in falling filled all the space between the counter and the bookcases. I ought to have been smashed, but my activity, which then was great, saved me once again. Having avoided getting my right leg caught under my horse when he fell the first time, I succeeded in putting it on the counter as he rose, and found myself standing with a place in the front row to enjoy the spectacle of his second fall, which was an awful one. He did not pick himself up finally till he had kicked several shelves to pieces, and sent I don't know how many volumes flying into

the air. As for the terror and screams of Mother J—— and her daughter, I need only say that their sole result was to feed our laughter.

At last we left Lille, which was a relief to me. On the road from that town to Brussels I made acquaintance with Tourton-Ravel, who had been driven from Paris by the Terror, and who occupied as shelter one of the posts as secretary to the head-quarter staff. I noticed him because he did all his marches on foot; his manners and his dress were in contrast with this practice. I remarked to him one day that he might find difficulty at last in keeping up with us. "I could walk all your horses to a standstill," he replied, "without tiring myself," and this made me look at his action, and I was struck with his lightness of foot and the ease with which he cleared ditches that no horse would have jumped. I was not surprised later on to learn that at the Champ de Mars he won nearly all the prizes for running.

Our entry into Brussels was a triumph. Ten battles—above all, that of Fleurus on the 8th Messidor, or June 26—had made us masters of the capital of Belgium, whose soil we were treading to the number of 150,000 men. Here the immense force divided, and while Jourdan marched towards the Meuse Pichegru advanced on Holland. It is important to notice that after blaming the Coalition for having made a mess of the campaign of 1793 by substituting sieges for battles and the capture of a few fortresses for the conquest of France, and after profiting by that mistake, and, thanks to it, beating the armies at whose mercy we were, we committed the same mistake, though not with the same consequences, in 1794, by dawdling on the Meuse and Scheldt until those fortresses were recaptured.

I had very good lodgings at Antwerp with a family named De Kinder; they were most kind to me, and expressed so freely their wishes that my place might not be taken by some one else that I ended by adopting their view. When the head-quarters left the town, as I understood that they would not go far away, I told Donzelot that I would await there any orders that he might have to send me. In truth, whatever friendliness my comrades might show me, I was in a false position, and in

this uncertainty I was not sorry to find myself at least among honest people, and in a town where I had neither chiefs nor equals to think about me, for Donzelot had informed the military governor that I was authorized to await further orders at Antwerp.

I was thus as comfortable as I could be, but there was no change in my situation. On the contrary, the progress of the government of bloodshed which was decimating France made that situation every day more serious, even if I alone had been in danger; but my father, who was compromised no less, was to me a constant object of most painful anxiety. His letters, grown few and brief, were profoundly melancholy, and spoke only of submission. One evening about this time he was crossing the Pont de la Révolution with my sister, when he stopped and suggested that they should both leap into the river, to end an existence which now was only agony and escape the death of criminals. How could such ideas be avoided when the prisons of Paris were packed with more than 8,000 poor wretches destined for the scaffold—when for the last six weeks no one could hear a sound at night without thinking he was going to be arrested, or help saying at the noise of a cab, "Here comes the first tumbril for me"? People did not dare to go to bed, and felt, as my father has said a hundred times, more anguish than those already under lock and key; while after the frightful law of the 22nd Prairial,* which so arranged the courts of the Revolutionary tribunal that one hundred and fifty persons could be condemned in twenty-four hours, the executions rose to sixty in a day. People were condemned without process of law, without hearing witnesses, without counsel, without examination, being simply asked their names; and with these ferocious sentences were mingled pleasantries to make one shudder. Thus an old lady could not hear a question addressed to her; it was observed that she was deaf. "Deaf, is she?" returned Fouquier-Tinville—"can't hear a noise? Put down that she conspired without noise."† Looking every day

* [Passed by Couthon, extending the 'Law of Suspects,' and facilitating arrests and trials. See Carlyle, book 6, chap. iv.]

† [The play on *sourde, sourdement* is hardly to be retained in English.]

at the list of executions which ever occupied more space in the *Moniteur*, and knowing that no corner was overlooked to supply these holocausts, and that my father also had been unable to get a certificate of "civism," I hardly dared to open the paper, and tried to find out from people's faces whether anything in it concerned me.

In the midst of this anxiety Donzelot suddenly returned to Antwerp, on his way to Brussels on some duty or other. He asked me to go there with him, and so we set out on the 10th Thermidor. On the 11th we were in the principal street leading to the Park, when four or five Frenchmen came towards us waving their hats and handkerchiefs, and shouting at the top of their voices, "Long live the Republic! The Terror is over, and Robespierre is dead!" We were speechless. Was it true? Was it a trap? Shouts are not evidence, and we had no guarantee. "Let us come in," said Donzelot, "and let this uproar go by." "Go in? Why? Rather let us go to the general or to the post-office." We went to the local headquarters, whither officials and military men of all ranks were repairing, and where more than twenty persons were already collected, hearing some one read the *Moniteur*. He was beginning it for the third time amid cheers and applause, which would have been unanimous but for Donzelot, who was not yet quite reassured, and two fellows with gallows faces whose eyes grew haggard and whose white lips quivered.

There could be no more doubt—the monster and his worst accomplices had perished; his system was dying with him, and among so easily-moved a race as the French, after such violent repression, the only thing uncertain was the force of the reaction. What, however, most agitated me was the question whether my father had escaped the latest assassinations. I had not seen the *Moniteur* for the 8th and 9th, and Heaven knows with what anxiety I read the final complement of the Robespierrean lists. At the end I breathed freely for the first time for months, and wrote my father a letter which crossed his. He told me that twenty-four hours later he would have been arrested, and dead in three days; and that he would have perished long ago if the town-council of Passy, who had

employed him as their orator on the statutory feast-days, had not been for the last month contending with the scaffold for the possession of him.

Donzelot and I had now changed places. Till now my eye had not been able to help watching the least movement of this man, who had become the arbiter of my destiny, while now it was he who could not refrain from searching in my eyes for indications of any opinion favourable to him. I might have enjoyed his confusion. There was no more talk of pitiless sections, certificates of "civism," threats of death. Security and calm succeeded the horrors of the revolutionary whirlpool; everyone recovered his balance and assumed his rights. I became once more an officer on the staff of the Army of the North and master of my own future, strong in the high esteem paid to my father and the freedom restored to all my family. Everything that raised me lowered Donzelot in comparison with me, and I amused myself with wondering how he would get out of it, so far as I was concerned. Before long, however, he became seriously ill through his own imprudence, and suffered so much that one day, but for me, he would have blown his brains out.

I had long been asking to be attached to one of the five battalions of sharpshooters formed out of the remains of the Belgian corps to which I had belonged. Before the 10th Thermidor the answer had been that my request could not be granted, on the ground that they did not know the reason which had prevented my being included in the re-organization. Now that the Terror was over the matter became easier. I had, however, to wait till the 26th Vendémiaire (October 17th), when I learned that I belonged to the second battalion, with orders to rejoin. But Donzelot, who was still very poorly, begged me not to leave him, and put it all right for me as far as that went; the army was only engaged in taking some places, and after all I had suffered I had a right to coddle myself a little.

By the beginning of November, however, I heard that everything was in preparation for the conquest of Holland, and on the 13th of that month I left Donzelot, who was now better, and would if I had chosen have had the courage to keep

me with him now that there was no further risk. The scene now changed, and after giving a day to my friends at head-quarters I set out, hearing not far from Grave the sound of the cannonade which was stimulating the surrender of that place, crossing the field of Nimeguen, where that furious hand-to-hand combat had just taken place in which a battalion of *émigrés* had been nearly annihilated by one of our sharpshooter battalions, and reaching the cantonments of my battalion about eight in the evening by the light of the snow. As I was looking for some one to show me the commanding officer's quarters, I heard uproarious singing, and, going towards the house whence the sounds proceeded, I could make out the bacchanalian stave which a dozen voices were chorussing, not in harmony but in a vile unison. I felt sure that I need ask for no further address, and I was not wrong. Mulled wine was smoking on the table, all the pipes were smoking round it, and the company, in dishevelled attire, notwithstanding the season, were having a jovial time. On hearing that I had arrived, the major came to me. "You are welcome," he said; "sit down with us; this is how we wind up the day." I saluted my new chief and comrades, and, after the customary toast had been proposed and honoured, we continued singing and drinking. It was late when we broke up, and, as my lodging was not ready, I took refuge for the night at a baker's, and slept in the kneading-trough, a very good image of my recent situation, for it was a tight place enough.

Next day the battalion paraded, and I was admitted as captain of the eighth company. I was struck by the soldier-like air of the corps. It had, moreover, a fine reputation, to which General Bonnaud, commanding a division of 20,000 men, had added, when in a general review after the capture of Nimeguen he had said, "Second sharpshooter battalion, let me tell you that in my fighting orders I always reckon you for six battalions."

The commanding officer, named Rouziers, was well placed at the head of so formidable a corps; the carbineer company, consisting of some 120 magnificent men, was one of the most terrible in existence. Every man had a double-barrelled carbine

and was a clever shot. It is frightful to think of the number that these carbineers killed, if only in the constant outpost skirmishing. Six of them were as good as a battery. The centre companies, which were practically picked companies as well, equally contained some remarkable men, among whom my sergeant-major was in the first rank. He made a special study of killing officers, and would go even into the enemy's camp in search of them. Equally good at swimming and at running, he would cross streams or creep through copse or brushwood, choosing for his operations the moment of parades or changing guard. When an officer came within his range, he would take aim and knock him over, field officers having the preference. As may be supposed, he had occasionally to pay for his prowess. Once he missed being quite killed, because he feigned death so well as to deceive his assailants. Riddled with bayonet wounds, he waited for night, and then had strength enough to swim back, have his wounds dressed, and get well. Now, at the end of 1794, he was in his second campaign and at his forty-second wound. As it was impossible to bring him under any discipline, he had a general permission to do what he pleased; so that he was only formally attached to my battalion, and was sergeant-major only in name, because it was as impossible not to give him that rank as it was to give him any other.

The misfortune of the company was that everything went through the hands of a quartermaster-sergeant, who was generally known for a thief and a scoundrel. As soon as I was in my quarters he brought my rations. Seeing him set down in my kitchen a piece of beef weighing seven pounds, and four pounds of veal and mutton, I asked him what that was. "Your rations, captain." For two days I was entitled to three pounds of meat, not eleven pounds; so I had three pounds weighed, and sent my man off with the rest. An hour later I paraded my company, noted the number present, and drew up a statement of what each was entitled to, in provisions of every kind and in pay. I compared this state with those upon which rations and pay were distributed, and found that twenty-eight non-existent men were being paid and fed. I went into the same details with regard to clothing and equipment. There was, therefore,

no more hope of committing these abuses, which made the audacious rogue so angry that he said I should not bother him long. The remark was reported to me by one of the officers, who advised me to be on my guard. I have always wondered whether I did right or wrong.

I had not been at this place many days when I got a letter from Chaffaux, asking me in the name of my old comrades of the 24th Light Infantry, which now formed almost the whole of the 4th sharpshooter battalion, to spend a day with them. On this, which was to be our last meeting, we revived our old recollections. Eleven had struck when I got back to my quarters. I expected to hear nothing but "Who goes there!" and it was with surprise that I saw lights moving and, as I got near, heard voices. When I came up, I found the waggon just loaded with the officers' baggage. Orders had in fact just reached us to go and relieve the troops employed in the attack of Fort Saint-André; but, as the dyke which we had to follow was incessantly fired upon by the enemy's batteries, our orders were to start at midnight. It gave me little trouble, for I never went away without leaving my baggage packed and locked. We got off at the stroke of midnight. As long as the night lasted, the only drawback to our march was the keen cold; but as soon as daylight appeared the cannon-balls began to come our way, and knocked over some men. General Bonnaud, who rode by at that moment, called out to us, with good reason, to come down from the dyke and follow the slope at the fort. The road became more laborious, but there were no more casualties.

Our arrival at Fort Saint-André boded no agreeable task. We were relieving troops twice our number, which gave us double their duty; and, as it turned out, the men could only get every other night, while the officers had one day of guard or picket duty, one of continual rounds, and one of rest. Within range of the fort there were none but a group of wretched houses in which we had to lodge. The least miserable of these was occupied by the major, the adjutant, the paymaster, and the doctor, while the most accessible of the rest served as quarters, or rather cover, for all the officers of the nine companies; the

remainder, loathsome hovels, were given up to the non-commissioned officers and the men, with the exception of two, of which the thatch was taken to make a sort of litter for the officers.

What we most suffered from, however, was hunger. It was impossible to get provision-waggons along the dyke, and the obstacles encountered by the convoys in taking other roads caused us to be twenty-four hours without victuals. I do not know what would have become of us had we not come upon some heaps of potatoes. These, without butter, salt, or bread, formed our sole sustenance for two days. A huge pot was kept always on our only fire, and when the potatoes were cooked the word was passed, and all helped themselves.

It would be hard to credit the misery of bivouacs in that country during the worst of that icy winter of 1794. The earth was frozen deep and thickly covered with snow; the hoar-frost hung down three, four, and five inches long from the trees; moreover, during the long nights we were forbidden to light fires in the bivouacs, so as to give the enemy no point to aim at, for he was always firing, and used to drop bombs over the breastworks that protected us. The only resource that I found was to burrow holes horizontally into the breastworks, and to have them made wide enough to hold two at a time, for the sake of mutual warmth. Then, with one of my comrades, I used to stuff myself in feet foremost.

Once, when I was going my rounds, the enemy, who did not usually fire on a single man, kept blazing away at me, and, as I was outside of our lines and in full view of all our posts, I slackened my pace instead of quickening it, and even halted several times to examine the place. This caused the firing to be increased upon every post at which I halted. While I was at one of these, receiving a report about something or other, a cannon-ball of large calibre penetrated so far into the parapet that it drove in the fascines forming the inner revetment, against which I was leaning, and nearly made me tumble forward. But what made the men smile was that, happening to be speaking at the moment when the shock came, I did not interrupt my sentence, but regained my equilibrium and leant against the parapet as if nothing had happened.

After a fortnight of sharpshooting and cannonading in this uncomfortable post, we were relieved by two battalions of infantry gendarmes, as undisciplined a lot as ever was, but the most formidable which France had raised up to then, and we started to march on Breda, leaving Bonnaud's division and passing into that of General Dumonceau.

Two hours before nightfall we were on the banks of the Waal, which we were to cross in boats, in order to sleep in a village on its left bank; but the ice-floes which it was bringing down rendered the passage impossible. We got the order to bivouac at the spot where we had to cross; there were neither trees nor houses there. One seems to be dreaming when one calls up these recollections, with all the infirmities of seventy years upon one. Vigorous as that age was, all faces grew long on hearing this order. The cold we were about to undergo will be estimated when I say that, at daybreak next morning, the river was so hard frozen that not only infantry, but cavalry, baggage-waggons, and artillery crossed on the ice.

From the Waal to Breda is twenty-five miles. A strong north-west wind had got up; an icy sleet was falling; lashing into our faces, it caught the skin and impeded the breath; we marched doubled up, with our faces covered. That painful day, worthy of the night which preceded it, was to leave me a recollection of another kind. Half-way on the road, while the battalion was halting, I entered a house to get some rest and eat an omelette. Having no intimate acquaintance in the battalion, I was alone. I had told my quartermaster-sergeant to let me know when the battalion was ready to march, but he did not do so; and when I went out to see if it was time to start, I could only see a black dot in the distance already vanishing on the horizon of those immense heaths, which stretch as far as the eye can see, broken only by some clumps of firs. I started at once, hurrying to try and catch my battalion before night, but it took me a long time, and I had still the prospect of two solitary hours when I saw that I was being followed by my rascally quartermaster and two other scamps from the battalion. The three had united to lie in wait for me, and they reminded me of what had been said to

me by an officer—"Be on your guard." What was to be done? I was a mile and a half from the house which I had just left; they were between me and it, so I could not go back; and the battalion was still a couple of miles ahead. I could not run, although the scoundrels sometimes ran to get near me, for it would have indicated an alarm of which I was ashamed. I walked so as to keep my distance, but I was within musket-range, and when the approaching night had once come I was at their mercy. By additional bad luck the battalion did not leave a single straggler, and, indeed, when crossing those immense heaths in that bitter weather, there were a hundred reasons for quickening the pace and not one for slackening.

Just as I was beginning to see no way of getting out of this awkward position I caught sight, through some trees near the road, of two French grenadiers, who had halted to rest and were starting forward again. It was a heaven-sent succour. I went straight up to them and said, "Grenadiers, I had the honour two years ago of wearing your epaulette; I am threatened by the three scamps whom you see on my track. May I reckon on you, and are you willing that we should go along together?" "You may be sure, sir," answered one of them, "that we will not leave you, and you may consider that we have reached our halting-place." We resumed our way at an easy pace, but continuing to march at a hundred yards to the right of the road. The three ruffians passed us, looking savagely at my two companions, but without saying a word, and as soon as they were in front of us we went back to the road. Reaching our sleeping-quarters about ten o'clock, I put up the two grenadiers in the house which had been got ready for me, and shared my supper with them. When they left me next morning to rejoin their regiment, I bade them farewell with regret.

My first visit was to the officer commanding the battalion, to whom I handed a written report, amounting to a complaint of my quartermaster-sergeant, and expressing my intention to degrade him and get him sent to prison. I paraded the company accordingly, and settled with the scoundrel, whom I at once replaced, leaving him to be dealt with by General

Dumonceau, commanding the division, to whom my complaint was referred.

The lines of Breda were formidable works, covered by ten broad, deep ditches, the ice in which was broken about noon and midnight. They were guarded by 12,000 men out of the 20,000 composing the Dutch army, which had basely been taken away from the Duke of York's force to guard their own fortresses. They were fine men, of all arms, and were quartered in the villages within the lines. Owing to the intense cold, a strict guard was kept only from two hours before daylight to one hour after, when, if no attack was threatened, the troops returned to their cantonments. Spies and deserters had informed General Dumonceau of this arrangement; and he had the further certainty that, with the ever-increasing cold, the ice broken in the night would unite again quickly enough to bear, at least in some places, by nine o'clock. Two days, therefore, after our arrival the division stood noiselessly to its arms an hour before daylight. Our battalion was placed in ambush, a hundred yards from the works, in some ditches fringed with willows and full of snow. In this we had to lie on our faces, with orders not to show until three cannon-shots gave the signal; then the drums were to beat the charge, and the whole force was to attack the lines and carry them with the bayonet.

Daylight came, and when the General, who had kept with him only our company of carbineers, judged that the guard had been reduced to its normal number, we saw our carbineers begin to jump the ditches in which we were hidden. They passed one by one, their carbines in the sling, and on getting near the works they made signs to the sentries not to fire on them. "We are perishing with cold," said the first-comers to the Dutchmen, "and we want to slide on the ice to warm ourselves. We do not mean to do any harm." Then they began swearing at the service, at their officers, at the generals who made them campaign in such weather, at France and the French, finally saying they would desert at once if their friends over there would agree. They called the friends, who came running up, and who were all picked carbineers, with two or three disguised officers among them to do the talking and look

about them, especially with a view to finding good places to cross. Up to now the good honest Dutchmen had suspected nothing, but when they saw the number of carbineers constantly increasing they were disposed to be offended. But it was too late. The first who tried to fire was thrown down before he could pull trigger, and all the sentries within sight were served in the same way. Then the three shots were fired, and the charge beaten all along the line. We were up in a moment, and, crossing at the points indicated to us, carried the works with a rush. Battalions furnished with planks followed immediately, and made practicable crossings everywhere. It was a feat of arms executed no less brilliantly and successfully than it had been planned.

It will be remembered that I took advantage of my entry into the Tournai battalion to become lieutenant straight off, and captain in a month, with which rank I was qualified to get upon the staff and pass into a French corps, which, but for Dumouriez's treason, I should have accomplished, fortunately, and something more. Failing this fulfilment of my wishes, I left the 24th Light Infantry as assistant to Jouy, Cambray, and Donzelot. Then Donzelot's cowardice, and the false position in which it placed me, brought me into the *tirailleurs;* but this could only be a makeshift. The 24th suited me; I had known the officers before they had joined the corps; we were all of the same stamp. I had a great regard for many, a liking for nearly all. Moreover, there were other Frenchmen there, while here I was the only one not a Belgian; and I had found no opportunity for becoming intimate with any of them. And, still more, I was only in provisional command of a company whose regular captain was invalided. Therefore, I could only consider how to leave the battalion; but I wanted to stay in it long enough to get a suitable reputation, if only on account of that which the corps possessed. So I always tried to do something more than my duty. The adventure of the cannon-ball before Fort Saint-André had given rise, without my help, to a sort of heroic legend; and when we crossed the lines at Breda I pushed on with all who would follow me, attacked the guard, who had rallied, broke them, and went in pursuit of them.

Meanwhile General Dumonceau, knowing that we should soon be attacked in force, and wishing to advance in order, halted, and while he was re-forming his battalions I was venturing further and further. Suddenly 150 Dutch cavalry spied me. I turned, saw that I was not being followed, and, counting the men left with me, found that I had sixteen. We were sure to be rolled over, sabred, and taken. By good luck there was a ruined house to my left. "Into the house!" I shouted. We ran at our best pace, and as the last man got in the cavalry were upon us. But we had cover, and from it we opened a deadly fire at point-blank range. Several troopers were wounded, others fell, the rest drew off in loose order. The only danger was that infantry might come up, for I had no fear that fifty troopers might dismount and storm our defence; it would not have been worth their while. Even without his horse a cavalryman is more costly than an infantry soldier, and in this case every soldier would have cost several troopers. But Major Rouziers was not the man to be unaware that I was in front with some men, and, besides, our musketry announced that we were in want of help, and also served to give the direction. The battalion soon came up, the major leading it at the double, and the cavalry disappeared, but a dozen of them strewed the ground around us. At sight of them, and of the hole from which I had defied them, the major complimented me on my conduct. Thus it was recorded in a certificate, stating that at the attack on Fort Saint-André on the 20th Frimaire, and at that on the lines of Breda, 7th Nivôse, I had behaved like a true republican and a soldier devoted to his duty and to discipline.

Being delivered, I resumed the command of my company. The battalion formed the advance-guard of the division, which was marching in two bodies in close column of battalions. We were soon in presence of the enemy, and began to receive and send cannon-shot, but that was only a trifling preliminary. At once we unmasked the front of the division, and, opening a heavy skirmishing fire, we marched on the enemy's left, while our battalions in columns attacked with the bayonet. I do not know what the Dutchmen of to-day, of whom we hear so much

to the honour and glory of Marshal Gérard,* may be like, but in those days their troops were as feeble as they were fine to look at. Their splendid battalions broke as soon as they were attacked, and their rout was terrible ; artillery, baggage—all fell into our hands. As their ill-luck would have it, we tumbled upon the outfit of the Princess of Orange's Regiment. In a moment boxes and cases by hundreds were burst open and emptied, and the road was covered with scarlet uniforms, fine linen, tea, coffee, chocolate, biscuits, hams, pies, jam, wines of all sorts, even oranges. A thousand hounds at the breaking-up would not have equalled our men ; they were down on all fours, seizing everything that they could eat, drink, or carry off. It was the devil's own job to get them away, for, with all their voracity, enough was left to feed a regiment. However, we brought nearly all of them off, and marched on to a village that we were to occupy.

Towards evening deserters appeared, and negotiations for the surrender of Breda began. The terrible cold fought on our side, for the canals which usually make Holland unassailable were rendered practicable by the frost, and the strongest points became the weakest. What should have reassured, demoralised, until the fleet of Holland could be captured by hussars. Our soldiers, on the other hand, surmounted all fatigues, difficulties, and privations with genuine enthusiasm ; what would have checked other troops was an electric stimulus to ours.

Thus ended the operation with which our battalion was concerned. It was ordered elsewhere, and I was glad to ask and get leave for the sake of my health, wishing to devote my time of rest first to my business at Lille, then to visiting my father at Paris.

* Alluding to the Belgian campaign of 1831–32.—Ed.

CHAPTER XV.

Paris in 1795—End of Jouy's military career—Meeting with Murat—Counter-revolution—Menou's failure—Who is Bonaparte?—The Convention and the sections—The 13th Vendémiaire—Uses of grapeshot—The Republic wins.

TERRIBLE scarcity prevailed at that time in Paris; bread and meat could only be obtained with tickets, and, to get half a quartern of what need required, people had to pass whole nights at the doors of the bakers' and butchers' shops. Just as I was becoming extremely anxious on my father's behalf, a prize cargo captured by one of our privateers was sold at Lille, consisting of barrels of flour and Hambro' smoked beef. I purchased one of each and sent them to my father by carrier with a false declaration of contents. They arrived safely, and kept my father supplied till the pinch was over.

On the 30th Nivôse (January 19) my battalion arrived at Lille on its way to La Vendée. I dined with the major and two captains, and when we parted they wished that I might not have to share the ugly kind of warfare to which the battalion was destined.

My sick-leave expiring in April, I asked permission to go through Paris to rejoin my battalion. In the first place I wished to see my father, and then I hoped to find some means of again getting on to a start. Leave was granted me, but for four days only, not by the Minister of War, or, as he was then called, the Commissioner for the Organization and Movement of the Land Forces, but by the Committee of Public Safety, and it was signed by Aubry (who retired Bonaparte), Cambacérès, Merlin of Douai, and Tallien. Into such details did that Committee enter, and that at first hand, while all the time it was governing France and directing a war against the whole of Europe.

I did not, however, use this permission. Jouy, who had only left France to escape the scaffold, could not bear to stay any longer on foreign soil as soon as he thought he could return without too much danger. There was, moreover, another motive urging him to come back. His mission in the Ardennes had come in very conveniently to pay the cost of his trip, but when the proceeds of it were exhausted France seemed to him to offer more resources than Switzerland. Backed by Chénier and some other leaders of the day, he purged his contumacy, got restored to the rank of adjutant-general, and wrote to me at once, hinting that we might again serve together, and bidding me remain at Lille till I heard again.

The days of Prairial, 1795, gave him an opportunity of getting into favour. Having convinced people of his zeal, he obtained an order to take six hundred muskets from the arsenal. With these he armed a battalion of young men and defended the Convention; 2,000 men with "Bread and the Constitution of 1793" written on their hats emerged suddenly on the Place du Carrousel. Jouy was dispatched to them and succeeded in bringing them to a halt, persuading them to send three deputies to the Committee of Public Safety and remaining with them as a hostage. Hardly had the deputies passed the gate of the courtyard of the Tuileries when some gunners who were in the court with their guns fell upon them with their sponges and beat them to death. Jouy ought to have been lost, but he had made his way into the interior of the crowd, and at the moment when the cry was raised, "They are murdering our brothers!" he was among people who did not know him nor the part which he had taken in sending the deputies, nor his position as hostage. He saw the danger he was in, hastily made his way through the throng, and escaped back to the Tuileries through the Feuillants. His conduct then and on the following day, when he marched against the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, got him made chief of the staff to a body of troops encamped near Marly and forming part of the home army under General Menou. Having thus two assistants' places to dispose of, he appointed me to one and gave the other to a friend of his called Longchamps [illegible]thing of military service, but was a

man of much talent and very little morality, two points in which he suited his chief admirably. I soon joined him, but saw at once that we should never get on together. Ever carried away by his imagination, he was more uncertain in character than ever, being so fantastic and eccentric that a constant life with him became unbearable. He had retained his habits of banter, and, as all danger stimulated him, he heaped his sarcasms upon the representatives attached to the camp, Thabaud and Le Tourneur. It would have been all very well if he had reserved his criticisms for private talk, but ever the same man, or, one might say, the same lunatic, he missed no opportunity of making them public: the representatives soon heard of some of his remarks and naturally became his enemies. Treating his duties and his chiefs with equal flippancy, he was far from redeeming his faults by his services. Gassicourt, who, in his capacity of president of the Le Peletier section, then held a foremost place among the enemies of the Convention, had sent a deputation to the camp to fraternize with the troops, and that only a few days before the 13th Vendémiaire. Jouy made the mistake of receiving this deputation instead of immediately sending it before the general. For this he was denounced and promptly dismissed.

This was not yet to be his last dismissal. By dint of appealing and pleading his cause, he extracted his restoration to his rank, and with an order for service at Lille, whither he went to get himself arrested again. He was confined for seven weeks, after which General Pille, commanding the Lille division, succeeded in getting him set free. Thus a prison was the last place where he figured as a soldier. If only his talent and his courage be considered, few men have been better fitted to follow the career of arms brilliantly, but these qualities are far from enough, and Jouy had at last to be convinced that, being unable to control himself, he was unfit to command others. It must have been with little regret that he saw the Temple of Mars close to him, and dedicated himself henceforth to the Muses.

Thus I was again at a loose end. I could not make up my mind to join the last fragments of my battalion in La Vendée,

but luckily, while Jouy had been getting himself into trouble, I had made some interest in the first division, and I got leave from General Duvignau, chief of the general staff of the home army, to remain provisionally on the list for staff employment at the camp. I made acquaintance here first with the brothers Le Marois, aides-de-camp to Le Tourneur, whom I shall mention again, and also of Murat, then major in the 21st Mounted Chasseurs, of whom I shall have much more to say. I remember how he envied my position. One day when we were walking together he tried to prove to me that on the staff I had a hundred opportunities and means of bringing myself into notice—that is, of getting on; whereas a regiment was a blind alley where one was confounded with the mass, and that, if you did distinguish yourself, jealousy restrained everyone from speaking of you. Captain as I was, I should be a general before he, a major, was colonel. This statement was the only one not correct, for it was as Bonaparte's aide-de-camp, a staff-officer that is, that he gained his success. How often did I recall this conversation when I saw him dash like a whirlwind up all the steps of rank and arrive, borne by Cæsar's eagle, with one swoop at the summit of human greatness! I must say, however, that he lost none of the amenity and good-nature which so well blended with his open soul, and with the chivalrous ardour which made him the bravest of the brave.

The position of those in command at Marly suddenly became difficult. Paris in a body pronounced against this assemblage of forces. "Why a camp close to Paris?" one heard and read on all sides. "Why isn't this division fighting? Would the Convention surround itself with bayonets if it did not think to perpetuate its tyranny?" Such were the arguments, and by their repetition on the part of so many suspected persons they formed in the eyes of wise men a justification for the presence of the troops.

When the counter-revolutionists saw that the troops were not to be got rid of, they thought to make their aid of no avail by organizing a general insurrection. Those who had gone abroad were returning to Paris from all parts so

turning up, and Charette had correspondents there; priests seemed to emerge from the catacombs. There was a foreign as well as a home committee; England supplied it with funds; a staff was formed, and only troops were lacking. Independently of popular movements, the leaders of this insurrection formed the idea of composing their army of battalions of the Paris National Guard. All the young men of the party entered themselves in the grenadier and light companies which had been set on foot again since the 9th Thermidor. Older men got the posts of presidents, vice-presidents, and committee-men in the sections, for the dread of what was called "Robespierre's tail" threw a number of good men like Gassicourt and Salverte into the opposite extreme. Every day incendiary articles and pamphlets vied with the talk in the sections, in drawing-rooms, even in guard-rooms, in slandering the Convention and misleading public opinion. It was then that the deputation I mentioned was sent to Marly. The attempt at corruption having failed, the struggle was hurried on.

Some sections, led by that of the Le Peletier, rejected the organic laws so as to nullify in practice the Convention which they had accepted in principle, and, under the pretext of bringing up the votes of their constituents, they were incessantly insulting the Convention at its own bar. Nor was that all. Organized by these partisans, the dearth was soon turned into a means of action. Forestallers and speculators sent up the price of food stuffs, and with their assistance it was possible to accuse the Convention of trying to starve the people. Shops and consignments of provisions were plundered at the instigation of the sections. Disturbances organized by them broke out at Orleans and at Chartres, where Tellier, the representative, blew his brains out. At length the groups which herald revolutionary squalls began to form, and in some of them the demand for a king was heard. Cries of "Death to the regicides!" were raised, and placards were distributed in the departments prescribing more than two millions of heads. A singular way of effacing the Terror! The armies and the departments meanwhile had by a large majority accepted the Constitution and the organic decrees, which on the 1st Vendémiaire were proclaimed laws of the State. On the 2nd

the green collars, which were the Chouans' emblem, appeared in the streets; on the 3rd shots were fired.

The Convention ordered the troops at Marly to encamp on the plain of Les Sablons. This measure only increased the boldness of the factious party. Young men returned from service, and openly bearing arms, joined with others from La Vendée, recognisable by their collars in the colour of the Count of Artois' livery, their lovelocks, their hair dressed *à la Victoire*. They went about the streets and invaded the coffee-houses and theatres, shouting "Down with the two-thirds!" * Finally, on the 10th Vendémiaire, the Section Le Peletier, formerly Filles Saint-Thomas, Gassicourt and Salverte being president and vice-president, appointed a Committee of Government, consisting of eleven members, thirty-two sections giving their adhesion to this step.

At this outbreak the Convention kept its head, and ordered the chiefs of the Army of the North to hold their troops in readiness to march on Paris. On the 12th sixteen sections declared themselves in a state of rebellion; their presidents caused the order for the battalions of the National Guard to muster to be posted up and proclaimed with sound of drum. At the same time they announced that General Danican had been chosen commander of the sectionary forces, with the Count of Maulevrier and General Duhoux as his lieutenants. Maulevrier, followed by his aides-de-camp, rode through the Faubourg Saint-Germain in a general's uniform of the old style.

On the same day 1500 patriots expelled from the sections offered their services to the Convention, who accepted them and armed them in spite of General Menou, who went so far as to declare that he would not command them; in fact, they formed a separate corps under General Berruyer and Adjutant-general Solignac. This corps was called by some "The Sacred Battalion," by others "Terrorist Battalion"; it might have been called "The Battalion of Salvation," for it was of great assistance.

On the evening of the 12th the Convention was informed

* [Alluding to the article in the Constitution enacting that two-thirds of the existing Convention were to be re-elected.]

that Section Le Peletier was all assembled under arms. It ordered General Menou to break it up by force, to disarm it, and to settle with this headquarters of insurrection. After having allowed the section to do what they would all that day, Menou was forced to act. About nine in the evening he decided to set some columns in motion, but instead of bringing them up at once by all the streets leading to Section Le Peletier, and so enclosing it on all sides, he advanced by the Rue Vivienne only, crowding his infantry, cavalry, and artillery into it. He did worse still, for he parleyed instead of acting. Of weak character, and having relations with the party, perhaps even an understanding with the chiefs of it, instead of giving orders he made terms, allowed the battalion of the section to retain its arms under promise of dispersing; and while the battalion went out at one door to come in at another, while the section was triumphing and all those who followed Menou were crying "Treason!" we were brought back to the Place de la Révolution amid an indifferent crowd.

About half an hour after midnight, however, Menou mounted again and set off with the 21st Regiment of Mounted Chasseurs and some staff-officers, of whom I was one, going by the Rue Royale and boulevards towards the Favard Theatre and about one hundred yards beyond it. At this point drums were heard in the direction of the Rue Grange-Batelière, and Menou, halting the regiment, sent one of his aides-de-camp with some men to find out who was beating the general. The officer galloped off; a few shots were fired at him, and he came back with the news that the drums were beating by order of Section Le Peletier, that a detachment was preceding the drums and others following, and that the men belonging to these latter were going into all the houses and compelling every one who belonged to the National Guard to take his arms and march. At once General Menou ordered me to take one hundred men and charge and disperse the escort of the drums.

As I started at the head of my squadron I said to myself that Le Peletier was Gassicourt's section, that he was the president of it, and, knowing his character, the idea struck me that he might be at the head of the detachment. I broke into

a cold sweat; but at such moments all human sentiments and considerations disappear before the dread voice of duty, so with a prayer for my best friend I dashed off at a fast trot. Turning to the Rue Grange-Batelière, I found myself one hundred paces from the drums, which were coming towards me still beating. Instantly I gave the order to charge. We were saluted by a few shots, but the drums as well as their escort were sabred and overturned. Thanks, however, to the darkness and the open doors, nearly all the members of the battalion disappeared with such rapidity that on reaching the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre we did not see a soul. Re-forming my squadron, I sent patrols to explore the nearest streets, but as there was nothing to see or hear I returned to the general, bringing one trooper wounded in the head and a score of prisoners, seven or eight drummers among them, mostly wounded. Such was the first collision of that memorable day and the only action of any vigour performed by General Menou.

When three o'clock struck, we had been marched back to the Place du Carrousel. It was raining in torrents, and all staff-officers not actually on duty were dismissed, with orders to be on horseback and at their posts by nine. I was among the number, and I returned to my lodgings in the Rue Saint-Honoré, opposite the Jacobins, for a little rest.

At half-past eight I left the house to get my horse at my stable in the Rue de l'Échelle. I had not gone half-way when I heard firing behind me, and, looking round, saw one of my comrades coming at full gallop, his hussar orderly falling from his horse, and some sectionaries flinging themselves on horse and hussar. It was quite enough to make me bolt at my best speed for the Cul-de-sac Dauphin; and it was as well I did, for the battalions of the sections were coming up by the Place Vendôme, by the Jacobins, and from the direction of the Palais Royal. The last had possession of the Rue de l'Échelle, so that I could not even get to my horses. I asked for General Menou, to report this to him. "Menou?" was the answer. "Thank God we shall not be commanded by that traitor any more! Barras is our commander-in-chief, and Bonaparte his second in command." "Bonaparte?" I said deuce

is that?" And it needed the sight of his puny figure and statuesque face to make me recall the little man whom I had seen in the passage of the Feuillants looking like nothing but a victim. His untidy dress, his long lank hair, and his worn-out clothes still betrayed his straits; but in spite of adversity, of his twenty-six years, and of his general lack of presence, he was at last to do for his own glory what he had already done before Toulon, at Saorgio, and at the lines of the Roya, on account of others, and from that day he began to rise in public opinion till he reached a level which a few months later no other man might attain.

From the first his activity was astonishing; he seemed to be everywhere at once, or rather he only vanished at one point to reappear instantly. He surprised people further by his laconic, clear, and prompt orders, imperative to the last degree. Everybody was struck also by the vigour of his arrangements, and passed from admiration to confidence, from confidence to enthusiasm.

To give a clear idea of the conflict, let me first explain the scene of action and the forces acting on either side.

The Tuileries—at that moment the Capitol of France—were accessible from the left bank of the Seine only by the Pont Royal, which was easily defended by the Palais Bourbon, and which, besides, was too far from the centre of Paris for the sectionaries to venture to make use of it; the other bridges, Arts, Carrousel, Invalides, Iéna and Grenelle, did not exist. The Pont Royal was enfiladed by no street, and could be defended by direct or flanking fire from the Louvre, the Tuileries, the Quays, and the river-terrace. It was therefore a point from which the troops of the Convention could debouch, but from which the sectionaries could not attack.

On the right bank the Tuileries were covered on the east by the old Louvre, of which the sectionaries could not possibly get possession, by the Hôtel Lambesc and the King's stables, whence any force that might appear in the Place du Carrousel could be taken in arrear; lastly, by five ways of communication,—namely, the Rue de l'Echelle, the Cul-de-sac Dauphin, two passages through Vénua's eating-house and the Feuillants,

and, lastly, the Rue Saint-Florentin. In the Rue Royale, the Place Louis Quinze, the Champs Elysées, the wide space gave too much advantage to artillery and cavalry for the sections to venture there with their foot-soldiers.

The respective forces were: for the sections, 30,000 men under arms in full National Guards' uniform; for the Convention, 8,000 men, namely, 5,000 troops of the line, 1500 "patriots," and 1500 composed of gendarmes, police, and pensioners, without including the deputies, for whom General Bonaparte, who thought of everything and overlooked no resource, had ordered 800 muskets and all complete. The deputies stood to arms as soon as the firing began, and remained under arms in a dignified silence until the victory was declared.

Thus the Convention was attacked by four times as large a number as it had for its defence, but its forces were concentrated and occupied a point difficult of access. They were all under the eyes of their own commanders, while the sectionaries were divided by the Seine, and could only communicate by the Pont-Neuf, which General Carteaux, who was occupying it on the 12th with 400 men and four guns, had wisely abandoned; there could therefore be no joint action between the operations of Count Maulevrier on the left bank of the Seine and those of General Duhoux, who commanded on the right under the general orders of General Danican. In this situation, and with the small forces at the disposal of the Convention, it was bound not to break them up, still less to attack the rebels in the narrow streets of Paris. The initiative was therefore thrown on the sectionaries, who had only three courses open to them—either to blockade the Tuileries on the south, east, and north until the Convention and its army were starved out of Paris, or to contrive to open fire on the garden in order to hasten the evacuation, or, lastly, to storm the garden and the palace. But it was not possible for them to carry out the last plan; the first did not suit either their impatience or their resources: there remained the second, which did not occur to them, although the adoption of it would have made the position of the Convention extremely serious. they might have done; what they did was

They first took possession of the whole Rue Saint-Honoré, from the Rue de l'Arbre-Sec to beyond the Place Vendôme, and occupied it with battalions in line facing the houses. They covered the steps of the Church of Saint-Roch with part of one of their most trusted battalions, and then, after making these arrangements without opposition, they stopped still and allowed General Bonaparte time to complete his defensive measures, including arrangements to secure the retreat of the Convention to Meudon in case of necessity.

It is true that during this suspension of hostilities the sectionaries captured the waggons taking muskets to the section of the Quinze-Vingts, on which the Convention could rely and which it ought to have armed the day before. They stopped the teams of a battery and of a convoy of provisions intended for the troops of the Convention; they opposed the arrival of the ambulances; they got hold of the treasury, and they sent a battalion to the camp at Les Sablons with orders to take the guns remaining there and bring them in. Luckily, General Bonaparte had thought of that; and when the battalion arrived to take the guns, they had just been directed to the Place Louis Quinze by Murat, who, with 300 horse, had been charged with that important duty.

Towards four o'clock General Danican sent a flag of truce to offer peace on conditions which the acceptance of the Constitution by the whole of France outside Paris forbade even to be discussed, and the only answer was to send twenty-four deputies with orders to harangue the people, who naturally were not allowed to pass. Still both sides remained motionless, the sectionaries because they did not know what to do, the Conventional troops because they had been forbidden to commence the firing. It fell out, however, that Adjutant-general Solignac, who was guarding Vénua's passage with one hundred men from the "patriot" column, fretted at this inaction, and, irritated past bearing by the swagger of some sectionaries who were observing that house from the Rue Saint-Honoré, got into a quarrel which he straightway kept up with musket-shots. Thus it was, then, at Vénua's, and by the act of Adjutant-general Solignac, that the combat began.

At this point, then, we took the offensive, but Danican immediately took it in his turn by an attack on the Cul-de-sac Dauphin, which the fire of the sixteen ranks of sectionaries posted on the steps of Saint-Roch combined to render murderous. However, if the sectionaries had for a moment the advantage given by a terrible fire, they offered a splendid target for a discharge of grape from two guns placed at the south entrance of the Cul-de-sac. The right of the steps was swept clear in an instant. A cannon-shot enfiladed the Rue Neuve Saint-Roch and cleared it; and when the artillery had thus overthrown or removed all that was in sight, 1,000 men of the "patriot" battalion emerged from the Cul-de-sac and attacked the sectionaries who were still in front of the church door and occupied the Rue Saint-Honoré. The collision was violent, and the fighting was hand-to-hand, but our troops gained ground; six guns were at once brought into action and completed the rout of the sectionaries, who withdrew in all haste towards the Place Vendôme and towards the Palais Royal.

This combat, in which I took part, was directed by General Bonaparte in person. I followed the movement of the troops in the direction of the Palais Royal, but on reaching the Rue de l'Échelle I went in search of my horses. Having saddled one and given him a drink, I set off at a gallop, crossing the Place du Carrousel, whence the guns had just swept off the sectionaries who had ventured so far, and finally rejoined General Bonaparte at the southern end of the Pont Royal just as the column coming from the Quatre-Nations, which by a piece of utter stupidity had been marched towards the bridge by the Quai Voltaire, was simultaneously receiving in front the grape from a battery on that quay a little in rear of the Rue de Beaune, and catching a diagonal fire from those on the Quai du Louvre. It was the crowning absurdity of the day and the last scene of that ridiculous attack. An hour and a half had sufficed for the 3,000 or 4,000 men who were engaged, acting successively at three different points, to give an account of 30,000 doing their best. Dupery had had its wages, and all that was left was to punish crime. But there was a wish to make a parade of clemency, and, besides that, it had struck six

and was getting dark. There was nothing more to be said—the sectionaries had been beaten. While their leaders, having thrown up the game, were hiding or running away in all directions, nothing was done save to put the advanced troops in better positions, to establish reserves, to bring each corps out to the ground where it was to bivouac, and to organize the inspections and rounds for the night. When day came the Palais Royal and the Filles Saint-Thomas were captured, the few excited subalterns who held them firing only enough to delay the attack before flying, and so completing the dispersion of an army which, twenty-four hours before, thought it was going to counter-revolutionise France.

The spectacle which the Palace of the Tuileries displayed at daybreak on the 14th was extraordinary. We had about 100 wounded out of the 400 killed and wounded in the combats of the day before. They lay on mattresses, or thick clean straw, in the vestibule on the ground-floor, or in the hall that is now called the Hall of the Marshals, and surgeons were dressing their wounds. A number of deputies' wives had taken refuge in the Tuileries, and these were assisting in the nursing, so that the place was at once parliament-house, government offices, headquarters, hospital, camp, and bivouac.

The Convention, amid this turmoil, appointed Barras definitely to the command-in-chief of the Home Army and of the Paris National Guard, and Bonaparte second in command, and decreed that some of its members, each escorted by a squadron of cavalry, should go at once and harangue the people. Bonaparte further ordered that a staff-officer should go with each of these deputies, and selected me to go with Guillemardet, this being the first direct order I ever received from him. I found the duty not uninteresting; Guillemardet performed his part admirably. Having to speak eight or nine times on the same subject, namely, the danger which France had just escaped, he showed much talent in varying it according to the character of his heroes, speaking here of property, there of industry, elsewhere of labour, everywhere of patriotism, good order, and respect for law. His colleagues were almost equally successful, and i
it was a second victory.

Such was the 13th Vendémiaire—the result of a conspiracy encouraged by the enemy in which everything was grotesque and out of place. Men terrorised from hatred of terrorism drew up new lists of suspects from loathing for revolutionary laws, demanded the blood of 2,000,000 Frenchmen for love of humanity, while in the name of liberty 30,000 rebels devoted their fortunes and their lives to a cause which was not that of their country.

CHAPTER XVI.

End of the Convention—The Directory—Bonaparte—Berthier—Unwise delay—With Solignac to Italy—Adventures by the way—Recruiting—Nice to Genoa—Milan—Interviews with Bonaparte—Dangers of winning—General Dumas—His son—La Salle—Love and War.

After proving its indomitable energy by the most terrible use of its power, the Convention was drawing near its end. Though it shed no more torrents of blood, it still had an arm of iron, and it completed its labours in an imperturbable calm. The twenty days of existence remaining to it were devoted to consolidating its work and securing liberty, and on the 4th Brumaire (October 26th) its President uttered the words, "The National Convention declares that its mission is fulfilled, and that its sitting is at an end."

No one who did not witness that moment can comprehend the gap which seemed to be produced. Thrown amid the greatest dangers, the Convention had faced them safely; at grips with all Europe, it had conceived and executed the idea of meeting paid armies with the masses of a great nation, taxation with all the wealth of a great State, and the will of kings by the popular will. Supplementing zeal by terror, its resources by bankruptcy, it tyrannised to prevent the return of despotism, and in this way did a greater amount of individual injury than could have been feared from the hostile Coalition. Sacrificing almost an entire generation to the exigencies of its part, it took upon itself the odium of the sacrifice; it bequeathed to us the honour of its most important conquest. It restored to us, in short, our national frontiers, which, but for Napoleon, we should not have lost again.

Compared with this, Napoleon himself looks small. Yet it was not thus that I judged the Convention when, as a sufferer

from its bloodthirsty system, I was forced to conceal myself even while fighting its battles, and when my father found it possible to think of suicide to escape the danger of execution. But men come and go while deeds and their consequences remain, and thus, when the Convention disappeared, leaving the memory of its immense work, one might well ask if those who were entering into the inheritance would be able to maintain it.

The Directory was in working order in two days, though Sieyès' refusal of a place rendered a second election necessary. I remember that, as my father and I were walking three days later along the river-terrace with some other persons, among whom was Sieyès, my father expressed his regret that the Directory should be deprived of so deserving a person. He replied, "I might have been useful in single harness, but my nature is opposed to every kind of joint action." Thus his refusal did not, as some people were good enough to think, arise from any lack of taste for power, but from his unlimited appetite for it. As Barras had become a Director he had to be succeeded in his command by Bonaparte, who from a brigadier-general on half-pay had, in a moment, become Barras' second in command, and, having been made a divisional general almost at once, was in three weeks commander-in-chief of the Home Army and of the Paris National Guard.

A few days after the 13th Vendémiaire I happened to be at the office of the General Staff in the Rue Neuve des Capucines, when General Bonaparte, who was lodging in the house, came in. I can still see his little hat, surmounted by a chance plume badly fastened on, his tricolor sash more than carelessly tied, his coat cut anyhow, and a sword which, in truth, did not seem the sort of weapon to make his fortune. Flinging his hat on a large table in the middle of the room, he went up to an old general named Krieg, a man with a wonderful knowledge of detail and the author of a very good soldiers' manual. He made him take a seat beside him at the table, and began questioning him, pen in hand, about a host of facts connected with the service and discipline. Some of his questions showed such a complete ignorance of some [illegible]linary things that several of my comrades s[illegible]uck by the

number of his questions, their order, and their rapidity, no less than by the way in which the answers were caught up, and often found to resolve other questions, which he deduced as consequences from them. But what struck me still more was the sight of a commander-in-chief perfectly indifferent about showing his subordinates how completely ignorant he was of various points of the business which the junior of them was supposed to know perfectly, and this raised him a hundred cubits in my eyes.

This extraordinary man had now entered upon his destiny, but in order to secure his position and justify his elevation he required to live in society and to win victories. The first condition was satisfied by his marriage with the widow of General Beauharnais, while the second was provided for by the command of the Army of Italy. This seemed an inexplicable selection, and even caused some alarm. Of all the armies of the Republic that of Italy was the only one which had not yet distinguished itself. Several eminent generals had succeeded each other without much result; even Schérer's victory had been rather a feather in his cap than any advantage, and people asked how a young man of twenty-six, who had never commanded a battalion in presence of the enemy, should do better than his predecessors. Could he get such men to serve under him as Masséna, justly proud of a fame to which he was ever adding; Augereau, in whom impetuosity and a certain instinct for war stood in place of the genius which he did not possess; Sérurier, and still more Laharpe, who, without being comparable to Masséna, were far superior to Augereau in capacity and acquirements? Would not such chiefs feel a legitimate disdain for a general improvised in the rooms of the Directory, whose antecedents offered, I will not say no guarantee, but no forecast even, of a reassuring nature? He might, by a happy inspiration, have rendered a great service at the siege of Toulon; with the Army of Italy he might have given one counsel crowned by success, and another which they might be sorry not to have followed. He might have fought the sections of Paris with a force one quarter of theirs, but to conclude from all this that he was going to beat large and seasoned armies,

commanded by chiefs of tried reputation, was another affair, and in his nomination the public saw much more desire to oblige Madame Bonaparte than wise solicitude for the interests of his country.

It was, undoubtedly, a great piece of luck for Bonaparte that his first command was with the Army of Italy and not with that of the Rhine. As yet he had little or no knowledge of tactics, he could not even have handled a regiment, and war in Germany was essentially a matter of tactics and prompt manœuvring under fire. In the mountainous country of Lombardy and Piedmont, on the other hand, where the main object was to mass superior forces on one part of the enemy's line, to cut his communications, to attack his rear, able strategy was wanted; individual courage and intelligence went for a great deal, and the valour of the humblest soldier might be an important aid to the ability of his chiefs. This, rather than the other, was the kind of warfare suited to the age and the nature of the new commander-in-chief, and at the outset his genius was favoured by opportunity.

No sooner was Bonaparte appointed than he looked out for a suitable chief of staff. His choice fell on General Berthier, who was then at Paris, and it was a lucky one. Berthier had served from his youth; he had been through the American War under Washington, and in all our campaigns. Besides his special business of mapping engineer, he had knowledge and experience of staff duty, and a wonderful understanding of all that pertained to war. More than anyone else he had the gift of remembering orders as a whole, and of conveying them rapidly and clearly; and, being in the prime of life and vigorous beyond the common, he possessed an activity supported by the advantage of an indefatigable constitution. Nobody therefore could have better suited Bonaparte, who wanted nothing but a man capable of relieving him of detail, of understanding at a word what he meant, or, at a pinch, divining it. Nor could any duty have better suited Berthier, whom his education, his career, his zeal, had made into a distinguished soldier, but whom Nature had not made a [illegible] war.

My father ha[illegible] n once at the house of

their common friend, Dr. Bacher, and two days before his departure for Italy the three took part in a farewell dinner at the same house. Bacher and my father spoke to Berthier of me, and received the following answer: "Let him send me a request at once for employment with the Army of Italy, and get me to make a memorandum of it to-morrow, and I will attach him to my staff if I cannot attach him to my person." I had therefore a day left to thank him and get the memorandum, with which I received at once the order to follow him. Not knowing Italy, however, nor being then in a position to see the bearings of the case as stated above, I did not look upon General Bonaparte's victories as guaranteed on any very good security. I hoped, but still I feared, and thought I had better wait. There has been the making of a couple of brilliant careers in the opportunities which I have missed through carelessness and indecision, or sacrificed to my tastes and likings. My friend Préval one day asked General Reille how he had contrived so naturally and so luckily to attain to honour and fortune. "By refusing nothing and refusing *at* nothing," was the answer. In truth, destiny is either lucky or unlucky. In the latter case you must submit; in the former, leave it to itself.

On learning the day and hour when Bonaparte was to start, I went to take leave of my commander, as he had been. His two carriages were being harnessed when I got there, and the last of his luggage was being put in, especially a great pile of books, all relating, as I ascertained by taking down some, to wars waged in Italy. These books, which he strongly recommended, were the first that I ever saw on their way to an army, except those which I always took with me.

At ten in the evening the general set out, accompanied by Murat, who had quite ceased to envy me, by Marmont, Junot, Duroc, and, I think, Le Marois. Space began to disappear in front of him; he was on his way to outstrip the bounds which the most enthusiastic of his admirers could have ventured to imagine for him.

Among the officers who had shown the most courage and zeal on the 13th Vendémiaire was Adjutant-general Solignac.

In recognition of his conduct he was appointed chief of staff to the first division, then encamped on the plain of Grenelle. I was attached to him as assistant, and thus became the comrade of Burthe, whom I shall often have to mention. I passed nearly a year in this inactivity, and my regret may be imagined when the victories won by the Army of Italy made all Europe resound with its fame. I had missed my chance, and might not even dream of leaving Solignac, from whom I could have parted to follow Berthier, but with whom, in the absence of my destination to justify my departure, I was forced to remain. I had to continue dragging about the streets of Paris a uniform which I might have worn with more honour beyond the Alps.

Burthe and Solignac were no less weary of the situation, and the latter, being, when he wanted anything, no less fertile in pretexts than zealous in applying pressure, was at length able to announce to us that he had just obtained orders for the three of us to serve with the Army of Italy. My own joy was supplemented by the hope that when we got to Milan I might find myself attached to Berthier. As soon as Solignac was replaced, we started, but as he had his own posting expenses and those of two assistants allowed, and so could choose his route, he took that of the Bourbonnais in order to pass by Millau and visit his family.

As far as Saint-Flour we travelled quickly, but after this point, as we were off the post-road, Solignac's servant was told to take the carriage on by short journeys with cart-horses while we three with a guide rode across the mountains. Two days ought to have been enough for the fifty miles' journey; according to our plan we dined the first day at Saint-Chély and slept at Marvéjols, but on the next day, having no road but torrent-beds, and coming across no house, we lost our way after passing the place where our guide told us that the Beast of Gévaudan had been killed. Meanwhile the day was dying, and we were beginning to be somewhat anxious about the way in which we should pass the night amid these barren mountains, when we caught sight of a house on the further side of a pretty deep ravine. As we had given up all hope of reaching Millau, a shelter of whatever sort was as necessary for us as for our

horses; so we made for this, quickening our pace as much as we could, and got there at nightfall.

The house was called La Bastide; in front of it was a walled courtyard; the building was in two blocks, one facing the entrance-gate and forming the dwelling-house, the other, on the right, a sort of a four-sided shed extending behind the house and serving as the stable. After we had passed through the gate an old woman appeared, and on our request for a lodging she pointed out the stable, whither the guide went to take up his quarters with the horses, while we carried our small valises and our arms into the only room that she would open to us. It was situated on the only floor that the house had, and in it were three truckle-beds. The old woman who had conducted us, and who observed our uniforms with a look of some dislike, was examining our arms uneasily. Pointing to one of our pocket-pistols, she asked, "Would that really kill a man?" "My good woman," answered Solignac gravely, "it would kill him if he had lived a hundred years." Returning to the kitchen we found there a woman still young, but of no better aspect than the old one. Her face assumed an expression which struck us when Solignac, by a bit of swagger which was in his nature, displayed on the table his two watches with gold chains, a purse full of louis, and I don't know how much jewellery.

We asked for supper, but there was nothing except some baddish bread, eggs, and butter, which reduced our meal to an omelette, though luckily we had appetite enough to season this. I had occasion to go up to our room, and, one of my feet catching in an uneven board, caused me to discover a trap-door. I warned my companions, who, like me, had no further doubt about the nature of our quarters. With a view of gaining some indication as to this, we asked the two women if they were the only inhabitants of the house, if they had neither husbands nor servants, where their men were, what was their business, at what o'clock they expected them? Their answers, getting more and more confused, were not of a nature to reassure us. Having finished our modest repast, we told our guide to have our horses saddled before daybreak. We got our arms handy, barricaded the door as we could not lock ourselves in, and decided not to

take our clothes off. At early dawn we were on foot and going cautiously out of our room; we went to load and bridle our horses, and brought them round ourselves.

"What do I owe you?" said Solignac to the old woman. "A louis." "Are you mad?" "Well, you've nothing to complain of," she answered, with some temper; "nobody has done you any harm." "Who on earth says anything about harm?" he rejoined—"I'm talking about the price!" The ol woman repeated her phrase in a meaning tone; Solignac impatiently threw her a louis, mounted his horse, and departed with us. But as we were going through the courtyard gate we found ourselves face to face with two armed men arriving by the road which we had followed the day before, and followed at a thousand paces' distance by a number of men, like them, armed. At sight of us they recoiled, while we, without taking much notice of them, turned to the right, put our horses into a smart trot, and, being quickly covered by the walls of the house, were out of reach before they had made up their minds as to what they could still do to us.

Five hours brought us to Millau, where we were expected, and were very kindly received by Solignac's family. The news of our arrival brought in several people, among them a young man named Rouvelet, a sturdy young fellow with the kind of pluck which only madness can surpass. One of his first words was, "This is an odd hour to come; where did you sleep, then?" Upon our answering "At La Bastide," he exclaimed, "Impossible!" It turned out that Bastide was the haunt of more than a hundred Royalists, the most formidable band of those parts, commanded by that Bastide who played such a horrible part in the murder of Fualdès. No doubt this troop of scoundrels plundered, robbed, and slaughtered all who offered any hope of booty, but the war which they waged against all who were then in the service of France formed the ostensible part of their calling. Rouvelet had marched against them half a score times at the head of columns of National Guards; he had surprised, beaten, and decimated them on several occasions,

uble in convincing us that in that den our

een as good as a sentence of death to us

had not the whole of these legitimist brigands, by an inconceivable bit of luck, been off on an expedition ten miles away exactly on the night when we came by.

I remember little of Millau save the excellence of its grapes and figs. Solignac's father was an excellent commonplace person. His mother, a Spaniard, was grotesquely reproduced in her elder son, while the second took after the father. The only daughter whom I saw, in her graceful freshness and maidenly suavity, formed a contrast to the brown tints and abrupt manners of her southern surroundings. Rouvelet asked and obtained leave to go with Solignac to the army, and one of his friends, named Fabvre, made the same request with the same success. At Marseilles we met another Millau man, Lallemand, returning from abroad, and Solignac took him along also. It was a comical way of recruiting, but Solignac's nature was such that he would have taken the devil with him for the asking, subject to the right of sending him back as soon as he got bored with him. It was the result of easy-going ways quite as much as of swagger, but his good nature turned out unluckily for the three young men. Lallemand, whom Solignac made his secretary, was murdered in the insurrection at Verona, whither Solignac had sent him to sell on his account twenty horses captured at Tarvis, not one of which belonged to him. Fabvre went into the civil service, and died of illness in some Italian town, while Rouvelet, for whom a sub-lieutenancy was obtained, and who, after surprising the bravest men many times in Italy and Egypt, was promoted lieutenant for some brilliant action, was killed on the breach at Acre.

When leaving Millau we were advised to keep a sharp look-out on our way through Languedoc, where the exasperation against the Revolution was at its height. At Montpellier we fell in with a fiery enthusiast, a big man, who was the orator of the *table d'hôte* in the inn where we stayed. It was impossible to differ from him in opinion without having him, and all the persons whom his example excited, at one's throat, so no one contradicted him. I could not help being diverted by the silence which Burthe and Solignac, naturally champion talkers of patriotic bunkum, maintained in his presence.

Having been a little delayed by our stay at Millau, we decided to travel night and day to Marseilles, whence a felucca would take us in two days to Genoa, only making the necessary halts for meals. This mode of travelling let us in for the following little adventure. Arriving—I forget where—about eleven o'clock at night, we saw a carriage standing before the post-house, and asked the servant who was shutting the windows and doors to whom it belonged. He gave his employer's name. Solignac found he knew the people, and we at once went up to the wretched room where they were lodged to ask what had made them stop in a miserable village when they were so near Marseilles. "My wife is frightened," said a young and gentlemanly man, laughing. "Certainly," subjoined a charming lady, "I am not going with only my husband and one servant to brave a whole band of brigands, who, I hear, beat up the country between this and the last post-station." "But, madam," one of us replied, "if we escorted you?" And I added, "We should be five, and in your defence we should be worth many more." She hesitated, we pressed; at last she made up her mind to start. The carriage, with the lady and her husband inside and the servant on the box, went first; Solignac's empty carriage went next, with his servant in the rumble; while Solignac, Fabvre, Rouvelet, and I, with swords and pistols, mounted post-horses and served as the lady's escort. Our departure was highly cheerful, but silence gradually took the place of merriment; a half-sleep, natural after several nights out of bed, came on, and our horses were taking us more than we were guiding them. Thus left to themselves, they fell apart, and we were dozing at a distance from each other when piercing screams were heard. Awake in a moment, our first movement was to draw our swords, drive spurs into our horses, and dash in the direction of the summons, shouting at the top of our voices, "Forward! forward!" It was too dark to count us, and the five of us made noise enough for twenty or thirty. The band which had stopped the first carriage thought a detachment was after them; they relinquished their prize, leapt into the bushes by the roadside, and vanished. We made the carriage-horses gallop, and had soon distanced pursuit. So we really did the

lady, whose name I have forgotten, a great service, but she did us one no less, for if we had not met her we should have travelled that stage in our carriage, and might have been surprised in our sleep, while the brigands could have "potted" us as we got out.

We were delighted with Marseilles, but, not wishing to stay more than a few hours, we went at once to bargain with the owner of a felucca for our passage to Genoa. The wind, however, was contrary, and we had to wait till it changed. But that was not the end of our bad luck, for Solignac fell in with the mistress of a man who kept a gambling-house, and could resist neither her charms nor the attractions of her green cloth. He won at first, and Burthe, who went to play upon a system of calculations, which he thought were beyond Solignac, followed him, leaving me solitary. At last Burthe said, "Why on earth do not you come, too, if it is only to see what it is like?" I went, resolving to remain a spectator; but on the second day Burthe said, "You see, we are doing pretty good business. Take a share in my game; it will interest you, and you will win with us." The first step had been taken; I took the second, and from that day the luck turned. After losing a few louis I wanted to get them back. Every morning Burthe came to my room with written calculations of series and breaks, from which it appeared that we had, in fact, been bound to lose up till then, but that we were undoubtedly going to win back three times as much. As a matter of fact, they led us into losing more, till of 300 or 400 louis with which Solignac had left Paris five francs remained; Burthe had not a sou out of 125 louis which he had owned at starting; while of something over eighty louis which I had brought, sixteen remained. Then I stopped, whatever anyone might do or say. Burthe also stopped—for want of anything to go on with. As for Solignac, having turned up the five francs I have mentioned in his waistcoat pocket, he went back, and returned with more than twenty louis in his pocket.*

* One day when we had been losing steadily, the keeper of the place said, in conversation with me, "I am sorry to see you playing. What you may lose is a trifle to the profits of my bank; take my advice, and play no more.

The wind began to change, and, as it was easier to get out of Toulon harbour than out of Marseilles, we proceeded thither by land. But we were disappointed again, and told we must wait for some change or other of the moon. So grumbling at having reckoned on the sea, and being unable to go by land, as we had lost all our money at Marseilles, we took to visiting the town and neighbourhood, especially Fort l'Aiguillette, which Bonaparte had made famous, the arsenals, the docks, the dockyard, the ropewalk, the prison, and the port.

At length the sea was judged possible for a felucca, and, loading her with our baggage and Solignac's carriage, we went on one reach till we could see Nice, though we could not make it. This side of Villafranca Bay a privateer was signalled, and we had to put back to Antibes. As there was nothing in that town to compensate us for our loss of time, we decided to sleep at Nice, walking the fifteen miles thither, and told our skipper to come and fetch us there at daybreak next morning. We had not gone a mile when a storm threatened. Solignac decided that we had plenty of time to get in without a wetting, so we stepped out. In ten minutes came the first drops, then a downpour, and it was in a regular deluge that, having crossed the Var and entered the territory of the old county of Nizza, which had for four years been French, we stopped and shouted with one impulse, "Conquered land, long live the Republic!" On reaching Nice, we had to take off our very shirts to have them dried. We wrapped ourselves in the blankets from the beds, and, finding ourselves thus attired in the garb of Greeks and Romans, and close upon classic soil, we set to work declaiming whole scenes of Voltaire and Racine. Next morning the privateer disappeared, and we resumed our journey, delayed sometimes by the wind, sometimes by the sea, sometimes by the sight of suspicious craft, for our felucca was not strong enough to contend against any danger at all serious. One evening the skipper wanted to put back, as he said the wind

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As for the hope of winning, look at this: play where you will, you will see the banker depart in his carriage, the punters go away on foot." An excellent lecture, but odd in the mouth whence it proceeded.

would not allow us to double Cape Mele, but, as the sky was cloudless, Solignac thought it no use to delay, and we continued our voyage. The nearer we drew to the cape, however, the higher blew the wind, till there was a furious sea. Our felucca kept close in shore, though the rocks made all approach impossible. Night increased the danger, and about one in the morning the skipper and crew, not knowing how to handle their vessel, suddenly left her to herself, dropped on their knees, and began saying their prayers out loud. Upon this warning, Burthe, our two attendants, and I began taking off our coats and cravats so as to be better ready to swim; as for Solignac, he said, with a grin, "Because you can swim, do you think you'll save yourselves? You do not understand that with waves as violent as these you will be smashed against the rocks. For my own part, as I do not like either vain hopes or long death struggles—besides that, I can't swim—I wish you good-night, and I am going to sleep." Therewith he got into his carriage, locked the doors, pulled up the windows and shutters, and fell fast asleep without loss of time. None of us was inclined to imitate him; indeed, from the desire of contradiction, we attached ourselves more firmly than ever to that last hope which man so seldom renounces, and for which Solignac showed such an unusual disdain. We harangued the boatmen and succeeded in restoring some of their courage; besides, the wind began to drop; navigation was again possible. We weathered the cape, and reached a little port where we put in till daylight, to give the crew a little rest. When about to go on shore we called Solignac in vain, and we only succeeded in waking him by hammering on the door. Delighted with the line he had taken, he came and shared our breakfast of sardines, caught at short notice and thrown into the pot all alive, a treat of which I need not sing the praises.

As soon as we landed at Genoa, Solignac galloped off to Milan; Masséna's division required a chief of staff. Having obtained this berth, Solignac rode on. He reached Verona with only a louis in his pocket, but a gambling-house had been started. He went off there instantly, won sixty louis at the first sitting, and bought a horse, which he called "Fortun

While he was getting an employment, clearing off his arrears of pay, with money in his pocket and horses in his stable, we were in cruel difficulties. I had to begin by getting his carriage mended, as it had been damaged in landing, then find carriage-horses, and supplying the needs of Lallemand, Rouvelet, Fabvre, and Burthe. We had our board and lodging, but for a journey of 250 miles expenses were inevitable. Having enough for myself, I was often tempted to set out on my own account, but Solignac had entrusted me with his baggage, and Burthe was dried up and liked drinking. Anything I could advance would only have got us to Milan, and Solignac was no longer there; so we had to have recourse to other means, and after holding a council we decided that six of the twelve forks and spoons which Solignac had brought should be sold—that Lallemand should receive the price, use it, and account for it. This sale, a forced one if ever any was, formed the subject of a wrath worthy of Père Duchêne. For my part, I took the opportunity of observing that, personally, I had no need of anything or anybody; that, as for the others, he ought not to have enlisted people whom he could not keep; and that, after all, it was only sacrificing a small part to keep the balance.

We had to go to Milan to find out what had become of Solignac, who had not put himself out to let us know, and who, but for his property, would have forgotten our existence. I took advantage of being there to pay my respects to the commander-in-chief; Burthe, while maintaining that it was servility, decided to go with me. Just as we were shown in dinner was announced, and Bonaparte invited us to dine with him. This mark of good-will was not only an honour for a mere captain and lieutenant, but it made it our duty to accept. Unluckily, Burthe, who had neither the feeling of deference which education gives, nor the tact which may be the result of instinct, saw in this invitation only an opportunity of letting it be known that he could eat his dinner without a commander-in-chief. Far too much impressed with the excellence of republican familiarity, he hastened to rely, "We are expected to dinner at our inn." The look which the commander-in-chief gave hir though a smile would have seemed to me

more in place, Berthier's visible and just disapprobation, and the faces of the aides-de-camp, showed the opinion formed of this piece of bad manners. Therefore, although, in spite of Burthe's signs, I made a point of staying nearly the whole of dinner, and of putting in a few words to show that no one was waiting for me, or that I was thinking anything of those who might be waiting for me, including Burthe, I have always been convinced that I hardly succeeded in weakening an unfavourable impression, as important as first impressions generally are.

A still greater disappointment awaited me. I was still persuaded that Berthier, on seeing me, would remember the offer that he had made to my father, which, through miscalculation, I had not accepted. I hoped that he would have something to say to me, but he received my farewells coldly enough, and merely remarked, "Solignac must be wanting you." It was only too clear I had preferred Solignac, whose style, manners, noisiness, and character could not suit either Bonaparte or Berthier. Although I was in Italy, I had not come there of myself, and, lastly, my comrade's recent rudeness justified a fresh prejudice against me. Should I have dispelled these errors by asking Berthier for a moment's hearing? I do not know; but either from stiffness or ill-humour I sacrificed my only remaining hope, and left Milan merely assistant to Solignac.

At Verona I joined Masséna's division. Sixty hours after my arrival the general sent for me, and handed me a dispatch for the commander-in-chief, bidding me gallop with it. This business of messenger was one of the functions of the staff-officers in that army, and that which suited most of them best. I was in hopes that promptitude would be all that was required of me, but I was mistaken, for, instead of sending the aide-de-camp on duty to bring him my dispatch, the commander-in-chief made me come into his private room, took the dispatch from my hands, and after quickly perusing it began a string of questions, surpassing in number and rapidity anything I could have imagined in that way.

It was this sort of thing: "How many present under arms in Masséna's division? How many in each regiment? Have

any corps got detachments yet to come? How strong? Where are they? Are they coming? When are they expected? In what condition are the uniforms, the boots, the artillery-waggons, the horses? Is the food regularly served out and of good quality? What is the line occupied by the division? How are the troops distributed? Where are the enemy's positions? What is the latest news of him?" And so on, and so on.

I had just joined the army. I had hardly passed a few hours at the offices of the divisional staff, and I had been no less scandalized by the disorder than by the lack of information. Moreover, I did not know that with General Bonaparte it was better to make a shot, if you made it with decision, than to seem ignorant of whatever it might be, and that, above all, it did not do to hesitate. This was a bit of humbug which, to my knowledge, served the turn of some sorry enough folks, but which I could not manage. Still, the first and last series of questions did not embarrass me; the others only led to a repetition of the words "I don't know," for which I ultimately substituted "I have just joined." However, the lesson was of service to me. I got a notebook made at once, in which I kept posted up the answers to the questions he had asked me, and a good many others besides. But the opportunity of using it with him never presented itself; it will be seen how I missed it.

Solignac gambled a great deal, and not long after our arrival at Verona he let us in for the following adventure. He, Burthe, Rouvelet, and I were coming back from the play, where we had met. It was raining, and we walked in file, keeping close to the walls of the houses and sheltering ourselves under the projecting roofs. Rouvelet went first; Burthe, who had followed him, was soon passed by Solignac, who had been third in the order of going when we left the theatre, and who thought in this way to put Burthe in his proper place; I followed, the last of all. We were proceeding in silence, and rather slowly because of the darkness, when, as we passed three men who were walking in the opposite direction, we jumped out of ‹ ɜe of a fearful sabre-cut, delivered by

the last of the three on Burthe's head. Luckily, the blow was broken by the wall, from which it made the sparks fly, and only Burthe's hat was cut. Instantly we flung off our cloaks, and, as soon as we were reassured as to our fear that Burthe was wounded, pursued the flying assailants sword in hand. Knowing the town better than we did, they escaped by separating and turning into small streets. We had some difficulty in finding the place where we had left our cloaks; but we got them again, and, thanks to the lantern of a passer-by, we were able to verify the dent made in the wall. If as much damage had been done to Burthe's head, he would have been a dead man. We were quite at a loss to whom to attribute the attack, when Solignac said, "I will not go to bed without making a clean breast of it. I was the man they had a quarrel with, and I guess where the stroke came from. But, as we have to deal with robbers, let us go home and get our pistols." Armed to the teeth, we went to the quarters of two officers from whom Solignac had won large sums in the course of the day. Neither had come in, or, very likely, both were hiding. Next day Solignac met them. They denied everything, admitted nothing; but it remained evident that the quarrel was with Solignac alone, that the only reason for it could have been the money lost to him, and that it was owing to an accidental change of place that Burthe nearly fell a victim, in another's stead, to the madness of play.

Verona was occupied by two divisions, Masséna's and Augereau's,—that is to say, by the most imposing forces and talents which the Army of Italy possessed. Yet, if the reputation of the two chiefs was similar, their worth was far from being equal, as the least examination renders indubitable. Whatever might be granted to Augereau in the way of boldness and good fortune, he was an ordinary man and of commonplace exterior. Masséna also had no education nor primary instruction, but his face bespoke sagacity and energy, his glance was that of the eagle; in the attitude of his head, always raised and slightly thrown to the left, there was an imposing dignity and a stimulating audacity; his gesture was commanding, his ardour and activity indescribable; his speech, curt in the

extreme, testified to the lucidity of his thought; his smallest phrases were striking, and the rapidity as well as the appropriateness of his rejoinders was a final proof that he might rise yet higher without being out of his place. By his character he was a man made for authority and command, so that no one seemed more in his place than did Masséna at the head of his troops; while Augereau, in a similar position, looked like a drum-major, a fencing-master's assistant, or a recruiting-sergeant, and a bad style of one.*

Under Masséna's orders was another general of division named Dumas, a mulatto. He was by no means without talent, and moreover was one of the bravest, strongest, and most active men whom I ever saw. His reputation in that army was extraordinary; a score of tales were told of his chivalrous valour and his athletic force. Not a week after our arrival, being a long way to the front with a few infantry, he was charged by the Austrian cavalry. Being well-mounted, it was easy enough for him to escape; but he thought first of his men, and, without dismounting, he caught them up one by one with one hand by the scruff of the neck and threw them, arms and all, over a thick quickset hedge, which covered them. His men in safety, he made a dash alone at the leading troopers, who were advancing in skirmishing order, killing every one upon whom he fell; he completely discomfited them, and only retired when the squadrons came up. Another story I had from himself. When in command of part of the force blockading Mantua, a man was brought to him who was trying to get into the place. Convinced that he was a spy, but finding nothing on him to prove it, he sent for the camp-butchers, blood-stained hands, aprons, cleavers, and all. He made them strip the man and tie him, hands and feet, to a table; then in the terrible voice he knew how to put on, though he was the kindest man in the world, he gave the order to cut him open if he did not at once say where the dispatch was that had been given to him. In this alarming position, at the mercy of men who made as though they were

* [It may be interesting to compare General Marbot's opinion of these two commanders, under both of whom he served as aide-de-camp—*Mémoires*, vol. i., ch. 20, and vol. iii., ch. 2.]

ready to begin, he admitted that the dispatch was in a little case made of sealing-wax, and that, according to his orders, he had swallowed it. He was not cut open—it may be conjectured that he would not have been in any case—but a good dose hastened the recovery of the dispatch, and revealed to General Bonaparte the secret of a fresh effort to be made by Austria for the deliverance of Mantua, besides giving information of Alvinzy's route and the number of his forces.

However, with all poor Dumas' zeal and courage, and though he might be called the first soldier in the world, he was not made for a general. When the Consulate arrived his colour did for him what his want of capacity ought to have done, and on his return from Egypt he was put on half-pay. Driven on shore by a storm at Tarentum, and taken as a prisoner of war to Naples, he was more than once poisoned in his dungeon. He was set at liberty, however, but soon died at Villers-Cotterets, as much of grief as of an ulcer in the stomach caused by the poisoning. I was sorry to hear of his death, for I was attached to him; he was the only man of colour whom I could ever forgive his skin, though I admit that I was not very unfavourably impressed when his son was introduced to me by the Duchess of Abrantès in August 1834. In this young man I saw the skin of a half-caste, the crisp, thick hair of the negro, African lips, the nails and flat feet of his species; but his figure was slim and tall, his countenance of some nobility, his grave, gentle, contemplative look gave him a sort of unction, the result of an air of melancholy and of a vague expression, testifying to overmastering thought and deep feeling. In memory of his father I greeted him with much warmth; he became, as it were, inspired by some of my recollections of General Dumas, and exclaimed, "All who knew my father speak of him with admiration, till his memory has become a kind of worship for me." The flow of his eloquence, the energy of his expressions, his vehemence generally, showed me that I was talking to a man of some merit; but I was far from suspecting that this Dumas, still young as he was, was the dramatic author who was already famous, and I asked what he was doing. "You know," he replied, "how busy I am with the theatre. Twelve five-act

pieces have earned for me, before the age of thirty, as many successes at the Français and the Porte-Saint-Martin. A start like that might have dragged another than myself into a dramatic career; but these very successes, instead of satisfying my self-esteem, have only shown me their own insufficiency, and I am now absorbed in a scheme the execution of which the Government ought to honour itself by assisting." After this preface he told me that he was preparing for a journey of fifteen months, in order to collect materials for the history, military, religious, philosophic, ethical, and poetical, of all the peoples who have successively dwelt on the shores of the Mediterranean; to these accounts he meant to add the description of the principal places washed by that sea, from Palestine to the Pillars of Hercules, embellishing the description with one hundred views and fifty vignettes which M. Taylor had undertaken to execute.

The vastness of his plan struck me, but he said that, as he meant to put it in the form of pictures only, he would not exceed fifty parts, making four volumes. "Still," he added, "I shall give a summary of all that relates to the peoples of antiquity and of modern times, from Homer to Chateaubriand, from Achilles to Napoleon, from the siege of Troy to the capture of Algiers. I shall have a few terrible pages in vengeance for my father's sixteen poisonings in the dungeons of Naples."

I inquired about his means of carrying it out. "We have 50,000 francs," he replied; "we take five young men whose expenses will be paid by 10,000 francs apiece, and I have asked the Government to put a brig at my disposal, which will only cost 12,000 francs, to subscribe for 800 copies, and to open a credit of 400,000 francs, the price of these copies, for me to draw on in case of need." "And do you think you will obtain this threefold favour?" "The mere thought of the work ought to ensure it me. Besides, Louis Philippe takes some notice of my productions, and I have reason to think that within a week the business will have been signed in council." "You know the king, then?" "I was the Duke of Orleans' librarian at the time of the July affair; but my principles did not allow me to

remain with him when he became king, nor to see him since. As the son of a general of the Republic, I am a Republican."

His last words produced a sort of reaction in me. The brave Dumas had been made general in 1793, in the middle of the confusion and blunders of a terrible epoch; but would it not have been better taste on the part of his son to suppress that recollection after having accepted the kindness of a prince who had taken him up in spite of his colour—and, after having served the prince, ought he to display his disdain for the king? To the Minister who advised him to ask the king in person for the brig and the 800 subscriptions which he wanted, he answered, "I will see him to thank him." Finally he gave me a complete idea of his conceit when, at the end of our conversation about his plan of travel, he added, "Besides, I want to get away from Paris; the women leave me no chance to work." My opinion of darkies was not such that I could understand women condescending to interrupt the labours of Alexander Dumas, though he may have thought himself the Alexander of literature; nor did I understand any better how the Duchess of Abrantès could allow him, even metaphorically, to call her his mother.

I resume my narrative. There were two generals of brigade serving in Masséna's division, one named Ménard, a very ordinary kind of man, but one of those troopers who can handle soldiers well in presence of the enemy. The other, a great lumbering fellow, was called Brune; he was less of a soldier than Ménard, but, being lucky enough to please first Masséna and then Bonaparte by his gift of the gab, he somehow attained to the command of the Army of Italy, and thence to the marshal's *bâton*, while he owed the highest celebrity that he could claim to the murder at Avignon to which he most deplorably fell a victim.

The most conspicuous colonels were Dupuy, afterwards assassinated in the revolt of Cairo, when in command of that city, and Monnier, famous for his defence of Ancona, where the future Marshal Suchet was a major under him. The commissary-general of the division was Daure, his assistant being Colbert, now major-general. On the staff I made the acquaintance of Adjutant-general Kellermann, the brilliant victor at Marengo,

and of his assistant La Salle, a superb officer and first-rate man, glowing with cleverness and courage, full of talent, putting a charming grace into things which seemed least to admit of it,—a being, in truth, privileged by nature, who had no one there at all on a level with him and no intimates, and with whom I formed one of those friendships which can be ended only by death.

He was the son of Mme de La Salle, wife of the paymaster of that name, and of M. de Conflans, as he used himself laughingly to admit. Never, indeed, was a son more like his father; he had his kind of wit, his kindness, courage, strength, his bounce, his grand manners, and his originality; he even said to me, in one of his effusive moments, that the selection of such a father for him was a greater obligation than the bringing him into the world. Mme de La Salle, who was adored by her son, had been a splendid woman, and was not less remarkable for her wit than for her enthusiastic love for him. Famous for her gallantries, she was the subject of many anecdotes.

When I joined the division, the fighting at Arcole (where neither Bonaparte nor Augereau crossed the bridge) had taken place only a few days previously, more than a third of Alvinzy's army and a sixth of ours being disabled. In spite of this difference, equality was far from being established. Our position continued to be dangerous, but the enemy had been scared by the audacity and profundity shown in the operations, which had snatched what he thought a certain victory out of his hands. His army was in no more condition to resume the offensive than was ours to attack; he needed rest and reinforcements, which we were awaiting equally, and the respite enabled us to receive them, and Bonaparte was not the man to fail to utilize it. He brought up at once all who were available in France or in the depôts, looked after the wants of the troops, gave every corps new colours, and, finally, visited all the divisions, coming to Verona to review those of Masséna and Augereau.

Those two divisions, covered with glory, proud of their feats, and the first especially proud of its general, who already had the name of "the pet child of Victory," formed the largest force in the Army of Italy. It was for that reason that they had

been united at Verona, whence they could aid Joubert and watch Tyrol, and, while threatening Vienna, were in a position to hold the Adige and cover the corps charged with the blockade of Mantua. The review took place at the gates of Verona. Complete full-dress had been ordered, and the care taken to execute the order caused all the more surprise at the appearance of La Salle, who, usually the most brilliant as he was the handsomest officer in the army, turned up in an old pelisse, pantaloons, and dirty boots, and riding an Austrian hussar's horse, on which he had been careful to leave its saddle, its bridle, and even its rope-halter.

The surprise caused by this get-up was universal, and the commander-in-chief's first question was: "What horse have you got there?" The answer was ready: "A horse I have just taken from the enemy!" "Where?" "At Vicenza, general." "Are you mad?" "I have just come thence; indeed I bring news from thence, which you will, perhaps, deem not unimportant."

Bonaparte at once took him aside, talked with him for a quarter of an hour, and came back to the group formed by Generals Berthier, Masséna and Augereau, and by the staff-officers present, announcing that he had just promoted La Salle major. Here is the rest of the story.

La Salle, who was a man of many accomplishments and a highly susceptible temperament, found, amid all his enthusiasm for his military duties, some time at his disposal for love-affairs. He was carrying on one of these with a Marchesa di Sale, one of the cleverest and most charming women of Upper Italy, who afterwards poisoned herself in despair at the loss of him. She lived at Vicenza, and the withdrawal of our army across the Adige had interrupted the *liaison*. The lovers had found means to correspond across the Austrian army, but correspondence was not enough for La Salle, and he resolved on one of those enterprises which success alone will justify. Selecting twenty-five men from the 1st Regiment of Cavalry—one of the best that we then had—he assembled them after nightfall and set out at once, without orders, without letting anyone know, without even a show of authority. He passed the enemy's

vedettes unperceived, escaped his pickets, got through the hills to the rear of the Austrian army, and, marching without cockades and with cloaks unfolded, by mountain roads which he knew, reached Vicenza, where he knew there was no garrison, toward midnight, concealed his little troop, and hastened to the Marchesa.

About half-past two in the morning, as he was preparing to be off, some pistol-shots were heard. He mounted at once and rejoined his escort, learning then that he had been discovered and surrounded. The most direct roads were strongly guarded, but he recollected one point which was likely still to be open, and hastened thither. Thirty-six hussars were occupying it; he charged them without knowing their numbers, overturned them, captured and brought away nine horses; then he returned by a different road which involved a long way round, avoided cantonments, spoke German, and passed himself off for an Austrian to the men of a picket through which he had to pass. Lastly, marching as fast as possible, he fell upon the rear of the last Austrian advanced post, sabred all that he could get at, and returned by daylight to San Martino d'Albaro, whence he had started, without having lost a single man.

But the fleeting moments which La Salle had passed at Vicenza were not devoted solely to making love. The Marchesa, prepared for the interview, had procured some valuable information, which she had passed on to him. Moreover, he had chosen for his prank the night preceding the commander-in-chief's review. On his return he had avoided showing himself, so as not to have to report to anyone, and then had waited for the moment when, by appearing before Bonaparte in the get-up and on the horse which I have mentioned, he might make the most he could of an attempt which would have either to be punished or rewarded.

CHAPTER XVII.

Opening of 1797—Rivoli—"After the charge, please!"—"We have got them now"—Victory—A price for a horse—Barrack-room jokes.

On January 7, 1797, a general movement took place in the enemy's forces; he concentrated at Este, Montebello, and Alà. A large force of artillery followed his columns, and one hundred pontoons arrived at Treviso. During the 8th Masséna got news of this through the friends of some patriots, through the reports of spies, and through the statements of numerous deserters. On the 9th, 10th, and 11th successive reconnoissances started for Zevio, Lugo, La Chiusa, and Caldiero. On the 12th, at daybreak, an attack of the enemy on San Michele was successfully repulsed; but on the same day the division was forced to retire before Alvinzy's troops and evacuate La Corona. On the 13th the commander-in-chief arrived at Verona, and this day passed in demonstrations. About four o'clock La Salle received orders to march towards Caldiero with one hundred cavalry and a field-piece, and to exchange a few shots with the enemy, in order, it was said, to find out how he would take it, but really to deceive him as to the movements which were to be effected that night. I joined La Salle on this pretended reconnoissance. Four squads were formed, the gun being placed between the first and the second, and in this order we followed the high road to Caldiero. On our approach the enemy showed some troops, part of which, preceded by cavalry scouts, blocked the road in column. When we had got a good range, our leading squad uncovered the gun, which opened at once. Three guns from the enemy answered, and as all this could lead to no result, and, besides, it was getting dark and we had fully carried out our

orders, we withdrew with a loss of one corporal taken prisoner, one dragoon wounded, one gunner killed, and the captain commanding the squadron with his right hand taken off at the wrist by a cannon-shot.

At nine in the evening some movements of troops were perceptible. The 18th of the Line left Verona for Garda, while the 32nd and 75th of the Line and the horse-artillery, as well as the 1st Cavalry, started for Rivoli in order to reinforce Joubert's division, which had been beaten on the previous day. Masséna, with his aides-de-camp, Solignac, Burthe, and myself, marched with these latter, the commander-in-chief having gone on so as to arrive at midnight.

On getting pretty near we could see in the darkness the fires of Joubert's outposts and those of the enemy, like a belt of stars, on the reverse flank of La Corona. We only came on to the plain of Rivoli about eight or nine in the morning, and, as Joubert's troops occupied the whole line and were hotly engaged along its whole length, the troops of Masséna's division were placed in reserve to the left of the village, ready to take part in that famous action.

The right, formed by Joubert's division and commanded by him, rested on the Adige; the centre, under Berthier, occupied the centre of the position; the left, under Masséna, consisted of the 85th and the 29th Light Infantry. Things remained in this situation for two hours, but then the enemy marched in column on the 29th and forced it to abandon its position. At that moment the commander-in-chief was passing along the line with Murat and Le Marois, and I had followed him as he went. Just when the 29th were retiring he found himself to the right rear of the 85th and not far from the 29th, whose retreat he saw. Noticing me, he said sharply, "Take a battalion of the 85th and charge the flank of the column which is marching on the 29th." It was a strikingly apposite thought, so much so that I thought the commander of the 85th might have executed the manœuvre on his own responsibility; and, delighted to have received the order from General Bonaparte when he might have given it to any one of a score of officers, I galloped off to hasten the execution of it. But the devil had his finger in everything

that could do me good, and when I was three hundred paces from the 85th it broke into a regular stampede. I hastened to the commander to tell him my orders and point out how far they involved his responsibility; he could do nothing to obviate the mischief and none of his officers were any better. I was making, however, several more efforts to rally a few men and form a nucleus, when General Masséna came up, though I do not know how he happened to be there. I reported the whole to him; he at once ordered what I had only been able to request, but his orders had no more effect than my words. He began to swear, then to heap insults on the commanding officer. At last he drew his sword, a thing I never saw him do but once in my life, and brought the flat of it down, not only on the men who were running away, but on the officers who, instead of standing in their way and rallying them, were following in their wake. It was the second time that the 85th had disgraced itself with the Army of Italy, and showed that it was not qualified to belong to that army, as, indeed, General Bonaparte wished to inscribe on its flags. The panic was all the less intelligible since that part of the Austrian corps which had caused it soon changed its direction and made as though to march past our left, instead of at once taking us in rear and profiting immediately by the advantages it gained.

As Masséna did not wish to leave his position, although no one was with him but one aide-de-camp and myself, it occurred to him that a little hamlet in front of our right must be occupied by a French battalion, and ordered me to go and bring it with all speed. I thought it my duty to point out to him that we could not have any troops there; he got angry. I went off, and, as good luck would have it, one hundred paces from the first house I received a volley of musketry from people who, if they wanted to capture me, needed only to let me get there. Under the hail of bullets I tried to turn my horse, but the ground being wet and greasy he slipped down. Quickly remounting, I made off, and it was time, for a dozen men ran after me firing, followed by a strong column which emerged from the hamlet. I rejoined Masséna, who had seen my discomfiture, so that I had not the trouble of reporting that

I was not bringing my battalion nor of announcing the early arrival of an attacking party. I found him with a hundred men or so whom he had succeeded in rallying, but who all bolted as the enemy approached. Once again we were alone, without the aide-de-camp who had been with him when I left him, and who was gone to bring up the two first battalions of the 32nd and the two first of the 75th. "General," I then ventured to say, "it's not a general's place to be acting as vedette." He made no answer, but began to whistle, while he looked at the skirmishers who were coming up to us shouting, "Prisoners! prisoners!" Then suddenly making up his mind, he went as fast as his horse would gallop to meet the troops whom he was expecting. As for me I was nearly taken, my horse being unable to jump a bit of rock which the general's had cleared without hesitation. Quickly reaching the head of the battalions for which he was making, the general at once retraced his steps. What fine troops were the 32nd and the 75th! It was the first time that I had seen any corps of Masséna's army marching to meet the enemy, but there was something so firm, so formidable, in their bearing that one felt that marching to battle with them was marching to victory.

Placing the 75th in reserve, Masséna made the 32nd advance without halting, without throwing out a skirmisher, and when close upon the enemy's column he said to me, "Thiébault, go and let the commander-in-chief know that he may be quite easy about his left." "After the charge, general, please!" cried I; and without awaiting his answer, which I feared, because it was impossible to reply to so imperious a chief, I hastened to join the commander of the 2nd battalion, with whom I charged, while General Masséna, having Colonel Dupuy on his left, charged at the head of the 1st, all drums beating. It is needless to say that the column composed of three Austrian battalions was overthrown and put to flight, that it lost one hundred prisoners, besides killed and wounded, and left us masters of the position, which I retook. When the last Austrian had turned his back, I carried to General Bonaparte the advices which I had been ordered to give him. I may add that my conduct on that day was not unnoticed, and Burthe

himself said so much about it that La Salle and Rouvelet complimented me when I got back to Verona. Still, in spite of his half success, General Masséna had simply regained his position, but had not advanced. As for General Joubert's division, which had sustained almost the full effort of a frontal attack, it had been forced at several points, and altogether the battle was not working out to our advantage.

A kind of suspension of hostilities succeeded this series of combats, in some cases very murderous. The corps-commanders of Joubert's division rallied their people, and the 85th was sent to the rear of the village of Rivoli, where it was re-formed, reviewed, and lectured, when it should have been sent about its business; in short, everything was made ready either for resuming the offensive or for repulsing fresh attacks. Two things, however, appeared to me inexplicable. I wondered why the Austrian corps, after forcing the 29th to retire and routing the 85th, had omitted to follow up that first success, and how an enemy so superior in force had thus allowed us a breathing time contrary to his own interest, and such as he could not need to maintain the battle. I could find no plausible answer to these questions. When in the direction of Colombara the mountain ridges were covered with Austrian troops, who were clapping their hands as though they already had us in them. At this sight all eyes were turned towards General Bonaparte, but after a short inspection he confined himself to saying calmly, "We have got them now." These words, which several voices at once repeated, seemed to me evidence of a bold assurance which the new aspect of affairs looked to be very far from justifying. Not content with having the day before hurled Joubert's division back upon the plateau, or rather into the basin of Rivoli, and forced us to fight in an unfavourable position, the enemy was marching upon our rear as he had marched upon our front, and wanted to compel us to surrender, either by taking us between two fires or by starving us out among the rocks. Now, as I have said, at that moment we were broken up and even beaten, but, on the other hand, Joubert's division had been reinforced by Masséna's two splendid half-brigades, his regiment of cavalry and his guns, and the 18th was holding Garda, five miles to our

left, while 3,000 men under General Rey, who were occupying Castelnovo, had received orders to join. Thus the position, though hazardous, was not desperate.

The commander-in-chief did not hesitate. The infantry of Joubert's division, attacked again along its whole front, was fighting vigorously, its chief heroically; although under the fire of cannon, they were holding the line on the left bank of the Adige. The infantry of Masséna's division was massed and motionless; the 1st Regiment of Cavalry had not yet charged, and the commander-in-chief, in order to receive his communications to hasten the movement of Rey's 3,000 men, and make them take part in the attack of the troops under General Lusignan, who were blocking us, ordered Junot,* his aide-de-camp, to put himself at the head of the 1st Cavalry regiment and cut through. The squadrons came up; Junot fastened his hat under his chin with one handkerchief and his sword to his right hand with another. After these somewhat emphatic preparations he started, returning at the end of twenty minutes in much disorder and at full speed, having completely failed. This check and this disorderly return were not calculated to raise the tone of the troops. Faces grew long, and men said little but looked at each other, when they saw a column of some depth marching toward us down the hill which formed a barrier to the basin of Rivoli on our left. The first idea was that we were being attacked from all sides, but just as several aides-de-camp were about to start to reconnoitre the newcomers, and arrangements were being made to meet them, an officer from the column was seen to gallop full speed towards the group formed by the staff. It was Colonel Monnier, who, having seen from Garda the enemy's troops passing between him and us, and getting into our rear, had on his own responsibility made a flank attack upon the tail of the column, had routed them, and was now joining us with the entire 18th Regiment.

This unexpected arrival on the field of a reinforcement, with bands playing and colours flying, in place of new assailants,

* Thiers, who has got several details of this battle wrong, says La Salle and Leclerc. But La Salle was at Verona, and I do not know if Leclerc was in the battle. In any case, to couple La Salle with Leclerc is ridiculous.

besides the two hundred prisoners which it brought along, restored the tone of the soldiers just when we wanted it, and substituted enthusiasm among the majority for discouragement. As for General Bonaparte, who could be trusted to make all possible capital out of their arrival, he galloped in front of the regiment and exclaimed, "Brave 18th! you have followed a noble impulse; you have added to your glory! To complete it and to reward your conduct, you shall have the honour of being the first to attack the troops who have had the audacity to turn our flank." A thousand voices replied by cheers, and the 18th, in attacking column by battalions, was immediately sent at the highest ridges which the enemy was occupying in our rear. Four centre companies of the 32nd, one battalion of the 75th, and the flank companies of the two last brigades, formed three fresh columns, and all these troops got into motion to begin the combat of the evening. They started with such confidence, climbed the long escarpments with so much resolution and vigour, and, though firing uphill, replied in such murderous fashion to the enemy's fire, while our artillery aimed with such astounding precision, that every moment increased a hope which in five minutes was realised amid the shouts and applause of all those who were looking on at the struggle. Above, in their positions, supposed impregnable, the Austrians were steadily awaiting the arrival of our panting soldiers, but as soon as the bayonet could get to work the ground was piled with corpses; hundreds of the enemy were hurled into the abysses, and a victory was soon achieved which assured the safety not merely of the troops on the spot, but of our whole army, and secured Mantua, Lombardy, and all our conquests, which an hour before had been in great danger.

Night put an end to the fighting. The troops were posted so as to be ready for any event, while the generals of all ranks, with the officers of the headquarter and divisional staffs, were stowed away in two pretty wretched rooms. After a meal that was more than frugal, straw was brought, and everyone threw himself on it. I was beside Junot, who had only General Joubert between him and Bonaparte. I remember how during the kind of supper, which took the place pretty nearly of

breakfast and of dinner, General Bonaparte made a joke about his pittance, to which I replied, "A pittance of immortality is no such bad thing"; but in that company a captain was not expected to raise his voice, and only my neighbour smiled. On the 15th, at daybreak, the 18th, two battalions of the 32nd, the 1st Cavalry, with its six field-guns, left Rivoli for Roverbella. One battalion of the 32nd was told off to escort the prisoners until they could be handed over to General Rey, who had commanded under the name of "reserve division" the 3,000 men whom we had expected, and who, finding the road barred by the enemy, had taken up position instead of charging them. This mistake earned him the duty of taking the prisoners to France.

The glorious part which during the 16th and 17th the 18th Regiment played against Wurmser at La Favorita and against Provera at San Giorgio is well known. The 32nd and 75th remained in reserve, and what could I have done elsewhere? To have galloped after Masséna with Solignac was impossible, because the servant who ought to have brought fresh horses to Burthe and to me had not joined us, and the horse which I had been using since the 13th was used up. That horse, which had been sold to me as a very good one by General Dommartin of the artillery, was a screw. I have mentioned how he nearly got me caught by the Austrians, owing to his refusing at an obstacle which Masséna's horse had cleared. At the review of which I have spoken, Junot, who had been very friendly to me ever since Paris, asked me where I had got the horse I was riding. "General Dommartin sold him me," I said, "as a very good one." "A very good one!" he replied—"but he's got no bottom. What did he make you pay?" "Five hundred francs." "It's a shame," was Junot's reply, and, Dommartin being present, Junot fell to bantering him in such lively style that General Bonaparte asked what they were talking about. Junot eagerly explained, and when Dommartin maintained that his price was honest, Bonaparte said, "As honest as it would have been in him to pay you in bad money."

On January 18, while 22,000 prisoners were on their way to France, we re-entered Verona with more than thirty colours

captured from the enemy. With only 37,000 men Bonaparte had destroyed the 75,000 with which Alvinzy had been defeated at Rivoli, Wurmser repulsed at La Favorita, and Provera beaten and captured at San Giorgio,—prodigies which had been crowned by the capitulation of Mantua. Bonaparte still did his utmost to appeal in every possible way to the imagination of his soldiers. His phrases, no less fortunate than full of meaning, were repeated with enthusiasm; his familiarities gave rise to many anecdotes.* His proclamations were remarkable for their terseness and for the Ossianic phrases which they sometimes contained. Promotions were showered upon his army, plenty prevailed in it, and he took infinite pains to be every man's pride and hope. But all this seemed insufficient for him, and he employed ridicule to amuse his soldiers, while making them despise their enemy. Thus, after the recent exploits, the barracks and cantonments were flooded with a squib, comically imagined and wittily composed. The soldiers read it, and repeated it with shouts of laughter. It contained the humble remonstrance of the grenadiers of the Army of Italy to the high, mighty, and invincible Emperor of Austria, who was designated by any number of absurd titles and epithets. It began by thanking him for the young volunteers whom he had been so kind as to send from Vienna, and by asking him for more, while complaining that the pantaloons he gave his soldiers were too scanty and the cloaks too short, so that two men had to be killed to get one cloak; that the muskets were too heavy to be used comfortably; that the soldiers never had any money in their pockets, and that none of them had a watch. Then followed the signatures: "Beat Beaulieu, Whack Davidovich, Blockade Wurmser, Munch Alvinzy, Bolt Provera." It was only mess-room chaff, but the soldiers found it excellent, and that was what was wanted.

* He was executing some operation which would be impossible without profound secrecy. As he came up to the head of one of his columns he heard a soldier say, "I know very well what I should do if I was commander-in-chief." "Well, come now," said he, "what would you do?"—and the soldier set out all his very plan. "Confound you!" cried the general, "will you hold your tongue?" After the operation he tried to find the soldier who had shared his thoughts, but he had been killed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Triumphant progress—La Salle's reconnoissance—A fruitless errand—Across the Alps—Dangerous duty—Battle of Tarvis—The road to Vienna—Stubborn resistance—Masséna's genius.

ALL the world knows the incoherent and inopportune character of the plans of campaign with which the Directory had overwhelmed General Bonaparte; also the way in which the giant had responded to the conceptions of the pigmies, who, finding Milan and Naples only a foot apart on their maps, calculated the distance by compass instead of by the soldier's pace, and took no account of the circumstances which most often decide the right moment for operations. It was, however, none the less true that Tuscany had to be subjugated and Leghorn closed to the English; the Pope chastised for the murder of Basville, and for the anathema launched against France; Naples impressed; fresh subsidies secured as soon as possible; while to get peace we must dictate it at Vienna. But it was no less evident that we could not dream of leaving Italy till Mantua was taken, nor march upon Vienna till the Armies of the Rhine could resume the offensive and keep the Austrian forces in Germany employed. Further, even if it needed only three weeks to establish peace with Rome and Florence, while Naples had just concluded a kind of treaty, we could only attend to this in the interval between the defeat of one Austrian army and the arrival of another. The victories of Rivoli and La Favorita had made the surrender of Mantua certain, while the march of the fourth Austrian army allowed barely the necessary time for an expedition against Florence and Rome. This was at once resolved upon and set on foot.

As soon as it was known that we were about to tap the

wealthy countries of Tuscany and Romagna, Masséna and Augereau immediately and simultaneously claimed the lucrative honour of being entrusted with the operation. It became quite a subject of contention, the troops on either side wishing it to fall to their respective chiefs, and we of Masséna's army were preaching his incontestable claims to preference when we heard that General Bonaparte, on the precedent of the judge and the suitors, had decided to take the job himself.

On the day when Mantua capitulated, and Bonaparte crossed the Po—that is, February 2—Joubert's division left Rivoli and marched on Trent; Masséna's and Guieu's divisions also advanced, the former to Montebello, and thence to Vicenza, where La Salle presented me to his Marchesa. On the 6th we marched on Bassano. The enemy had covered it with redoubts, but we vigorously and quickly carried it. In spite of the terrible weather, the enemy was pursued and overtaken in the evening at Carpeneto. The bridge over the Piave was carried at a rush with the bayonet; two guns and more than 1,000 prisoners, including thirty-two officers, falling into our hands.

From the 10th to the 18th the division manœuvred about its cantonments at Bassano, reconnoitring the course of the Brenta, extending its lines to Cismone and Primolano, and finally effecting, first a reconnoissance, then an attack, upon Feltre, when the enemy's rear-guard, all that we could get at, left in our hands a flag, 200 men, two guns, over 100 horses, and a good deal of forage.

On the 18th I took an order to La Salle to start at three o'clock the next morning with 100 chasseurs, and make a reconnoissance in I forget what direction. He had just bought a map of the country on a fairly large scale. We unfolded this, and perceiving among the embellishments of the title two little bottles, on one of which was written "Piccoli" and on the other "Refosco," he said to me, "You may take your oath those are the names of two of the best wines of the country; so we will begin our reconnoissance with the wines." And it was over a bottle of each that we discussed plans. The pleasure of being with La Salle decided me to accompany him. We were not lucky enough to find the enemy; but another recon-

noissance of his reminds me of one of the feats of courage and madness which he was always performing, without troubling himself whether they were observed. My mention may help to save them from oblivion.

On the 28th he was ordered to start next morning, before daylight, with twenty-five dragoons, go to Bosco di Montello, and thence to Ospedaletto. Having discharged the first part of his task, he went on to the latter place, where his horses were so tired that he decided to halt, in order to rest and bait them, and let his men refresh. He placed a vedette at the upper end of the village, and remaining himself on horseback, with one corporal, ordered his second in command and the rest of the detachment to dismount, bidding them get food and forage as quickly as might be. Thus the men were scattered when the vedette let himself be surprised and captured, and La Salle found himself suddenly attacked by a whole squadron of Austrian hussars. Fortunately, the corporal who had stayed with him was, like La Salle himself, an extraordinary man in point of courage, presence of mind, activity, and strength, and the two, like a couple of Cocles, taking counsel only of their own audacity, resolved to face a squadron all by themselves. A cart, without horses, happened to be just in front of them, and this contracted the narrow street yet further. They dashed towards this just as the first hussar got passed it, and La Salle knocked over the hussar as the corporal did the same by the horse. The next two who appeared were served in the same fashion, and when the bulk of the squadron came up the pile of slain men and horses formed an obstacle which helped the two heroes to prolong their resistance. This gave the officer time to return and aid the combatants, and when some dragoons followed the defence was assured. But no sooner did La Salle find eight or nine men at his back than he hurled himself amid the assailants, his example inspiring his dragoons to such a point that he killed or captured nearly the whole of the hussars, and recovered his own vedette.

The following days were employed in movements of which the object was to support the left of Augereau's division, commanded, during the absence of its chief, who had gone to

Paris with the captured colours, by General Guieu. By Masséna's orders, it was driving any Austrian corps that were still on the right bank of the Piave across that river. Masséna had left Bassano with his troops to see for himself how the operation was going on, and, while sending out strong reconnoissances to prevent the enemy from uniting his forces, he went to Selva, his advance-guard driving a few Austrian hussars out of Vimadella. When about to enter Selva, General Masséna wished to know if these hussars had crossed the Piave, and if there were no other detachments of the enemy on the right bank. He directed me to take half a troop of dragoons and to go up along the river to Santa Mama, so as to communicate, at the same time, with Adjutant-general Kellermann, who had reached that point in his reconnoissance.

I had almost reached Santa Mama, and was about to descend a wooded slope which gave a view over the country, when I perceived, at about half a mile beyond the Piave, which flowed at my feet, the fire of some carbine-shots. I halted. "It's our dragoons!" cried a man of my detachment, known to have excellent sight; my field-glass confirmed it. Just then sabres flashed, and the dragoons were charged by a much larger number of hussars. I was down the hill in a moment, and, followed by my men, dashed into the Piave, which, luckily, was fordable at that point. Reaching the left bank, I re-formed my squad without halting and went forward at a smart trot. Five hundred paces from the bank I found Kellermann, alone; being on a horse which he could not manage, he had not ventured to come to close quarters with the enemy, but he told me that that madman La Salle—to use his own expression—had let himself get bolted with, and was in a deuce of a fix. As may be supposed, I galloped, and soon made out La Salle, who was cut off by the Austrians and being attacked by them, but was defending himself energetically. Without help, however, he must have succumbed, but the scene changed on our approach. The Austrians disappeared, and La Salle was able to re-form his squad. I might, no doubt, have joined my men with his, and, though several of his were disabled, we m have charged the hussars and given a good account of t

we were on the wrong side of the Piave without orders, or rather, contrary to orders, we were in the middle of the Austrian troops, nor did we know what we had on our flanks or even in our rear, nor yet where a charge might have taken us. Consequently, at two hundred paces from him I halted; he wheeled, and trotted to get in the rear of me; but just as he was about to pass me, and as I was moving towards him, he flung himself on me and embraced me, exclaiming, "Eternal friendship!" It is needless to say that we returned at once to the Piave and recrossed it. It was high time, for, beside the 75 hussars who were following us at a distance, 150 others, coming up along the river to our left, were ready to cut off our retreat. They seemed, indeed, about to cross the river in their turn, but the musketry fire of our dragoons induced them to withdraw. Thus ended that scuffle, which cost La Salle two men, two horses, and several wounded. He got two sword-cuts himself, one on his pelisse, the other on the upper part of his glove, while his horse got a sword-cut on the nose and a bullet in the rump, which caused him to be named "Kugel." The enemy did not get off so cheap, as our men always gave point. That was the last day of fighting which La Salle and I had together, for Kellermann and he left Masséna's division almost immediately afterwards and went to earn laurels at the battle of the Tagliamento.

We had just returned to Bassano when Masséna received through a sure channel not only the news of the Archduke Charles's early arrival, but precise information as to the number and nature of his troops and the route they were taking. This involved the sending of an important dispatch which he drew up immediately, and at eight in the evening, in order to give me a rest from the fatigues of an active day, which had begun at one in the morning, he ordered me to start at once in the saddle to join the commander-in-chief in Romagna and hand it to him.

I have already mentioned the lesson which General Bonaparte had given me at Milan, and how I had made it my business [illegible]ard to be in a position to answer all the questions [illegible]ight put to me. I knew the very smallest details

about the strength and material resources of our division, the distribution of it, its position with regard to the enemy, and so on. As I galloped I kept going over my notes and figures, feeling sure that if I succeeded in seeing the commander-in-chief I should be able to give a satisfactory answer to all his inquiries. I rode to Ferrara without taking breath; there I learnt from the military governor that the commander-in-chief had recrossed the Po the day before, that he had secured peace in our rear for some months, that he was taking thirty million francs for the army, that he had heard the news, and that at that moment he must have seen Masséna or communicated with him. My disappointment may be imagined; but as the commander-in-chief was no longer in the place where I had been told to go, as nobody could tell me where he was, and as moreover he knew what the dispatch I was carrying had to tell him, whether I liked it or not, my task was at an end before it had been fulfilled, and I had only to go back where I came from. Finally, as nothing required my presence at Bassano, at least for some hours, more or less, I devoted those hours to rest, and, having got the governor of Ferrara to write out and sign what he had told me, I returned next day to Masséna, who approved what I had done.

The last great episode of this magical campaign was at hand. The news was as follows: the Archduke Charles, followed by 25,000 picked men from the Army of the Rhine, was coming to take command of a considerable force concentrated on the Tagliamento. The hero of the Empire was about to try conclusions with the hero of the Republic. The latter had no doubt just been furnished with two-thirds of the reinforcements so often asked and promised; that is to say, with two divisions numbering 20,000 men in all, without which he would have had no choice but to fly. The Austrian army, however, without reckoning the recruits, the sick and wounded, who were returning, and some Tyrolese mountaineers who had just been levied, was about to be reinforced with six divisions, so that the Archduke could either attack or await Bonaparte with 90,000 men, while Bonaparte, compelled to leave 20,000 men on the right bank of the Adige, had only 50,000 left with which to act beyond

that river. There was this further difference between the positions of the two commanders, that all the means and resources of the Government at Vienna were placed at the disposal of the generalissimo, who was the Emperor's brother; while jealousy and distrust rendered the Directory slow to help a man who seemed to them to leave no chance for anyone else to play a distinguished part. But he had so accustomed his army to victory and his enemies to defeat that the most humble private made certain beforehand not only of beating the Archduke, but of going to Vienna, a more difficult matter. No one could have said how it would come about, nor did anyone trouble himself to do so; they only thought of what they would do when they got there.

Such was Bonaparte's power over the Army of Italy, the most patriotic of them all. In its revolutionary faith it almost deified its republican chief, who was so gloriously serving the cause of liberty; who had been arrested at Nice and put on half-pay by Aubry on account of his Jacobinism; who had founded the Cispadane Republic and was now creating the Cisalpine; who, when Austria offered to recognise the French Republic, had replied, "The Republic has no need of recognition—it is like the sun on the horizon of Europe"; who said to the Venetian deputies, "I will never lend my aid against the principles on which France made the Revolution"; who addressed the Archduke Charles in the tone of an equal as "Mr. Commander-in-chief." Such was the power of the republican Bonaparte over that army that, when he became Emperor and King of Italy, it was in its ranks that he found the greatest number of courtiers and creatures; and while we were fighting in the Venetian provinces for the glory of the Republic, we were far from suspecting that those provinces would furnish the imperial court with most of its first-class titles, in the gaining of which the glory of our arms was to have no part. Let me name the Duke of Vicenza, the Duke of Bassano, the Duke of Feltre, the Duke of Belluno, the Duke of Cadore, the Duke of Istria, the Duke of Padua. Going a little further, we come to the Duke of Ragusa, an estimate of whom was given by the familiar soldier's phrase, "You are *ragusing* me," meaning

"You are betraying me;" and the Duke of Dalmatia, who might just as well have been called the Duke of Morlachia, and so saved the reception which that unlucky name of Dalmatia earned him.* It was a plunder of usurped names which nothing could justify, and these names have accordingly been attacked, objected to, and refused; while those which, like Rivoli and Essling, Elchingen and Moskowa, were given for victories, will be eternally honoured.

It was by abuses of power like this that Bonaparte was to ruin his empire, just as it was in return for the excesses of the Revolution that Paris was twice to be defiled by the enemies of France; that France, mutilated and ravaged, was twice to fall into the filthy hands of the Coblenz ringleaders, without recovering, in compensation for that disgrace, her natural frontiers, lost from that day forward.

However, during the campaign of 1797 we had no reason to contemplate so gloomy a future, and I may return to my history of the part played in it by Masséna's division. On the 8th and 9th of March a fresh battalion arrived to join the 20th Light Infantry, and the 2nd Light Infantry came to us from the Army of the Rhine, raising the strength of the division to two regiments of light infantry, four of the line, two of cavalry, with one battery of horse- and one of foot-artillery. The generals of brigade were re-distributed, Motte having the advance-guard, then Ménard and Rampon; Leclerc commanded the cavalry and Carrère the artillery, while Brune had the rear-guard.

Three of these generals had only a regiment apiece to command, and it was not necessity that had so multiplied them. Their number arose in the first place from the lavish way in which Bonaparte had promoted, and then from the fact that no superior officer wanted to quit the Army of Italy. So they were piled up in the hope that the cannon would do what policy prevented the commander-in-chief from doing, and get rid of the duplicates; but it was not so obliging.

On March 10 the whole division left Bassano and again

* The Dalmatians have always had the reputation of being drunken, brutal, and addicted to theft. Their neighbours the Morlachs are brave warriors.—Ed.

entered on campaign. In twenty-five days of marching and manœuvring across the mountains, amid ice and snow, it was to fight eighteen combats against troops always superior in number, capture seventeen guns and some flags, take 14,000 prisoners with 11,000 combatants, and gain 200 miles of ground. We advanced by Feltre to Belluno, driving before us the Austrian corps under Generals Ocskay and Lusignan, who retired upon Fortogna, and resolved to make a stand there.

Masséna halted his column at Polpet, a village near Fortogna, and went forward with some officers, of whom I was one, to reconnoitre that place. It stands between lofty mountains and the Piave. The mountains were covered with troops; the village was strongly held and flanked on both sides, towards mountain and river, by several lines of infantry; swarms of skirmishers covered the whole of the enemy's front; in rear of the village some detachments of hussars could be seen, while guns were placed at every favourable point. It was therefore a formidable position, and one might say unapproachable, if a reconnoissance did not show the river to be fordable. But that was a fact which the enemy's generals had omitted to verify; perhaps they had hoped that as the day was drawing to a close we should neither think of doing it nor have the time. However, it was the first thing that Masséna saw to on coming before the position. Fortunately the river-bed was found to be passable for cavalry, and the fact decided both the plan fixed upon and an immediate attack.

The 2nd and 20th Light Infantry debouched from Polpet, engaging from the summit of the mountain down to the river. The fire became very brisk, and, in spite of their devoted intrepidity, our troops were several times forced to abandon the ground that they had gained. The artillery came to their aid and destroyed the village, while the 18th was ordered to advance in columns. Then the decisive manœuvre was carried into effect; the 3rd Dragoons suddenly crossed the river, overthrew the hussars opposed to them, turned the enemy's left flank, and fell upon its rear just when the 18th, supported by the light infantry, came up at the double. Attacked on all sides, the enemy broke and fled, but, thanks to the mountains and the

night, they escaped us. Apart from 300 and odd killed and wounded who were left on the field, we only took 660 prisoners, among whom were 18 officers, including General Lusignan, who had been captured at Rivoli two months before and set free with the other generals. He had remained throughout with the skirmishers and shared the fate of his bravest men; our own loss was confined to a few killed and wounded.

On the 25th the division moved to Serravalle. Of that extraordinary march, which might seem impossible for artillery, I recall the following incident. On the evening of the combat at Fortogna General Lusignan was talking over the action with Masséna and the rest of us. He had received, on giving his parole not to escape, the order to march with the staff-officers of the division. His name, his position as an *émigré*, and his military reputation, having excited in me a desire to know more of him, I talked to him as we went from Polpet to Serravalle, my comrades being too proud to speak to him. Seeing the direction that we were taking, he said to me, "Captain, I know the mountain that you have got to climb. Infantry can get over with difficulty, the cavalry with much fatigue and some losses; as for the artillery, it's impossible to get a gun over, still less a tumbril. I advise you to let General Masséna know."

In those days doubts were almost unknown in the Army of Italy; still, as I had only the confidence of sentiment to oppose to so positive an assertion on the part of an eminent general, I thought it my duty to convey this opinion, which might be important. Masséna heard me with much indifference, and replied, when I had finished, "Tell General Lusignan from me that, after having shown him, the day before yesterday, how to attack a village, I shall show him, to-day, how to cross the mountains." As may be supposed, I did not take back that reply literally; for, even though said in a joking tone, it might have appeared insulting. Our gunners worked with zeal and courage to get their pieces along; broken wheels were replaced at once by the spare wheels; means for making the necessary repairs were at hand and promptly applied; many grenadiers and all the pioneers in the division, without orders and quite

spontaneously, helped the gunners, lifting the guns and the caissons and carrying them when necessary. When General Lusignan saw the enthusiasm which was thrown into the work, and beheld all the artillery brought to the top of the ascent, up a staircase of broken rocks nearly five miles long, he could not hide his amazement, and said to me, what I accepted as a lucky prophecy, "With such troops, sir, and chiefs like yours, there is no goal that you may not reach."

On March 16, the day on which Bonaparte won the battle of the Tagliamento, our division reached Pordenone, by way of Sacile, going on to Spilimbergo on the 17th. At daybreak on the 18th, with all the bands playing, it succeeded in fording the Tagliamento in line. It is a large and dangerous torrent, with a loose, sandy bed, in which carts and carriages have been known to disappear. We, however, got off with nothing more than plenty of water, which was up to the men's armpits and the horses' cruppers, and the division proceeded to the fort of Osoppo. The enemy had large stores there of bread and forage, which fifty troopers were hastily evacuating. Masséna, followed by his staff and his escort of twenty-five chasseurs, came up, half a mile in front of a column, charged these fifty men, scattered them, took some prisoners, captured the stores and waggons, and then the fort, with three guns and ammunition. In the evening the division took up its position at Gemona.

We had hardly arrived when Masséna gave orders that a staff-officer and three dragoons should go back to Belluno to ascertain that the enemy's troops were not assembling anywhere thereabouts in our rear. It was the turn of an officer named Roubaud for duty. The order was given to him, but he declared that they had, no doubt, a perfect right to have him beaten, but not to make him be murdered without a chance of safety, and for no good; that it was a useless mission, since, in less time than he could accomplish it, they could find out from ten quarters what was going on in the mountain; and, moreover, it was a job that ought only to be given to a spy; and that, consequently, he was not going to undertake it. He was at once turned out of the staff; but after him it was my turn to go. Though convinced that his observations were perfectly

justified, I started, finding it difficult to imagine how such an order could have emanated from Masséna.

By marching all night, which made it necessary for me to get a guide for the passage of the Tagliamento, I reached Serravalle the next evening. The horses were dead beat, and, as without the aid of daylight it was impossible to descend the five miles of rocky staircase leading to the Piave, I halted, setting to work, however, at once to get information. I learnt, in a way that left no room for doubt, that a body of 6,000 to 8,000 Austrians was collected at Belluno. It was evident, therefore, that I could not reach that town. But was that any reason to regard my errand as discharged? Certainly not. An officer sent on special duty ought always to see for himself, unless forcibly prevented from doing so. Without concealing from myself that it was ten to one that I should be caught, and without troubling myself about the hostile disposition of the inhabitants, I resolved to go on, as far as I could, towards Belluno the next day, and to neglect no means of getting the most circumstantial details as to the composition and destination of the hostile force. As, however, it might be important, not only to Masséna, but to the commander-in-chief, to get the information I had obtained as early as possible, being unable to trust a native, I decided, in spite of the weakness of my escort, to send off one of my three dragoons, ordering him to make all the haste he could, and, if he fell in with a messenger or an officer on his way to join the commander-in-chief, to give him my dispatch and get a receipt for it.

Having seen the dragoon off about nine o'clock, I threw myself on a bed. It had not struck one when the corporal entered my room, exclaiming, "Mount, captain—the enemy is marching on Serravalle! His scouts are here, and from what I have just heard I do not know but what we are already surrounded." I jumped up, and, on questioning the landlord, found that there could be no doubt of the speedy arrival of the enemy. My corporal was the same with whom La Salle had made that heroic defence at Ospedaletto. He was a man much superior to his rank, and one who could neither be

deceived nor intimidated. So we could hesitate no longer, but set out to return to Sacile.

We had not gone five miles when we suddenly saw a bivouac fire in front of us, on the road we were following. It told us that we were cut off. When there is only one thing you can do, your mind is soon made up. Being unable either to go back or take another road, or leave that on which we were, we went forward in dead silence. The darkness of a wet night was in our favour, and as soon as the "*Wer da?*" was heard we drew our swords. Then shouting, "Squadron, gallop!" we reached the picket at full speed. The men scattered right and left, though a few shots were fired at us, none of which took effect, and, quickening our pace, we arrived at Sacile. There I left my dragoons, with orders to follow by double marches, and bring on my horse, while I myself rode forward on a post-horse, which I changed at every stage, so as to reach Masséna without halting.

I rejoined the division on March 23, after doing some very hard work, running some serious risks, and spending a good deal of money. Masséna, in my absence, had continued to advance. He hardly remembered the abominable duty which he had laid upon me, and would not even hear a word about my report. "It was ancient history," said Solignac. I may add that Roubaud, who let me in for this piece of work, was no sooner turned out of our staff than he became aide-de-camp to General Brune, who had been a friend of his uncle, Chabot, formerly of the Convention.

I found the division, when I returned to it, advancing on Tarvis. This town, high up in the Julian Alps, commands the road to Germany, and as a position was of exceptional interest. Not only was it the point of junction of four important roads—those from Görz, Laibach, Villach, and Gemona—but also it was on our shortest way to Vienna. All these circumstances, the last especially, made it desirable for the Archduke to retain his hold on so important a position. Considering that Masséna's division was too far from the route followed by Bonaparte to make it possible for the two forces to render mutual aid to each other in time, he had formed the plan of

suddenly uniting at Tarvis, not only the remains of Ocskay's and Lusignan's corps, but also Bajalich's division and several divisions from the Rhine, especially a grenadier division, composed of the finest troops of the Empire. To beat Masséna with these forces, amounting to 40,000 men, then to fall upon Guieu's division, which was advancing, isolated, by way of Chiusa Imperiale,* to join Masséna's division; and after reinforcing himself further, with more troops from the Rhine, and some corps from the army in Italy, to cut off the retreat of Bonaparte, who had with him only the divisions of Sérurier and Bernadotte—such was the Archduke's eminently soldierly design. It was most unexpectedly upset by one of those inspirations familiar to Masséna, and in this way.

As the advance-guard, consisting of the 75th, the 10th Mounted Chasseurs, and two field-guns, was following the road to Tarvis, on March 23, it fell in with the enemy about a mile and a half beyond Malborghet. He was no sooner attacked than he was bowled over, and threw himself into a wood on his left of the road in order to rally under the cover of a battalion drawn up in the wood; but the first two battalions of the 75th charged into it, and dislodged all whom they found.

Meanwhile, on their right of the road, three Austrian battalions, favourably posted, with guns, were attacked.† They resisted briskly, but at the same time the whole advanced brigade, under General Motte, came up, which decided them to retire upon their line, which was covering the village of Saifritz, five miles this side of Tarvis.

So far only the advance-guard had been engaged, and Masséna might have contented himself with this success and have waited to follow it up till he had been joined by the remainder of his

* [No place of this name seems to be known now. Does he mean Chiusaforte on the Pontebba road, some distance in rear of where Masséna now was? But Guieu (also spelt Guyeux) was pursuing Bajalich up the Isonzo valley towards the Predil Pass. So, perhaps, the Flitscher Klause or Chiusa di Pless may be meant.]

† [The "left" and "right" of the road in this passage must be from the point of view of the Austrians. As will presently be seen, it was with their left wing that the 75th was engaged in the main action, and we can hardly suppose it to have been brought across the valley unnecessarily.]

forces. But, without hesitation, he gave the order to attack. General Ocskay—for it was his troops that we had been beating ever since Fortogna—offered a resistance to which we were not accustomed, and which only stimulated our brave fellows more and more. The 75th having been ordered to take ground beyond the enemy's line on his left flank, while two battalions of grenadiers did the same on the right, General Motte, to whom fell the duty of attacking it in the centre, brought up the 2nd Light Infantry. Marching in column, they broke the centre, and, under a brisk fire, faced to the left and presented their line to the enemy's right wing, which had already been turned by the grenadiers and now was completely routed. At the same time the left wing was getting shaky under the efforts of the 75th. Then the 10th Chasseurs came into action. Sent forward by Masséna, it made several brilliant charges; and while the enemy withdrew by the Klagenfurt road, it pursued him half a league the other side of Tarvis, while our troops occupied the place. His loss in this memorable action was nearly 2,000 killed, 500 wounded, two guns, and 1460 prisoners.

Such was the combat fought on the saddle of Tarvis, on an icy plain above the region of the clouds;* and certainly, when Masséna took advantage of the rapidity of his march, and of that instinct which sometimes decides great events to attack with his reduced force the Austrian corps which was barring the road to Vienna, he was far from suspecting the last moment, and the only means left for saving the Army of Italy, that he was spoiling an admirably devised combination and, so to say, fighting the Archduke in person.

His plan once conceived and determined on, the Archduke sent the bulk of his troops to Villach, in consequence of the passage of the Isonzo,† and came with all speed in person to Tarvis to join the divisions of Ocskay and Lusignan. But he could only witness their defeat; and what must be carefully remembered is that, on the evening of the very day when the Austrian force was so unexpectedly and completely beaten by

* [The actual height is about 2,500 feet above the sea, so that the amount of ice remaining at the end of March would probably not be very great.]

† [By Bonaparte's division.]

General Masséna, it was on the point of being reinforced by the troops from Villach and by the Hungarian grenadiers, and on the next day by a division of the Army of the Rhine and by Bajalich's division. Masséna had no information of all this; he acted, as usual, on inspiration, merely carrying out the axiom of war, that you should never leave an enemy any time that you can snatch from him. The service which he rendered to Bonaparte and to France was therefore unequalled, and a new trophy added to his fame.

Our troops were hardly in possession of Tarvis when the scouts of the army from Villach began to show themselves, followed by the head of the grenadier division, a succour which favoured the retreat of the beaten force. As for General Bajalich, who had been marching the greater part of the night through a narrow gorge in order to reach the Archduke in time, he appeared at daybreak in front of our advanced pickets. He had arrived too late; caught between our division and that of Guieu, which was hastened up to join us, he had no choice but to attack, and he did so. But he was met with the bayonet and routed all along the line, losing to us five guns and 1,000 prisoners, including himself. This feat only stimulated our men, and they continued to pursue the enemy with indescribable desperation, capturing his remaining seven guns and 300 waggons of equipment and provisions. Next day Masséna was able to send to the rear 4,540 fresh prisoners, including General Bajalich, with two major-generals and twelve guns with their tumbrils. On the evening after the second action, Guieu's division, following Bajalich at some leagues' distance, encamped on the ground where the fight had taken place, and the whole of Masséna's division was re-assembled at Tarvis.*

On the 25th and 26th the division advanced upon Villach, which it reached on the 27th, after preventing the enemy from destroying the bridge over the Gail. On the 29th it proceeded towards Klagenfurt, driving the remains of the Austrian army before it. A mile from Klagenfurt we found the enemy rallied. On his right he was occupying a mountain of some height with

* M. Thiers' account of the battle of Tarvis is only of value as a romance.

an infantry corps; his left consisted of a mass of infantry formed in three lines, while in the centre were four guns and two howitzers, supported by two regiments of cavalry.

The fighting opened with an attack on the centre and right of the enemy. The three battalions of the 25th and one of grenadiers were directed to carry the mountain position while our artillery silenced that of the enemy. Our efforts, however, were useless; the position, strong in itself, was obstinately defended. Then Masséna, wishing to get the business over, ordered three cavalry regiments to force the enemy's centre. Supported by our artillery, which went on firing as long as it could, and by the infantry of our left, marching with fixed bayonets, the regiments charged home and broke the centre. The enemy then retreated and marched through Klagenfurt without halting, but in good order, leaving no prisoners and bringing away all his guns. Pursued by our cavalry and the 18th of the Line, the enemy tried to face about a mile or so beyond the town, but he was charged and broken a second time, leaving 240 prisoners in our hands, including four officers.

The division spent the 30th at Klagenfurt and occupied St. Veit on the 31st, the enemy declining combat. On April 1 he made an unsuccessful effort to prevent our establishing ourselves on the banks of the Gurk. His camp was at Micheldorf, and he burnt the bridge between himself and us; but at daybreak on the 2nd our advance-guard succeeded in fording the Gurk and reaching Micheldorf, which had been evacuated during the night. It halted there till the bridge was replaced and the guns, with the rest of the division, were enabled to cross.

By 10 A.M. we were in full march for Friesach. Half a mile short of that town our advance-guard fell in with the enemy's rear-guard, which, with artillery, was covering the march of the main body and trying to hold three contiguous positions. The object was to gain the time necessary for the destruction of the stores in the town; but, beaten as soon as attacked, the rear-guard could not prevent our being by noon masters of the place, and we succeeded in putting out the fire and saving some of the stores.

Before Einöd is a defence. A strong

Austrian brigade was holding it, with orders to risk a fresh fight. The object was to retard our march, but it was no better attained than the others had been, for the 18th, without replying to the fire, scaled the position, charged with the bayonet and routed the defenders, while the 10th Chasseurs turned it and took some hundreds of prisoners. Not halting at this success, the two regiments escorted the enemy as far as the gates of the town, where they found massed all that was left of the corps which Masséna had been fighting ever since Fortogna —name of good omen.* There were still two brigades of infantry, five battalions of grenadiers, two regiments of cavalry, and nine guns. Still in good order, in spite of so many defeats, he was holding what might seem a formidable position—two wooded hills from 800 to 1,000 yards apart. One brigade occupied each hill, the space between being held by the grenadiers, the cavalry, and the artillery—a faulty disposition, as it allowed of no reserve.

The 25th was ordered to open the fight by attacking the hill on the left. As soon as it was engaged the 32nd assaulted the hill on the right, while the rifle companies of the 2nd and 20th opened fire upon the centre. Protected by their wooded position, the Austrian brigades resisted stubbornly, but the 32nd, reaching the summit of its hill about five o'clock in the afternoon, found that it had turned the flank of the troops who were occupying the slope, and, thus commanding their rear, compelled them to retreat. Thus outflanked, the line was no longer tenable; the 25th quickly gained ground, while the enemy's centre, having no further support, was at this juncture charged by the 2nd and 20th and completely routed. We had the misfortune to lose Carrère, the commander of our artillery, killed by a cannon-shot. The enemy's troops all retreated upon Neumarkt, and re-formed in the open ground at the further end of the defile.

On April 3 the division passed through Neumarkt, which the enemy had evacuated in the night, and went on to bivouac at Unzmarkt, the short journey being marked by two more combats, one, after passing Scheifling, against the rear-guard.

* [He always spells it "Fortuna."]

But the rifle and light companies of the 2nd and 20th were able in half an hour to drive them back on their main body. In the second, however, we had to meet all the forces which the enemy still had left at this point. Under a well-maintained fire the two regiments vied in boldness, as though the duty lay upon them of deciding the respective merits of the Army of the Rhine and that of Italy. Attacking the entire corps with the bayonet, they forced it to retreat headlong. Part of the troops composing it reached the heights, while the remainder retired by Unzmarkt in good order, its right to the river and its left to the mountains. After passing the town the Austrians wished to take up a fresh position, and tried to rally under cover of a brisk cannonade, but the 2nd charged so impetuously whenever an attempt was made to check them that none of the enemy's battalions were able to re-form. Night put an end to the long combat; our advance-guard took up its position a mile beyond Unzmarkt, and the rest of the division with the park was placed in front and rear of the town, which was occupied by the staff.

At daybreak on the 4th we were on the march for Judenburg. A couple of miles short of that town, after passing Rothenthurm, there was a wood where the enemy thought to take advantage of favourable cover and risk a fresh fight. The position was such as left the result in doubt. Masséna turned it, thus compelling the enemy to evacuate it and to withdraw beyond Judenburg, where the division spent the 5th.

It is hard to imagine the tenacity with which the enemy withstood us in order to cover the road to Vienna, and at least delay, for he could no longer hope to stop, our march. Step by step the road was contested, always amid ice and snow. The Austrians, though with incessant losses, did not yet seem to be discouraged, while our brave fellows, replying with bayonet charges to their well-nourished fire, so far from feeling fatigued, were irresistible. On the 6th the division marched on Knüttelsfeld, where the enemy, when abandoning the town the day before, had burnt the bridge; the Mur not being fordable, we had to halt till the bridge was replaced.

On the 7th the whole division advanced upon Leoben; at

St. Michael it caught up the Austrian rear-guard, which was on the point of being attacked, when Masséna received intelligence that an armistice had just been concluded. However, not having yet reached the line of demarcation, he sent a flag of truce to the general on the other side to inform him that, having orders to march on to Bruck, he must require Leoben to be evacuated. They asked for an hour's time. "Not five minutes," replied Masséna, and he continued to advance, till on reaching the first houses of St. Michael he saw an old Austrian general coming to meet him, napkin in hand, who said, "General, I haven't dined for a week; cannot you halt your troops and let me have my meal?" "You are quite at liberty," answered Masséna, laughing, "to take as much time as you please to dine and rest, but I am not at liberty to move more slowly or to halt; so have the road cleared, or I must attack." The Austrian general had the road cleared, and Masséna's division marched all through the Austrian division, leaving, however, a regiment to watch it, which did not rejoin the division until the Austrian force had withdrawn. We reached Leoben on the 7th, stayed there the 8th, and on the 9th went to Bruck, a little town on the Mur, which river formed the boundary between the two armies during the negotiations of Leoben.

Thus ended the military operations of Masséna's division during the memorable campaigns of 1796 and 1797. From Bassano to Tarvis, from Tarvis to Leoben, it may be said that such a continuous series of successes was impossible save with picked troops under a picked leader. No word can express the electrical influence, the almost supernatural power, which Masséna exercised over his troops by the suddenness of his decisions, no less sure than instantaneous, and by the lightning rapidity with which he ordered the execution of them. There was not one of us who was not proud of belonging to Masséna's division, nor without this pride in the part it was playing could the division have performed such prodigies.

In my summary of this series of operations, not indeed with all the detail of which it might admit, but giving at least the indispensable circumstances, I have abstained from mentioning the parts played by individuals. In the sum total of heroism

shown, the only distinctions of excellence that can be made are that of the troops at large and that of their chief. Masséna was everywhere personally directing even the smallest manœuvres, and often leaving nothing for even his brigadiers to do; while as for the staff-officers, in combats which, with the exception of those at Tarvis, took place in very limited spaces, they could hope to play no personal part. Their only chance of getting mentioned was by being honoured with a bullet or cannon-ball, but death was extremely stingy towards them; they seemed invulnerable, which caused Burthe to remark modestly, "Audaces fortuna juvat."

CHAPTER XIX.

Negotiations in the old style—The "gentlemen's army"—Falling among brigands—Bernadotte—Padua and Venice—Under arrest—Duels—Across Mont Cenis on foot—Back in Paris—Mme de Montalembert.

THE little town of Bruck is one of those that can best be designated as mean. The men were badly off there, and we still worse, but we were only seven stages from Vienna, which made us think it a splendid place. But we had not much time to think about it. The truce was to end on the 12th of April, and the three days were taken up with repairs to clothing and equipment. On the 12th we received orders to be ready to resume hostilities on the morrow, but the morrow brought a counter-order.

On the 16th I was for the third time sent by Masséna with dispatches for General Bonaparte. I travelled post, and at the first change of horses was joined by an officer of the staff of the Emperor of Austria. In conformity with the practice of the Court of Vienna to make suitable presents to those with whom it is negotiating, this officer was taking a basket of Tokay from the Emperor to Bonaparte, who at that moment was arrogating to himself power as negotiator, to which he had no claim. This odd fashion looked to me almost like taking a drink together, a relic of the old days when the highest business was transacted glass in hand. Anyhow, at the second change it struck the officer that we might travel in the same carriage; and as mine was the less handsome, and moreover he could not quit his basket, I got into his. I have forgotten his name, but I remember that he could not get accustomed to the idea of seeing the French within twenty-five leagues of Vienna. However, he was a friendly young man, and we did not separate

again before Leoben. We both dined with the commander-in-chief, and had even planned to go back together, but I was dispatched first. That same evening I went back to Bruck without having had the honour of presenting my dispatch myself, nor the luck to be questioned.

At Bruck, Burthe had a fresh gambling quarrel, and sent a fresh challenge, followed by an affair which luckily had no result. His life was shared between play, wine, duels, and women, and yet he was not without merit, as he afterwards showed at Genoa.

As soon as the preliminaries of peace had been signed, or rather dictated at Leoben, the Army of Italy, with all its laurels upon it, took once more the road to that region whose name it had so splendidly justified its right to bear. An incident connected with our return march arose out of the following, which took place at Leoben. The old corps of the Army of Italy, largely recruited in our southern provinces, claimed to be specially the citizen army. They called the Army of the Rhine the "gentlemen's" army, and they applied this nickname to Bernadotte's division as soon as it arrived from the Rhine. The unpopularity of that division was increased by the fact that its handsome appearance, its discipline, the respect of the men for the officers, formed a striking contrast with troops who recognised no duty but that of beating the enemy. The men of Masséna's division, who had no idea of yielding to anybody in the matter of patriotism, were not the best disciplined in the world. Their general alone inspired them with sufficient respect and fear to keep them in order. He was at that time on his way to Paris, taking the preliminaries of peace to the Directory. Brune was commanding in his absence, but his hands were not hard enough to keep a tight bridle on soldiers like ours. No sooner had they come in contact with those of Bernadotte's division than they began using the word "gentlemen" with intent to make game of them; several duels at once ensued. Officers were sent from either side to restore order, but instead of separating the combatants they took sides with them. More than one hundred men had already fallen, of whom Masséna's division had at least sixty to lament; the

battalions were beginning to get together, and there was reason to fear that they might charge each other with the bayonet The drums were beaten, and all troops were confined to their quarters. Masséna's division was made to march before daybreak, thus taking the start of the division which should have gone before it, and deservedly losing the halt which it was to have had.

This incident, changing the order of march of the two regiments, could not fail to bring blame upon Masséna's division, which in fact was entirely in the wrong. General Brune, who ought to have foreseen it, wanted to be the first to report it, so that it might not be turned to his disadvantage; consequently he sent me off at full speed with his report to General Bonaparte. I forget where I came up with the commander-in-chief, but what I do remember is that I arrived at night, and that a room was given me in the same country-house where he was. I undressed and lay down on a bed, where I quickly fell fast asleep. When Leturcq, General Berthier's aide-de-camp, came with my dispatches, I was so covered with bugs that, not being able to wake me with his voice, and not daring to touch me, he had to prod me with the scabbard of my own sword. I was horrified to find the condition I was in; my shirt was so black with creatures that one could not tell where to take hold of it to shake it out of window, and they had to sweep my skin. I never saw or smelt anything like it, and as I departed I wished, for the sake of our commander-in-chief's rest, that all the rooms in the house were not similarly inhabited.

At Udine I was quartered on a lady of high rank, no longer young, who treated me with conspicuous kindness. She had an only son of twenty-four, who conceived a lively friendship for me. He anticipated everything which I seemed to wish to such a point, that when I expressed at dinner my regret at passing so near Trieste without seeing that town, he proposed to make an excursion thither with me. The division was to leave Udine on the next morning but one, so that there did not seem to me to be time, but the young count averred that if we started directly after dinner we could get to Trieste in time

for the play, pass some hours at the casino, and during the following day have quite time enough to see the town and the harbour, and be back by ten in the evening.

We were on our horses before dinner was finished, he followed by a servant, I by two orderly troopers. My young companion's original and brilliant wit enlivened our journey; his zeal in showing me everything of interest that Trieste and the harbour had to offer, including a bran-new Austrian frigate, which he took me to see, together with the opera, which was very well put on the stage, realised all that I had anticipated from the excursion. Nothing remained but to finish the plan of our journey in peace, but an unexpected meeting with La Salle and several of our comrades, screwed up as they were to the same pitch, compelled us to dine with them. The meal took so long that it was eight o'clock, that is to say full night, when we remounted. This delay, which vexed me, suggested to my companion the idea of returning by a footpath practicable, however, for mounted persons, which he said he knew quite well, and would save us more than an hour and a half. On emerging from Trieste, we left the high road to the right, and took a path which went along by the sea. Suddenly all signs of the track disappeared; we had reached the shore, and soon being hemmed in between the precipice and the sea, we could only advance over the breaking water and the stones. We had to go in single file, with our horses stumbling at every step; at last the night, which had grown very dark, was broken only by the moon, and this was covered every moment by the clouds. Alive as I might be to the picturesque surroundings of our march, I was, nevertheless, impatient and uneasy about reaching my division in time.

I bantered my young count on his choice of a road, and soon he had to own that we had lost our way. The darkness, he added, had caused him to miss the right track, but he felt sure he could find others, and we should lose more time by going back than by continuing to follow the shore. So we went on, in despite of reefs and sea, the waves breaking round us, and every moment striking our horses' legs. Had there been a little more sea, the way would have been quite impracticable. In my

impatience I was going first, and we were getting more and more engulfed, when I thought I saw a kind of beach. The ground, which fell back from the sea, was still covered with rocks, but they were far enough apart to let our horses pass without trouble. Mechanically I began to trot, by way of getting as soon as possible out of a truly unpleasant position, when suddenly an alarm, at once repeated by over two hundred voices, was given in front of us. The moon, for some time overcast, cleared at that moment, and cast its light upon a body of armed men who were running at us, shouting loudly. Without doubt we had fallen among a band of brigands, and, as the nature of the ground prevented our running away, we were at their mercy.

My two troopers flew to my side, and wished to draw their swords, but I was against this useless demonstration, and bade them keep quiet. Just as I was giving up all hopes of safety, my young companion, who had sent his horse along and got ahead of us, began to shout at the top of his voice: "Francesco! Francesco!" His accent and the boldness with which he uttered the name seemed to check the fury of our assailants, and presently Francesco, after replying, "Here I am," ran up, crying, "Oh! *signore*." At his voice my young count leapt from his horse, and as soon as he could distinguish Francesco, flew to him, put his arm round his waist, and drew him to within a few paces of us. I could not follow their conversation, and the only words that reached me were, "Friend, Francesco"; but after a short colloquy, which seemed long to me, Francesco went towards his people, told them to retire, and was obeyed. Then he called out Pietro, who at once presented himself, and told him to take us back to the Udine road. It was like an escape from the tomb. The men, I may say, set off without answering or uttering a word. I went after him, followed by my troopers, then came the count's servant, leading his horse, while the count, still chatting with Francesco, brought up the rear. Reaching the end of a little gorge, we found a path scaling a pretty steep slope, and went up it. There the plain begun and there Francesco left us, amid our salutes and thanks, while the young count remounted. In half an hour we came to a road which Pietro the obliging told us was the road to Udine.

My host recognised it, and two piastres from me to our guide completed our farewell.

When we had got a hundred paces from him, I said to my companion: "Come now, my dear count, can you tell me the secret of your lucky intervention?" "No doubt," he replied, "but I need not tell you that we have just escaped a terrible danger; for if Francesco had not been there, nothing could have saved either of us." "But who then is Francesco?" "A capable and daring man, an old servant of my family. Two or three years ago I saved his life, and since then he has become the chief of this band and the terror of the whole country. In spite of his infamous trade, he has retained his gratitude and his devotion toward me. I persuaded him that you had been to Trieste to do a great service to my mother and myself, that I was responsible for you with my head, and that if anything happened to you my mother was lost. This lucky inspiration succeeded."

It was nearly four in the morning when we re-entered Udine. The assembly was beating for the departure of Masséna's division, and at a pinch I might have followed it. I only needed a fresh horse, but I should have had to leave my best at Udine, so I preferred to remain with him and with my troopers, whose own horses were beaten. So I asked and obtained permission to do so.

When General Bernadotte arrived, I went to pay my respects to him. He received me very well, and was kind enough to make me breakfast and dine with him. After dinner, in a burst of confidence which touched me much, and which I feel it an honour to remember, he had a private and confidential talk with me over all matters relating to the situation of France. As he reckoned up all the dangers which would yet threaten her political existence and her internal happiness, he was moved to tears. That moment, in which he showed the purity of his aims, the loftiness of his devotion, his unlikeness to so many other commanders with whom one could have reckoned only their own military glory, their own ambition, their own future, raised in me an admiration for him which I must confess, though later events may seem hardly to justify it.

Bernadotte expressed his regret at not having an aide-de-camp's place to offer me, but, at a word from him, General de Beaumont offered me one in his division. I should not have hesitated to attach myself to Bernadotte, but I did not accept de Beaumont's offer. Bernadotte's good opinion also led General Dugua of the cavalry to ask me to become an assistant on his staff, in view of the early promotion of one of his aides-de-camp. He even signed an application to that effect, which I had given to me, in order that it might not reach its destination. I laugh sometimes to think how I had the air of being up to auction during the two days I spent at Udine. Everybody was bidding for me, except the one to whom I would have knocked myself down. So, in spite of Solignac's faults, I stayed with him; after all, he had just asked for my promotion to major, and, as it turned out, I did right.

On the return of General Bonaparte's army to Upper Italy, he had assigned a district to each of his divisions. His object, no doubt, had been to keep in check the Venetian territory of which he had so much cause for complaint, but also to offer to each division the opportunity of resting, drilling, and providing plentifully for all its needs. Heavy contributions were levied, and in order to gild the pill it was announced that what was demanded of each person was but a small price for the freedom which he was going to enjoy. A jeweller at Padua, who was assessed at 3,000 francs, objected on the ground that he did not want any freedom, and that he ought not to be made to pay for that which he declared he did not wish to enjoy. His appeal was nonsuited, but he succeeded in making everybody laugh and getting a bailiff put in. As we know, the freedom promised so splendidly and sold at such a high price meant, when accounts were squared, the yoke of Austria.

In the distribution Masséna's division had the district of Padua, and I had accordingly to rejoin at that learned city, which no longer deserves its name. I remained there five months, the longest stay that in the course of five years I made in any Italian city. I had been quartered on a certain Count Grumko, an old gentleman of more than seventy. When I presented myself, he explained that his house was not very

spacious while his household was large, that we might be in each other's way, and that his habits, especially in regard to meal-times, would hardly square with mine. In conclusion he offered me a little house opposite to his own, where I could live by myself,—an arrangement which I found perfect. As the count seemed to like me, I often went to see him, while for his part he called on me once or twice a week, and in short conceived such a regard for me, that there was no kind of eulogy of me which he did not retail all over the town, where his age, character, fortune, and rank made him one of the leading persons. Thanks to him I was called on by the best-known inhabitants, and soon received by them as if I had been their countryman.

I almost at once made acquaintance with a Countess of Papafava, the widow of the last descendant of the ancient lords of Padua, a lady formerly of remarkable beauty. Proud of the leading position which she held at Padua, she caused a strict etiquette to prevail in her house; her circle, I must admit, was not amusing—circle, I may say, because one had always to remain seated in a circle; but that was no reason for going there without making up one's mind to behave respectfully, and Daure was highly to blame for what I am about to relate. One evening, when he and I were both seated in the circle and the conversation was flagging rather more than usual, he suddenly turned round, chair and all, so as to face outwards, and just when this piece of rudeness had turned all eyes upon him, he took to yawning so loud that he might have been heard in the street. He then got up, and without venturing on a bow, which no one would have returned, without turning back his chair he continued to yawn with all his might through the ante-rooms, down the staircase, and across the hall. Everybody remained in confusion except the person insulted; after a smile, which seemed to be moderated only by disdain, she took up the conversation and maintained it in a full flow which her calmness succeeded in rendering quite natural, and thus the uneasiness caused by Daure's bad manners vanished. Thenceforward I was the only Frenchman who was received in that house, for it is needless to say that none of my comrades on Solignac's staff

ever thought of appearing there, and Daure did not come again.

As ill-luck would have it, Burthe discovered at Padua an extremely handsome English phaeton, quite new, and to be sold cheap, with the harness complete. He at once formed the idea of buying it, going halves with me, and of harnessing in it one of his horses and one of mine—two sufficiently well-matched animals—in order to cut a dash with it in the public drives. I never disliked this sort of folly, but I asked for a preliminary trial of our horses in a chariot, and to have them broken to it, if necessary. Burthe, as an expert cavalry officer, thought the precaution needless, and no sooner was the vehicle bought than the horses were put in. Carefully dressed, we took our places, and then, with a conquering air, proudly gave the signal to let go. Neither of the horses stirred, and the only effect of the whip which Burthe applied was to make one kick and the other rear. They dashed forward and backward, to right and left, and soon, covered with sweat and foam, and getting more and more excited, they seemed to be advising us to recur to my original suggestion. Burthe, however, convinced that with more space we could start them more conveniently, made our servants take the horses by the bridle, and lead them to the parade-ground. The result answered only too well. When clear of the narrow streets, and as soon as our servants let them go, the horses went off at such a pace that in an instant the vehicle was overturned and smashed, amid roars of laughter from the crowd which was following us, and from all the 75th, which happened to be drawn up on the ground. Our discomfiture was complete, and we were in a towering rage; but as that could do no good, and as it was worse than useless to stimulate the general merriment by our presence, we departed, leaving our servants to pick up the bits as best they could. But other thoughts soon occupied our minds. The phaeton was smashed, Burthe's horse was seriously injured; these, however, were damages which money might repair. But how were we to escape the jokes which Colonel Dupuy, above all, caustic by nature, was not likely to confine within limits that we could tolerate? Clearly the laugh would be on his side, if

we could not succeed in getting it on ours. I thought a moment, and said to Burthe, "By Jove, I have a good idea! Let us make the joke ourselves; and to do it better than other people will be able, let us make some comic verses on our mishap." We at once set to work, and in less than an hour we were provided with a dozen copies of thirty verses as bad as you could wish. Armed with these, we repaired to the theatre, where Dupuy, with several generals and other officers, was in the box reserved for the staff. On seeing us come in, he said, "Hail to the bold charioteers!" "What!" I answered. "Is that the best inspiration you have got from our fall? Frankly, it deserved something better, and you will perhaps think so when you have read these verses, the prelude to an epic poem that we are planning." He had nothing more to say; he took our verses and read them, made his audience laugh, ended by laughing himself, and, everybody having discovered that we had got well out of it by making people think of our verses to prevent them from thinking about us, there was no more to be said.

The Directory had ordered that, in all the divisions of the armies of the Republic, a funeral service should be held in memory of General Hoche. I make no doubt that the other armies, and, above all, that of the Sambre and Meuse—nay, even Bernadotte's division—brought to the ceremony no less grief than pomp; but, with the exception of the last-mentioned division, this was not the case with the Army of Italy, where the love of equality had caused a desire for undivided glory, an unrivalled chief, and the monopoly of favours and thanks, and where Hoche was, accordingly, regarded as a kind of usurper. Nor do I know how the order for the celebration was drawn up, or whether it was due to inspiration from within or to pressure from without, but it would have been impossible to have managed the ceremony with a worse grace than was shown by the senior generals of the Army of Italy. As for Masséna's division, the only thing done was to assemble the troops, and to make *me*, a captain, deliver an address which had been bespoken on the previous evening, and for which the only material given me was the instruction, "Be short." No one

asked to see it beforehand, no one listened to it, indeed hardly anyone could have heard it, for not even the generals and superior officers were formed into a circle. After the address the troops were marched past, and they might well have asked, on returning to their quarters, why they had been disturbed.

July 14 was celebrated with more state. After a great review and manœuvres, the town gave us a great banquet, of which the fairest ladies of Padua formed the ornament and did the honours, and which was served in the hall which is said to be the largest in Europe. Orchestras were in the four corners, ample space was left for walking about and for the waiting, and three hundred places were laid at a horseshoe table. Dinner was to be at six; it was not served till nine; and all that time had been cooking in badly-tinned stewpans. I had been all day on horseback, and, exhausted with the heat and dust, I did not care to eat, and did not even sit down. But as I was strolling about, chatting to one and another, the charming Countess of Battaglia, one of whose neighbours had just left the table, made me come and sit beside her, pressed me to take something, and helped me, almost by force, to a piece of a fish, no less splendid than disastrous to all who partook of it. Eighty of us were ill. General Dumas, who was passing the day at Padua, and I were the worst sufferers. I was so bad that I did not leave my room for a month. One thing even added to my troubles. Waking in horrible pain, on fire within and as cold as ice on the surface, I sent in succession for two of the best doctors in the town, and both replied that they could not be disturbed at night. Two hours were lost before aid could be obtained from one of our own hospitals.

It might have been thought that I had paid all I owed in the matter of poisoning, but a new accident of the same kind was in store for me at Venice. It was due to oysters taken in the harbour, and impregnated with verdigris from the copper sheathing of ships. The fishery and sale of these oysters are forbidden, and the inhabitants take care to eat only such as come from a distance. But they have not as much regard for the lives of their guests as for their own, and at the time the

police at Venice were far too badly organized to make it possible to keep an eye on them.

We often made excursions to Venice, where we had quarters at the house of Signor d'Alezze, formerly a senator, and a man both rich and good-natured, so that we were most comfortable with him. He was at that time fifty years old, and very like Berthier in figure and stature. His strength and activity were still extraordinary. One day, when Burthe and I were there with several young Venetians, and we were using the freedom which we enjoyed to have a competition of skill, he said to us, "Come, gentleman, old as I am, I still am more active and supple than any of you. To prove it, I challenge you to imitate what I am about to do." Standing in the middle of the room, with no support near, he raised his right leg, extending it horizontally; then he bent his left leg till the right calf and leg touched the ground, without the heel touching. We all tried, but not one succeeded, while he repeated the performance several times with equal self-possession and ease. A splendid calf and a very small foot, no doubt, gave him a certain advantage, but not one of us could get within the distance that his calf might have saved him. I may add that I have often told the story of this feat, and have never found anyone who could repeat it.

The gondolas are certainly one of the greatest curiosities at Venice. Inside, they are not all equally cosy, but, externally, they resemble each other so much, that it would have been impossible to distinguish those of the greatest people from those which plied for hire. At the time of which I speak, the people would have murdered anyone who should have infringed that mark of equality. The only difference perceptible was that between one and two gondoliers; and the luxury consisted in having only one, but that one a Hercules, capable of going as fast as, or faster than, two. Such men commanded high wages. Masters recognised each other by the stature or general bearing of their gondoliers, for all liveries were forbidden, and all gondoliers, without exception, had to be clothed alike.

But to return to Padua. One evening Solignac sent for me, and asked me to get him at once the name and address of the

best printer in the town. When I brought it, he said, "Go to this man, and at once have this number of the *Moniteur* reprinted, with the substitution of the passage written upon this sheet. Having done that, get four hundred copies pulled, and bring them to me before daybreak. Mind that no one is told anything about this reprinting, and that all proofs and waste sheets, as well as this page of copy, are burnt by your own hands." *

The order for this little trick emanated from the general headquarters of the army, and it took place shortly before the 18th Fructidor. The object was to prepare the Army of Italy for the revolution; but I quite forget in what direction or in what manner.† Thus, not secrecy alone, but promptitude, was required; and, in any case, to make Italians work at night, unprepared, at printing French, and a whole *Moniteur*, in a few hours, was not an easy matter. The paper, too, had to be found, damped, and prepared and made ready. I certainly did not lose a moment, still it was two hours late; with anybody else it would have been more. Solignac would not believe this, or professed not to believe it perhaps, so that he might, if necessary, be able to throw the responsibility on some one else; he even stuck to it that I should admit it was my fault. I maintained the contrary; he got angry, got nothing thereby, and rather than admit he was wrong, if indeed it was not all a matter of precaution and calculation, he put me under arrest for a week. Hearing of this, Burthe hastened to Solignac, and then came and said to me, "He knows that he is in the wrong, but he does not wish to compromise the authority of his rank; so one word, and the arrest is cancelled." "Not one letter!" I

* "A good-natured fellow you must be," said Burthe, when he heard the story, "not to have kept one of those *Moniteurs* for yourself."

† Threatened by a powerful counter-revolution, the Directory foresaw a plot got up among the members of the House of Ancients, and still more among the Five Hundred. No troops were allowed within a radius of eleven leagues round Paris, called the Constitutional radius; but a corps was detached from the Army of the Sambre and Meuse, which surrounded the Tuileries on the night of the 17th, and the counter-revolution was beaten. The armies, especially that of Italy, stimulated by the artifices of which Paul Thiébault gives a specimen, took the side of the Directory.—Ed.

said. "I am not going to lay myself under an obligation for an injustice, and I remain under arrest."

My host related this in the town, and all the best society in Padua would come to see me. During the afternoon my house was never empty—my door was crowded with carriages—ladies of all ages called upon me; among others, the Countess Battaglia. As for this latter, I can never understand how it was that I did not demand from her any compensation for the poisoning which I owed her, and of which she so prettily lamented that she had been the cause. Anyhow, people's kindness exceeded all that I could have believed possible. This was, however, no reason for not utilising my compulsory retirement, and while it lasted I composed my *Manual for Adjutants-general*—a work which, but for this opportunity, I might never have written and which has become classical throughout Europe.

This was not the only shrewd turn that Solignac did me. There are some people who are rebuked for not attending enough to their duties—I got into trouble for attending to them too much. All negligence and delay in matters of duty have always been hateful to me. When I have been my own master, I do not think I ever went to bed leaving any business hung up—a thing that was always happening on our staff: with Burthe, a careless fellow, incapable of application and never appearing at the office except to say that he had something to do elsewhere; Rouvelet hardly knowing how to write; Fabvre, who was only fit to keep a register; and, lastly, Solignac, full of talent and activity, who could get through a whole day's work in a few hours, but with whom these fits were rare and only came on when he was no longer able to postpone them. So three-quarters of the work of our staff was done by me, and as my zeal was the condemnation of the others I got no gratitude. One day, among others, when Burthe and Solignac had gone to Venice and I was left alone at Padua, finding the office choked and several letters from Berthier awaiting an answer, I put everything forward. On his return Solignac got extremely angry, declaring that I was trying to curry favour at his expense—a return for my love of order with which I was not best pleased.

As I have just mentioned Rouvelet, I will relate a characteristic story to give an idea of him. One morning, as he was going out shooting, he met an Italian in the entrance of Solignac's house being brought in by a servant. "Who are you?" said Rouvelet. "A surgeon." "What are you going to do here?" "To bleed some one." "Oh! you can bleed?" "Yes, sir." "Then bleed me." "But, sir, I can only bleed by the doctor's order." "Oh! you argue, do you?" and, taking aim at him with his gun cocked, he added, "Bleed me, or I'll kill you." It was all very well for the surgeon to remonstrate; he had to take his lancet and bandage, while the servant fetched a glass, and bled the lunatic, who, as he talked, had taken off his coat, turned up his left shirt-sleeve, and thought fit to remain standing. As soon as the glass which Rouvelet held in his right hand was full, he said, "That will do;" and as soon as the bandage was on, he swallowed the glass full of his blood, dashed the empty glass against the wall, put on his coat, jumped on his horse, and went off laughing at full gallop over a pavement fit to break your neck. Then he shot all day with the thermometer at 90°.

One evening, as I was playing the violin in my room, Burthe came in, beside himself with wrath. He had just been having a quarrel at the coffee-house—his usual haunt in towns where there were no gambling-rooms—with Colonel Dupuy, of the 32nd Regiment; also with a Major Dumoulin, who had slapped his face. Cards had been exchanged; it seemed impossible to arrange the matter, and we agreed to say nothing to anybody and go to the ground alone. Burthe and I were there as it struck six; five minutes later Dupuy arrived with his second and wanted to fight at once, declaring that it was not his way to wait for anyone. Burthe was beginning to take his coat off, but I maintained that the first satisfaction must be given for the more serious insult, and that he should fight nobody till he had fought Dumoulin, who could not be long coming. I was in the right, and I stuck to my point, all the more because it was a question of life or death for Burthe. Dupuy, who had won the prize for fencing at Toulouse, was one of the most formidable men with small sword or sabre in France. More-

over, the sabre which he habitually wore was fine and light, more adapted for duelling than for battle. He had the character of being a pretty disagreeable man, and if Burthe fought him it was ten to one he would be killed. Dumoulin was just a brave man and a swordsman whom Burthe might be regarded as meeting on equal terms. In short, if Burthe fought him first and wounded him, I had all my arguments ready to stop the duel with Dupuy, whom I should have tried to remind of what was due to his rank, and whom, in any case, I should have made to change his sword, while if Burthe was wounded it would have been easy to avoid the second duel, which was only over a question of some remarks that had passed. However, Dupuy had not given way when Dumoulin arrived. The fight began at once. Dumoulin got a slight wound which made him angry. Another minute passed without result, and then I saw Burthe's sabre sink in his hand. I at once struck down the swords and placed myself between the duellists. Burthe had a cut across the back of his right hand, but, though disabled, he said nothing. At last, forced to admit that he could not go on handling the sabre, he wanted some one to fetch pistols, exclaiming—what was only a bit of swagger—"If I could not stand, I would be tied to a tree to go on fighting." As for Dupuy and Dumoulin, they declared that all fighting was at an end with a man wounded as Burthe was, and withdrew.

On our return to Padua, we went and reported the whole business to Solignac. Solignac, it must be said, was neither liked nor esteemed; he could not be liked, because he was always praising himself, and between praising oneself and depreciating others there is but an imperceptible shade of difference; always ready to drive a bargain at a moment's notice, he seemed to be braving all the world. Nor could he be esteemed, because it was known that, reckless gambler and libertine as he was, he was making money by every possible means for General Masséna in order to make some on his own account. Dupuy used to refer to these facts with more bitterness than anyone else, and this had reached Solignac's ears. Thus, when the affair with Burthe took place, he already had a grudge against Dupuy. Seizing this pretext, he pretended to

believe that Dupuy had been the aggressor—which was not the case—and that he himself had been attacked in the person of one of his assistants, which was beyond all probability. None the less, he went to Dupuy and, asserting that he had been insulted, demanded satisfaction. Dare-devil as Dupuy might be, Solignac was as much, if not more so; not knowing how to handle either sabre or small sword, he wished to fight with pistols, at which he was good; and if Masséna, who was promptly informed of the to-do, had not stopped the second affair from taking place, it would not have ended so happily as the first. As for Burthe, he was a long time getting well; and when he could use his hand again, Dumoulin, who had remained with the Army of Italy, was far away. But, hearing in Switzerland, whither he had gone with Masséna as aide-de-camp, that Dumoulin was at Paris, he went there in disguise to fight again. They actually went to the Bois de Boulogne and exchanged a couple of shots, after which Dumoulin made some sort of apology, and the seconds insisted that the matter should be dropped.

Repose did not suit Masséna's division. It was spending its ardour in follies beyond all bounds, and its need of action was becoming irritable under too prolonged sloth. It was formidable at that time: there were nearly 15,000 men present under arms, drilled as well as could be, in perfect health, and splendidly equipped; commanded by a chief who simply doubled its strength, the division could have eaten up an army corps. I forget what caused a belief that hostilities were about to be renewed with Austria. In the Army of Italy there was a sort of general clearing for action, and in Masséna's division joy amounting to delirium. But the hopes of war vanished. Austria, being at our mercy, had the good fortune to see the era of hostilities close, to be re-opened before long by her own bad faith.

The peace of Campo Formio had been signed, and General Bonaparte, on the point of quitting the army whose heroism had been equal to his genius, and was on this score to partake of his glory, repaired to the headquarters of each division, and there held a council of ways and means, seeing to all the needs

of the troops and confirming numerous promotions. It was at that time that Colonel Monnier, of the 18th of the Line, was made a major-general for his conduct at Rivoli, and that Major Suchet became colonel of the same 18th, receiving from the commander whom he replaced the epaulettes which I put on for him. Then, too, as General Berthier told me, I should have been made major if my application had not been pending before the Directory. Such was the farewell of an incomparable chief to his incomparable army.

Bonaparte having left Italy on his way to Paris by Rastadt, Masséna also started for the former city. Solignac was in a hurry to leave Padua, where he might be and was beginning to be called upon to give an account of his takings. He resolved to rejoin Masséna in Paris, while Burthe and I settled to go with him. For me the journey had the advantage of enabling me to get the support of Solignac, Masséna, Berthier, and even Bonaparte, to my application for promotion. I thought this had been postponed by the Directory, but it had, without my suspecting it, been done five days before I left Padua on November 17. In our impatience we thought of nothing but getting the passport, and Daure handed us something that looked like one. But when we got to Milan we were told that we could not pass the Mont Cenis without an order signed by General Kilmaine, who, until General Berthier replaced him, held by seniority the provisional command of the Army of Italy. Although it was eight in the evening, Burthe and I at once went to the general. Say what we would, he was inflexible, and ordered us to return to Padua, where, to say the truth, the service was in a state of disorganization.

We went out in very bad temper, both quite determined to disobey. I wanted to do it and say nothing, as the only means of disobeying with any certainty; while Burthe, who would never have been consoled if he had mixed the chances of doing something untimely, said to the officers on duty as he went through their room, in the presence of one of them who had just been a witness of our unsuccessful efforts, "If you have any commissions for Paris, you can give them to us, for we are off in an hour." It needed much less to get us watched, if not

arrested, and for once in his life Burthe admitted that he had made a mistake. However, we escaped, either because the words were taken for brag or because, getting off at once and not stopping, we reached Mont Cenis before the orders to turn us back. As for the crossing of the mountain, it was made possible, thanks to Solignac, who succeeded in persuading the officer appointed to inspect the passports that his own order was good for his assistants. There were five of us,—Solignac, Rouvelet, and Fabvre, three sons of the Rouergue, and the two latter sportsmen used to the mountains, cheery, vigorous fellows, and fearless walkers; Burthe, very well built, and thinking himself as good as anybody at anything; and myself, the senior of the band, with my twenty-seven years—all five consequently in the vigour of our age, and with all the activity of youth. Solignac's carriage having to go on mule-back, we settled to make the passage on foot, and we did it merrily. Reaching Novalese at eleven, we supped at the "Good Woman" (the woman without a head, that is), and at one in the morning were on our way with three guides and torches, one guide carrying the provisions. In our ardour we challenged each other to race, and I won, reaching the hostelry at the summit eight hundred yards ahead of the next man. After five leagues of hill, the descent seemed only play, and we covered the two or three leagues at a run, cutting off the corners of the zigzags. On reaching Lanslebourg our knees and thighs were naturally a good deal punished, and we could not get into or out of a carriage without help.

Rouvelet and Fabvre left us at Lyons, the former to rejoin his battalion at Toulon, the latter to go to Nice, where he got a post in the civil service. Thus the campaign of Italy earned him a livelihood, Rouvelet an epaulette, Burthe the rank of captain, and me that of major. Solignac alone got no promotion, but he had discounted his services at another rate, and was returning with 400,000 francs in gold in his carriage. It would be a respectable sum at any time, and then it was quite considerable; while for Solignac, the son of poor parents, who had been unable to give him any education, it was a magnificent fortune. One day Burthe and I were congratulating him on

the position in which he was. "You think," said he contemptuously, "that I attach great value to this money. Make no mistake. When one has had the wit to gain it" (we did not venture to laugh), "one can afford to lose it, because one is sure of making it again. If to-morrow none of what you call my fortune were left, I would have another the day after." He kept his word, losing more than he had at play, and winning back more than he had lost, only to lose it once more; a terrible see-saw, in which profligacy, extravagance, folly, luxury in the worst taste, and above all play, devoured, I know not how often, what activity, ability, fortune, and boldness had acquired. Solignac was one of those men who can only live in a series of sensations. "You never let yourself go enough," he said to me once on this same journey, when criticising Burthe and me. "You are worth more than you think; but in order to make the most of your talents, you require a confidence in yourself which you have not got." The history of my life is in that sentence.

We quickly reached Paris, and I was with my family,* and near my father. I saw my friends once more, and this leads me to speak of Gassicourt. The extraordinary part that he had played in the Le Peletier section, before and during the tumult of Vendémiaire, had led to his immediate trial and sentence to death, in company with Eusèbe Salverte, convicted on a similar charge. Luckily both had left Paris during the night of the 13th, and Gassicourt had found a hiding-place with an iron-master in Berry, with whom he remained as clerk under an assumed name, so long as flight appeared necessary. Serious as had been the crime of the section leaders, especially those of Le Peletier, and although the beaten party had the impudence to attribute the clemency of the Convention to timidity and consciousness of an unjust cause, it had seemed more concerned to save the culprits than to prosecute them. Still, sentence of death had been passed, and Gassicourt's friends and relations

* During the Italian campaign, his wife, the English lady whom he had married at Lille, had borne him a son, named Adolphe. Unfortunately the marriage was unhappy, owing to incompatibility of temper.—Ed. [Thiébault, like many of his betters, evidently sat very loose to the marriage-tie. This union appears to have been formally dissolved before long.]

were extremely anxious. But his wife's devotion was beyond all that can be said. One met her going on foot at all hours and in all weathers from Minister to Minister, interceding, extenuating, begging, asking interest. The day on which Gassicourt was declared to have purged his contumacy was celebrated by a dinner given by his brother-in-law. But that happy day had not many morrows. Gassicourt's infidelity to and neglect of his wife, herself but twenty years old, drove her into an intimacy with a Count of Langeac, whose acquaintance he had made during his stay in Berry. There is no need to dwell on the facts which the subsequent divorce suit rendered sufficiently notorious, but I never met Gassicourt with the same pleasure again.

Among his cousins, however, was a charming Mlle Cadet, who had been married to a man called Lemaire. She soon divorced him, and, in what circumstances I do not know, made in 1793 the acquaintance of the old Count of Montalembert. Not long afterwards he was arrested; she saved him from the guillotine, and either he married her or she him. Under the name of Mme de Montalembert, I met her again at the house of Barras, upon whom I called once or twice, as having been my commander-in-chief on the 13th Vendémiaire. I could not believe it was she. Laughing at my surprise, she told me that I must come to breakfast with her next day. We had a *tête-à-tête* breakfast, during which she amazed me by her confident acquaintance with public matters. I was taken aback at the off-hand manner in which I heard this charming woman talk of the most powerful personages, having never before known her to possess, in Talleyrand's words, more mind than a rose. Suddenly she asked, "Have you seen Schérer?"

No, I had not seen Schérer, at that time Minister for War; indeed, I had not been in any great hurry to remind him of my existence. The way in which Burthe and I had left Italy was so like desertion, that I had taken steps to put myself in order, and had taken advantage of my first visit to Masséna to ask him for a furlough, which he was good enough to date from Padua. But this piece of good-nature only secured my not being proceeded against. So I replied that I had not seen

Schérer, and that indeed I feared he might have a crow to pick with me, telling her of our disobedience. "What childishness!" returned the lady, and in a moment she had dashed off a note, which she handed to me, sealed, saying, "Take this to him to-morrow." "But it is not his day for seeing people." "All the more reason; only be there at nine sharp, and say I sent you. Further," she added, "I will be there at a quarter past; I shall find you still there, and if there be any awkwardness I shall remove it."

Her little girl was brought in. I was much struck by finding in this child of a year old the seventy-five years of the father; that is, her little skin was like an oldish pippin, her chin prominent, in short all the features were those of age. Smiling, I said to the young mother, "There is a little face which is more of an honour to you than of a fortune to her." "Oh, that will come all right." I took her words for an omen.

Independently of my wish to put myself straight and prolong my stay in Paris, I was curious to verify the power of my protectress, whom I fear I might have thought of asking for a good many favours before this. At nine o'clock I was at the Minister's. The messenger was disposed to show me out, but at the name of Mme de Montalembert he announced me, and I was let in at once. Yet the start was not very reassuring. "I must begin," said Schérer, "by inquiring how you come to be in Paris." On my showing the ante-dated furlough which I had got from Masséna, he continued severely, "I know all about you." However, no sooner had he read my note of introduction than his tone became gentler, even when he let off this remark at me: "One would say that it was enough for a man to have served in the Army of Italy to make him think himself free to do as he pleases." I replied that I was far from thinking any such thing, and, as a proof, I asked him to allow me leave on full pay. He would have liked nothing better than to refuse; but at the first objection he made, I named Mme de Montalembert, and by favour of that magical name I got all that I wanted. As I left the Minister, I saw her carriage arrive. Giving her my hand to alight, and complimenting her on her wonderful punctuality—for she lived in the Faubourg Saint-

Antoine, and it was winter—I told her how much I was obliged to her. "I only came to help you if help was wanted," she replied. "So I have nothing to do here; but, as I am here, I will say good-morning to Schérer." "Say good-morning and thank you," I returned, "and, above all, accept my thanks."

Bonaparte had an audience of the Directory, at which he presented in person, to the heads of the Republic, all the colours taken by his army in the Italian campaign. The great court of the Luxembourg, decorated for the occasion, was filled with ambassadors, ministers, officers, naval and military, all the persons in Paris of rank, distinction, or authority. But in spite of all this luxury, this wealth, these splendid costumes, and the gorgeous get-up of the Directors, it was a thin, pale, yellow-faced little man, simply attired, upon whom the gaze of all rested, and who seemed to fill the whole space with himself. For good and all he had conquered the opinion of the world, and was master of his country and of his age, all the more incontestably for his display of simplicity, reserve, and imperturbability.

A score of festivities ensued, of which the finest was a ball given by Talleyrand, then Minister for Foreign Affairs. This was marked by a return to politeness and good-breeding of which everyone was feeling the need. It was also a farewell occasion for many people. Bonaparte, now commander of the Army of England, went to inspect the coasts, Masséna started to replace Berthier in the command of the Army of Rome, and I to join Masséna. I was all the more happy that I had been confirmed in my rank as major, the most difficult of all steps to obtain, because there are eight applicants for every vacancy, and the most important, because it takes a man out of the class of subalterns,* and gives him a chance of cutting a figure on his own account. I liked it all the better because I had not an hour's regimental work, having to perform the duties of adjutant-general; and, while holding that post, I was even employed as general of brigade. Indeed, under memorable and, in fact, unexampled circumstances, I once fought for fifty-four hours in command of a division, having six colonels, at the head of their respective regiments, under my orders.

* [In French nomenclature, that is.]

CHAPTER XX.

Invasion of Rome—Berthier as Attila—The officers mutiny—Intrigues against Masséna—"D——d sneak"—Masséna and the mutineers—Sacrificing a general—Who pillaged the Italians?

MASSÉNA had said, when leaving the Army of Italy in 1797, "I have done enough for other people's reputations; and if the Republic wants any more of my services, it will put me in a position where I can think of my own." It was therefore clear that he would only accept a command-in-chief. On the other hand, the small sympathy between him and Bonaparte, and the absolute antipathy between him and Berthier, caused him to be omitted in the organization of the army being formed under the name of "left wing of the Army of England." Still, a man like Masséna could not be dispensed with, and he was appointed commander-in-chief of the Army of Rome, in succession to Berthier, who was to resume the command of the Army of Italy at Milan.

What had taken the French to Rome is well known. The peace of Campo Formio should have found its guarantee in the magnanimity of Bonaparte, who, by way of indemnifying Austria for the loss of Belgium and Lombardy, and compensating her for the coercion of the Cisalpine and Anconitan Republics, thought himself bound to hand over to her the ancient Republic of Venice, and therewith the mastery of the Adriatic. But the pride of all the Europeans was as much offended by our triumphs as the kings were alarmed by our work of revolution. Inspired by England, which had refused to lay down her arms, an agreement had come about between Austria, Russia, and Spain, to attack us at every vulnerable point. Italy was eminently one of these, for we were scattered

enough to raise hopes of organizing a successful massacre of all French beyond the Alps. The coalesced Powers were backed by such of the Italian populations as were irritated or disquieted by our presence—by Piedmont, Tuscany, Naples, by the population of Lombardy and Genoa, and all those of the Roman States, where the agents of Louis XVIII and fanatical priests were all ready to pay assassins.

However, the secret was one which could only have been kept if the field of operation had been smaller; premature attacks put France on her guard, and decided her to punish perfidy by severe reprisals. Switzerland had favoured the *émigrés;* two divisions under General Brune subdued it. Pope Pius VI got up an insurrection against us, in which General Duphot was basely murdered, while the French ambassador, Joseph Bonaparte, escaped the same fate by the only miracle wrought in that Pontiff's reign. General Berthier at once received orders to enter the Roman territory, drive out the successors of St. Peter, and found a republic in their place.

The Pope first tried processions and the exhibition of a sacred portrait, which, as is generally known, was borne to the earth by angels. These means failing, he appealed to the Court of Naples, which made answer that its armaments were not ready. As a last resource, he conceived the idea of going in procession to meet the invaders; but the times when a scourge could be exorcised in this way had gone by. If, from the point of view of the temporal power, it was a far cry from Attila to Berthier, it was no less so, in spiritual respects, from St. Leo to Pius VI; and the thunderbolts of the Church, brandished against our soldiers, only quickened their march and made them laugh.

Berthier arrived before Rome on February 10, 1798, and, occupying Monte Mario with 12,000 men, waited till the Roman people, under the persuasions of General Cervoni,* should have constituted themselves as a republic. This revolu-

* In later days General Cervoni met Pius VII at Paris. "General," said the Pope, "how well you speak our language." "Holy Father, I am an Italian." "Oh!" "I am a Corsican." "Oh!!" (a third higher). "I am Cervoni." "Oh!!!" (a third higher still). [He fell at Eckmühl.]

tion took place on the 15th, in the Campo Vaccino, and five consuls replaced the Pope as temporal sovereign. Then Berthier made his entry into Rome. Surrounded by a brilliant suite, he passed along the Via del Popolo to the Capitol, and there pronounced the famous words, to which, twenty years later, his post as Captain of the Guard to the Most Christian King gave the lie: "Shades of Cato, Brutus, Cicero, Hortensius, receive the homage of free men in this Capitol, where you so often defended the people's rights and adorned the Republic! The sons of the Gauls, olive-branch in hand, are come to this august spot to restore the altars of liberty which the first Brutus set up," and so forth.*

Thus this warlike undertaking was reduced to a military promenade; and for want of any glory to be got out of it, a few compensations were extracted from fortune. Under pretence of sending the relics of Our Lady of Loretto to Paris, where they were not wanted, possession was taken of the rich treasury, notably of the plates of solid gold with which the ceiling and walls of the little chapel were covered. Then, by way of supplying the wants of the troops, millions were levied all along the road. Rome was plundered in a hundred ways. But neither officers nor men touched a sou, though they had been promised two months' extra pay on reaching Rome. Tired of war, and eager to get back to France, they had received this expedition to Rome with ill-temper; and, instead of finding the money promised them, they saw Berthier's creatures, generals, staff-officers, commissaries, and agents, making a display of luxury which seemed to insult their own misery. The discontent of the troops seemed proportionate to the pillage which they saw. Berthier had demanded of the Pope thirty-one millions, and, though no account was ever given of them,

* The Pope knew nothing of all this. Cervoni forced his way into the oratory, where no one penetrated unless sent for, and informed him that his kingdom was no longer of this world. On February 20, at the invitation of the inevitable Cervoni, he started for Tuscany, under the escort of two officers, one of whom was called Calvin, colonel in the 11th of the Line. Later on he was escorted from Siena to Turin by a Major Saint-Esprit, and handed over to the governor of the citadel in the latter town, whose name was Dieu.

the army was convinced that some of them had been paid. The most wealthy men of property had been plundered without any account being rendered to the State, or any receipts given. Theft and rapine offices, as one may say, were established, where gold, jewels, and all articles of value had to be handed in. Yet, in spite of all these levies and seizures, when Masséna arrived to take command, on February 21, no soldier had been paid for 110 days.

Berthier was not pleased to see his successor appointed. Besides his passion for Mlle Visconti—"Berthier's blunder," as Bonaparte called her—he had hoped, while remaining commander-in-chief of the Army of Italy, to keep command of that of Rome. Masséna was not only a successor, he was a rival; and Berthier arranged for him to arrive with as little pomp as possible. As a certain dispatch to the Directory proves, he had made the army fear that under Masséna's administration it would get neither the promised gratuity nor its four months' arrears of pay; and he winked at the circulation of a fictitious letter, in which the officers of Masséna's old division were made to declare that they would not serve again under his command.

So the mind of the troops had been prejudiced against Masséna, who had, besides, the bad luck to find Rome occupied by the 11th of the Line, whom he had turned out of his division in 1796; by the 7th Hussars, whom he had treated with severity on some other occasion; and by the corps of Bernadotte's division, who, as I have said, had quarrelled with ours at Laibach. Moreover, it was a moment when mutiny and insurrection seemed to be in the air all over Italy. Baraguey d'Hilliers' division was in mutiny at Mantua; Guieu's, I think, at Peschiera. The garrison at Brescia was in a ferment. Berthier himself said, in one of his reports to the Directory, that all the regiments in Italy, with the exception of four, had mutinied; which was quite compatible with his also writing to the Directory: "General Masséna has just arrived; he finds a well-disciplined army, esteemed for its good behaviour."

On the 22nd Masséna took over the command of the army without the least opposition, and the following day having h

fixed for funeral honours to General Duphot, the ceremony took place without any show of hostility, and the day passed in perfect tranquillity and order. But by a piece of bad luck Masséna had arrived at Rome with only three aides-de-camp. Campana, undoubtedly the ablest of them, departed at once for Naples on important duty, and in this state of isolation Masséna had to meet the troops, who, for all the praise that was lavished on them, had been handed over to him in a state of real suffering and exasperation. Amid the perplexities of this start, too, General Berthier, appearing desirous only of helping his successor to escape from the straits which he himself had caused, induced him to give orders that all the church-plate should be taken. This measure, specially impolitic at such a moment, became at once the occasion for angry rumours, officers and men exclaiming that Masséna had taken possession of all the resources of the country and put the final stroke to the misery of the army, and that this new spoliation would revive the war, when we wanted peace. As the result, Masséna was informed by General Valette, in the afternoon of the 24th, that all the subalterns of the army, on leaving the parade-ground, had just repaired to the Pantheon and formed themselves into a deliberative assembly.

Thus began a mutiny of which I did not see the outbreak, and therefore cannot relate the phases, but which, after having given an example of insubordination and stimulating a movement, fortunately suppressed, on the part of the Neapolitans, compelled Masséna to remove his headquarters from Rome and restore the command of the army to Berthier. However, after exercising this command by reviewing the troops on the morning of the 26th, Berthier thought it prudent to rejoin his headquarters at Milan; and without reflecting that there was still a commander-in-chief of the Army of Rome, by name Masséna, he went off without communicating with him, delegating his illegitimate authority to General Dallemagne, who had played a suspicious part throughout the whole affair.

Meantime the civil commissioners, Monge, Daunou, Florent, and Faypoult, who had been sent to Rome, the first three to [illegible] the republic, and the fourth to administer the finances,

and whose principal duty was not to encroach on the sovereign powers of the Directory, declared that General Masséna, by leaving Rome on the 7th Ventôse (February 25), and the camp at Ponte Molle next day, had *ipso facto* resigned, as if there was any point in the territory occupied by an army where a commander-in-chief would not be at his post; as if, too, supposing Masséna had resigned, it was any business of theirs to replace him. Consequently they decreed that they could no longer recognise any commander-in-chief but General Berthier, and in his absence General Dallemagne, who had taken his place for the moment. Their efforts were seconded by various satellites of Berthier, including Bassal, formerly the parson of Versailles, who had been appointed Secretary of State to the Roman consuls, and who, as an unfrocked and married priest, was hardly well adapted to represent the Republic in a country where religious fanaticism predominated.

Meanwhile Berthier, uneasy at the silence which the Directory preserved in regard to his conduct at Rome, hastened to condemn this decree. Writing on March 11 to General Dallemagne: "It is with General Masséna that you have to correspond officially, notwithstanding the order of the commissioners of the executive power." Masséna, however, had himself annulled the order on the 3rd, by addressing a protest to General Dallemagne and ordering him to give notice of it and publish it.

The revulsion of feeling extended to the officers, the arrears of pay had been partly made up, the central committee was dissolved, and things seemed ready to quiet down. Then General Rey, accompanied by several superior officers, went on the 11th to Masséna at Ronciglione and pressed him to return to Rome. As for General Dallemagne, the only question is whether he wished to conceal that he had played a part likely to get him into trouble, or wished to put the finish to his treachery by appearing to be mistaken about a state of things which it was hard for him to suspect. In point of fact, on the 13th he wrote to Masséna, begging him to return to Rome and promising him a favourable reception. Other generals also intervened; according to them, the officers repented of their insubordination, while most had only acted under an influence

which they could not resist. General Dallemagne added that, if it had not seemed useless, General Masséna would have received a deputation; that there had even been talk of sending a battalion and a squadron from each corps to escort him, but that this having been deemed superfluous, the generals and superior officers would go as far as Ponte Molle to meet him and would form his escort.

In a situation so hazardous as Masséna's, it was, perhaps, hard not to let himself be persuaded by such overtures. He wished also to give the lie to the rumour that he did not intend to re-enter Rome save over piles of corpses. Further, he wished to put an end to the disorder promoted by the absence of the chief authority; he had, moreover, heard of the approaching arrival of General Desaix on his way to take command of the Army of Egypt, and it would have been painful to him to appear to Desaix in the character of an exile from his own army; lastly, he had received very important orders. All these considerations decided him, and then it was that I rejoined him two stages out of Rome.

On leaving Paris the day after his appointment—February 11, that is—Masséna had left orders for me to join him at Rome. In order, however, to follow without delay, I should have had to buy a carriage and post 700 miles; too expensive a mode of conveyance for a mere major, and one ruined by the Revolution. I had therefore to wait for an opportunity until March 2, when I set out, bearing a third of the expenses with a M. Hardy, who was going to Rome on his own account, and curiously enough was taking M. Lemaire, the first husband of the charming Countess of Montalembert, already mentioned.

At Milan I went to call upon General Berthier, and offer my services as bearer of any dispatches that he might have for Masséna. With a degree of confusion which it seemed odd that he should show at the sight of me, he thanked me for my offer, and said that he would certainly give me a letter; and even though both at breakfast and dinner with him I had said that I was in a hurry to reach my journey's end, he kept me the whole day. Finally, at nine in the evening he sent for me to his room, told me about the mutiny of the officers at Rome,

blamed their conduct, and assured me of the regret it had caused him. Then handing me his letter, and while receiving my farewells, he said three times over, "Mind you tell General Masséna that I have had no hand whatever in what has happened at Rome." Momentous words! He who excuses himself without being accused, accuses himself, and the most serious suspicions were at once borne in on me. The absolute silence which, in spite of old familiarity, the general's aides-de-camp maintained towards me on that subject during the twelve hours that I passed with them, surprising and perplexing as it was, had already staggered me. It may be conceived in what agitation I set out, recalling the enmities with which Masséna had so unfairly been assailed during the campaign of 1796 and 1797, the hateful development of which I thought I could now detect.

Berthier's manners were those rather of a courtier than of a soldier, and, since Leoben, he had given a taste for them to Bonaparte, who perhaps saw his way to making use of them in the future which he contemplated. He himself carried them so far that the Republicans in the Army of Italy ended by calling his headquarters "the Court of Milan." With the abruptness or roughness that were part of his straightforwardness and energy, Masséna fell foul of Berthier in the very points which, as toward Bonaparte, formed his chief merit. On the other hand, Masséna had won too fine a reputation, and had contributed too much towards Bonaparte's first decisive victories to be forgiven either by master or courtier. The man who wished to be the arbiter and disposer of everything could not forgive him for owing his reputation to himself alone. Thus if we reckon up all the motives that there were for bringing down the fame of Masséna, and, further, the influence which the ill-will of Bonaparte and Berthier would not fail to have upon the opinion of the French troops and the Italian people, little doubt will remain as to the causes which brought about the success of that odious business at Rome.

Attached as I was to Masséna, it will be understood how many reasons I had for rejoining him with all speed. But, as we entered Florence, M. Hardy's carriage broke down. Ten

hours were required to mend it, and we occupied them in visiting the city, till I was quite exhausted with admiring. About 1 P.M. on March 13 we reached Monterosi, where I found General Masséna in the act of mounting his horse to return to Rome.

In spite of his hurry to be off, I asked for an immediate interview, and, returning to the room which we had left, I handed him Berthier's letter, at the same time mentioning the sort of uneasiness which the sight of me had caused that general, the time he had taken to write his letter, and the emphatic way in which he had thrice repeated his last remark. The words "D——d sneak," clearly uttered, betrayed General Masséna's thought, and confirmed my opinion as to the odious part which had been played, though, in spite of all the proof I have had of it, I can to this day hardly credit it. Can it be really possible that a man like Berthier should have been urged by former jealousies to weave such intrigues, in order to get rid of a rival whom he had always treated as a foe, and to avoid the checking by such a successor of transactions which it was his interest to conceal?

On the road from Monterosi to Rome, Masséna was good enough to give me his reasons for having left the headquarters of the mutiny; which appeared to me as inconclusive as those which now decided him to return thither. As to the latter, no doubt a deputation had invited him to return, and he might well imagine that Berthier, having returned to Milan, the Roman mutineers would be deprived of their main support. But Berthier had left Rome full of his creatures, the most bitter of whom, his aide-de-camp Bruyères, persisted in staying there without any ostensible motive. The minority, too, whose energy, as usual, controlled the flabby and fluctuating mass, had committed themselves too far to retreat. Lastly, the Directory was in possession of the state of affairs, and the most simple prudence would have avoided taking any fresh step before their decision was known. Masséna was running the risk of being turned out of Rome a second time; as indeed actually befell, for when he re-entered the city on March 13 an order for his supersession was five days on the road.

However, it was no use arguing with Masséna, whose mind was made up. I only submitted my opinion, as we went along, to General Mireur, who agreed with me. We thought that the commander-in-chief would have played a more dignified part if he had maintained an expectant attitude at Ponte Molle, leaving the guilty persons to receive, from a superior authority, their inevitable chastisement, and had himself only returned to obliterate the traces of these deplorable events, and to speak of pardon and amnesty. But General Mireur felt himself no more than I in a position to offer any such belated advice.

Masséna's entry was tranquil and formal. Proceeding to the Ruspoli Palace, he received various civil and military functionaries. The night was devoted to drawing up a proclamation, couched for the most part in a pleading and conciliatory tone, which would have been perfect save for a little useless bravado at the outset, not exactly calculated to restore the peace. However that might be, Masséna sent it on the 14th to the Directory, accompanying it with a dispatch in which he asked "pardon for the majority of the officers who, in the share that they had taken in the mutiny, might be considered as unfortunate rather than blameworthy."

Suddenly, just as this dispatch was finished, a rumour went about that the subalterns were again going to the Capitol, which they had substituted for the Pantheon as their place of meeting. Not having read in the proclamation the promise of a total amnesty and a full pardon, the more turbulent looked for their only chance of safety in the success of fresh disorders. The most excited of them had gone to Bruyères at the moment when the proclamation was posted up; and, as he boasted afterwards, it was at his house that the verbal summons to the meeting was decided on, and thither that the emissaries came for fresh instructions. Thus it was with his rival's aide-de-camp, a mere captain, that General Masséna, a commander-in-chief already illustrious, was at hand-grips.

Nothing much took place during the next twenty-four hours, and the officers' meeting was put off till 10 A.M. on the 15th. Masséna might have used this time to break up the cohesion of the mutineers; but, as I have said, he was not supple enough

to handle his subordinates cleverly outside the lines of strict discipline. Hearing that his proclamation was being torn down, he at once assembled the generals and corps-commanders and bade them make a last effort with their officers. The way in which the field-officers of the hussars tried to do this is worth recording. After exhausting all the methods of persuasion, Colonel Champeaux and Majors La Salle and Théré, three most formidable men in single combat, took off their coats, and, sword in hand, announced to their officers that they were ready to fight anyone who would not give his word of honour not to go back to the Capitol. But that corps was one of the worst compromised, and in fanaticism some of its officers yielded to no man. Nor, indeed, was there a single subaltern in Rome who could shirk one of the meetings without passing for a traitor. So the challenges of Champeaux, La Salle, and Théré had no result; no officer would either fight or promise.

Masséna had called the corps-commanders together for nine o'clock the next morning, intending to go with them to the Capitol at the hour of the officers' mutiny; but as they only arrived at ten, it was too late; and almost immediately the mutineers appeared with an order to Masséna to leave Rome, declaring that they did not recognise him as their chief. Surrounded by his staff, he met them on the landing of the staircase, and there parleyed with them. He refused to recognise any order brought in the name of an illegal and unconstitutional assembly; but the officers, while admitting the illegality of their meetings, observed that the 18th Fructidor had not been a whit more legal or constitutional; that they surely had the right to rely on the example set them by the Directory; and, besides that, they had no need to attend to any decisions which the Directory itself might forward, seeing that their commander-in-chief had returned to Rome without troubling himself about those decisions. Finally they declared that the army was sovereign, and that great measures only were above law. Masséna held them responsible for the non-execution of the arming operation which he was ordered to carry out; but it was a clumsy threat, and could not but miss its effect.

I was a witness of this scene. While some obscure officers

were, without any sufficient excuse, defying all feelings of honour and duty, in the person of one of their most illustrious chiefs, I was watching the demeanour of the generals present, and the way in which they played their parts. Masséna, the man who was in a year to be the saviour of France, held his head high, and, as he usually carried it, thrown a little back and turned to the left; his glance was steady and animated, his lips tightly closed, and there was a frown on his face. General Rey, to do him justice, addressed the mutineers in even extravagant terms of reproach. General Mireur could no more conceal his indignation than General Vial his grief. As for Murat, splendid in bearing and in countenance, motionless and maintaining a silence which the whole attitude combined to render eloquent, he gave evidence at once of his sense of the scandal, and of the pain caused by his inability to check the shocking affair. General Dallemagne alone appeared more ready to encourage than to repress the mutineers. When they cast in Masséna's teeth his return to Rome, he should have exclaimed, "It was I who, for the sake of all our safety, begged the commander-in-chief to return;" but he said nothing, hanging down his head, and daring to look neither his comrades nor his chief in the face.

Meanwhile the mutinous officers went out; but only to send Masséna an immediate order to leave Rome at ten the next morning. The general had information that at the meeting the question had been discussed of shooting or poisoning him, if he did not comply with the injunction; but their threats frightened him no more than his had frightened them. He did not go, and the 16th and 17th were more or less days of expectancy. Either side was awaiting the decision of the Directory, which could not fail to arrive soon; and, in spite of what they had said, the mutineers were not less anxious about the result than was the commander-in-chief.

I am reminded of an incident on the 17th which shows Masséna in one touch. I was alone in the saloon of the Ruspoli Palace, when an Italian came in asking to speak to the commander-in-chief. I told him as he came out of his study. The Italian, whom I had seen and spoken with before,

but whose name I had forgotten, though General Reille thinks it was a Genoese named Scala, went up to him and said, "General, I am in a position to cause an outbreak of insurrection in Rome, more serious than the last,* which will force the officers to rejoin their companies; it will give you the means and the time to reassert your authority and get your orders carried out." "The blood of the citizens is sacred," replied Masséna indignantly; and as he went back to his room, he added, "and that of soldiers ought never to flow save on behalf of their country's interest, defence, or honour." I was glad of the chance that made me witness this scene.

The situation grew more intolerable until March 18, when Masséna received, through the Civil Commissioners, a duplicate of the Directory's decree, which had left Paris ten days previously, giving him the order to leave the command of the army provisionally in the hands of General Dallemagne, and to proceed himself to Genoa.

I do not propose to discuss the expediency of this step. It might have been difficult to restore an authority that had been so far brought into contempt; but it was a scandalous thing to leave the guilty unpunished and appear to sacrifice a general who was in no way to blame and the one who, even more than Bonaparte himself, had accustomed the French to victory. The manner, too, in which the decision was communicated to him—due to the animosity of Rewbell and La Réveillère—was insulting to the last degree. The lawyers who governed us, members of the caste which will always furnish the most disastrous chiefs for a State, could not be expected to have for others the consideration which they did not themselves deserve. These nobodies, in a position which will never be able to dispense with prestige, and possessing only the ridiculous side of royalty, treated one of the greatest warriors that France had ever seen as it would be wrong to treat a private soldier. As for Masséna, from that moment he held himself freed from all obligations, and left Rome an hour after receiving information

* The former revolt, in which a few Frenchmen were murdered, was only serious by reason of its aims. A few troops, hastily collected, promptly brought the whole population of Rome to reason.

that he was to be superseded. Leaving to General Dallemagne the duty of awaiting his successor, he proceeded to Genoa, staying there only long enough to inform the Directory that he had been there, and then started at once for his native town of Antibes, where he was further insulted by being left for some months in apparent oblivion.

If I have dwelt on this matter, in which my part was only that of an active witness, careful about the truth, it is because it would have seemed to me a cruel thing to see one of the finest soldiers of my time calumniated without trying to defend him. Who, indeed, under the Empire would have dared to raise his voice against Berthier, chief of staff to Napoleon, Minister for War, Prince of Neuchâtel, Vice-Constable of France, the arbiter from 1810 till 1814 of favour, fortune, reputation—in short, of every soldier's existence?

Yet Berthier was never anything more than a good man to convey orders. I have said already that he had all the makings of an excellent adjutant-general, but his merit stopped at that; and, as an answer to those who credited him with some of his chief's glory, I will quote a fact showing what Bonaparte thought of him. It was on the return from Acre. Berthier, who was keeping somewhat aloof from the group of the staff, was in the sulks. "Look!" said Bonaparte to Kléber, "see how he is pouting and grumbling. And that is the man, with his old woman's temper, whose flatterers call him my Mentor. Ah! if I ever got into power I would place him so high that nobody should ever again doubt about his mediocrity." As is well known, he kept his word, and his foresight was verified. As I am telling this story, I may as well give the rest of it. Kléber himself was by no means pleased, and could not forbear letting it be seen that he thought there might be some justification for Berthier's sulkiness. "What!" said Bonaparte, "are you murmuring too?" "Upon my word, one would need to be good-natured to look as if one were well satisfied." "Well, fighting is not all success; the one who holds the handle of the frying-pan is in a fix sometimes." "I quite agree, but it is worse to be in the pan."

In my own case, the fact of having been at Rome at that

time as a member of Masséna's staff, and having openly expressed an opinion adverse to an imposture which was revolting to my conscience, became an unpardonable offence, and that even in the eyes of Napoleon, to whose favour slander of Masséna, or assistance in spreading injurious reports about him, was a passport. General Soult offered the most scandalous example of this. It needed the events of 1814 and 1815 before some more impartial minds could venture to appeal from what then seemed a definitive judgment; and, indeed, it had gained so much credit that historians have not failed to reproduce it. I may call special attention to the terms used by M. Thiers, since a whole school have followed them in spreading the view that Masséna set the example of plunder and extortion, and that the pillage of palaces, convents, and rich collections was but an imitation of his conduct.

In answer to all this, it is sufficient to recall the fact that when the troops first reached Rome on February 10 the military governor of Rome allowed diamonds, pictures, statues, works of art, articles of gold and silver belonging to the Government, to English people, and others, to be carried off without schedules or receipts; he gave up to pillage the palaces of those whom he had arrested or driven away; he held the fifty richest families in Rome to ransom and levied heavy contributions on others, all in the name of the Republic, to the profit, if not of the right parties, at least to those who had the might. From February 10 and onwards the collectors began and went on vigorously with the grand sweep. Masséna did not reach Rome till the 21st, and then, on the advice of Berthier, he gave the order, in the name of the Directory, to carry off the plate of the churches. This was a mistake of policy which I shall not try to excuse as such; but how could he have set the example of pillage before he had arrived at Rome?

Towards the end of 1836, or the beginning of 1837, at the Chess Club, to which I then belonged, I met an old gentleman with long white hair called the Baron de Vaux. I was told he had been, at some time or other, French Consul at Rome; and, speaking of the mutiny of the officers, I heard him use these words: "The mutiny would never have taken place if Masséna

had not made them hand him over a million when he got to Rome." "That," said I, going on with my game, but raising my voice, "is a story that cuts both ways." The Baron was going out, and did not hear or did not wait for any reply; I looked out for him to show him the falsehood of these insinuations, but I heard of his death a month later, and can only put down here what I should have told him. Neither the charges formulated against Masséna by the officers in mutiny, nor Berthier's correspondence, official or private, nor the result of the inspection of the Roman cash-boxes made by the agents of the mutineers, contains the least allusion to this fact. As for the Pope, who was the only person who could have paid such a sum, he was not at Rome when Masséna came, and, besides, he had been squeezed so dry that Berthier had to give him money to get to Tuscany.

What revenge Masséna took for the calumnies is well known. Out of employment when Merlin was turned out of the Directory, June 18, 1799, he soon received the command of a small army, destined to play a very great part. While Berthier was declining to go to Egypt any more, and the Roman mutineers were going into the dust which still covers them, he was on his way to win the battle of Zürich, and, by beating Korsakoff, Hotze, and Suwarrow one after another, to save France from invasion and ruin.

CHAPTER XXI.

Life in Rome—The Englishman's freak—A dangerous adventure—Saint-Cyr and Desaix—Kindness of Desaix—Insurrection—Città di Castello—Clumsy tactics—Defeat of the insurgents—The pillagers outwitted.

HAVING come to Rome with the sole object of serving with Masséna as commander-in-chief, and only finding myself among too many of his enemies, who were all singing victory, I was a good deal puzzled as to the course I should take. My first thought had been to follow my general; but how could I, when he himself did not know what was going to become of him, and, in reply to my request for orders, was reduced to replying, "Before one can give orders, one must have authority, and I no longer have any"?

Besides, I considered that this state of things could not last long: the part of General Berthier's creatures was played out, for the simple reason that both they and he had attained their object. The army corps at Rome was on the point of receiving its permanent chief, General Gouvion Saint-Cyr, appointed by the same decree of the Directory which had superseded Masséna, and, at the same time, settled Berthier's successor in the command-in-chief of the Army of Italy. As I no longer belonged to General Masséna, I wished to make it clear that I belonged to nobody, and I attributed the prolongation of my stay at Rome to my desire of seeing the place.

To tell the truth, Rome attracted me: Roman society in 1798 was enchanting. Beautiful women of distinguished elegance abounded, and I had many friends in the city. Among the men whom I regarded as my friends was Burthe, whom I have so often mentioned; the same motive had brought him to Rome as had brought me. He was in a less favourable position than I, for he was still assistant to Solignac. He gambled

heavily, and on one occasion, after playing for seventy-two hours, from noon on Sunday to noon on Wednesday, with General Duphot's brother, he accused him of cheating, and fought a duel with him, after which he went to Milan, where Soligmac had remained to play, vainly trying to get me to go with him.*

When he was gone, I still had La Salle, Daure, and other friends, all holding the same rank as myself. Two young men with whom I was specially intimate were Guibert, who was killed some months later in Egypt when aide-de-camp to Bonaparte, and Knoring, a Livonian by origin, who stayed at Rome solely for the pleasure of being in the company of the French Army. He went to Egypt with Desaix, returned before the army and went to Paris, where he unfortunately fell in a duel in 1801.

I soon got introductions to the best houses. My acquaintance multiplied, and became every day more agreeable, including such ladies as the Princess Borghese, Princess Chigi, Duchess Ceva, Countess Ottoboni. It was a delightful life, and the days passed quickly. We devoted our mornings to calling on one or the other of the charming ladies, whom in the evening we were to find all together walking in the gardens of the most celebrated villas, nearly always at the Villa Borghese.

In quite another style, I remember, as a good example of a row, a farewell dinner which Bruyères gave when leaving Rome to return to Milan, and at which I happened to be present. In the course of it the glasses, decanters, bottles, plates, and dishes were thrown out of the window or smashed where they were. Bruyères had set the example, without reflecting that this ruinous extravagance, coupled with the luxurious style in which he lived, would be a convincing proof that he earned his money without much trouble. But it was comical to see the stupefaction of the waiters, who, expecting to receive in exchange for the clean plates those that had been used, saw them flying through the windows or against the walls, or falling down as if carelessly dropped. On hearing of this destruction the landlord came up, and, as he had never seen the like before, found it

* He presently followed Masséna to Switzerland, was severely wounded at Zürich, and promoted major on the battle-field.—Ed.

difficult to believe his eyes. Not knowing what to say or do, he begged that they would at least spare some piece of the set or some pile of plates handsomer than the rest. His pitiful air, however, did but hasten what he feared, and make the scene more ludicrous, by the way in which one of the guests proved to him, with the utmost seriousness, that what he asked was impossible; and then, talking to him all the while, took up, as though in an absent fit, some plates of the handsome set and broke half-a-dozen of them over his head as he gesticulated with them.

When I came to Rome, everybody was still talking about an Englishman who had stayed three Holy Weeks in succession to see the firework which is let off on the top of the dome of St. Peter's on the Thursday night, and never saw it. The first time, having come there on purpose, he drank a little too much, mistook the time, and the firework went off without him. The second time his carriage broke down, and, though he ran till he was out of breath to make up for the lost minutes, he had hardly reached the bridge of St. Angelo when the firework illuminated the horizon. Finally, in the third year, he outdid all imaginable precautions. A year in advance he engaged one window on the first floor and one on the second in the house best situated for seeing. He came two hours before the time, and took an armchair set for him in the middle of the former window, while his people placed themselves in the latter. The moment approached; all was going well, and nothing remained but to enjoy the reward of his perseverance, when two ladies came in, the very two from whom he had received the most courtesy during his stay at Rome; they had not been able to find another window vacant. Our Englishman was polite, and willing to content himself with the place occupied by his servants on the second floor; it would take him but a minute to get there. Hardly had he mounted the first step of the staircase when the firework went off. He rushed up, tumbled down, picked himself up again, overturned everything, and reached the window; nothing more was to be seen but a luminous smoke disappearing at once into the darkness. He left Rome disgusted.

When I had thoroughly explored Rome, I made excursions in the neighbourhood in company with Guibert and two of Desaix's aides-de-camp, Clément and Savary. Rapp, the third of them, said that he could see enough old stones at Rome without going to look for them outside. On one occasion we visited the Falls of the Anio, where once again my own imprudence nearly made an end of me. We had occasion to pass through an enclosure, one side of which was formed by a water-course some eight feet wide and as much in depth, used for washing purposes, through which, nevertheless, the current flowed at such a rate that, if an animal had been drowned in it, it would have been hard to see its body go by. This was separated from the cascade by a wall, narrowing to the top, where it was not more than a foot broad. It formed, however, a short cut to the point we wanted to reach, and to go all round seemed undignified. Disregarding objections, I ventured on to the wall. On my left I had the gulf of the waterfall, on my right the channel; whether in the streams of the one or in the torrent of the other, one would have got to the bottom with equal rapidity, and been smashed with equal certainty. Unluckily, it had not occurred to me that the damp atmosphere of Tivoli, and the spray of the waterfall, had covered the top of the wall with a sticky, slimy deposit, no one having set foot on it since the masons who had built it. When I was in the middle, my left foot slipped so thoroughly that I could have no idea of regaining my balance. My only chance lay in my right knee, and this, by a sort of instinct, I sharply let go as if it were a spring, shooting myself to the other side of the channel on the edge of the enclosure, full eight feet from the wall. At first I could hardly breathe. Recovering myself, I looked at my three companions; they were bent double, with their hands over their eyes. On hearing my voice, Guibert stood upright, and, on seeing me, burst into tears. But, the anxiety over, the next feeling of my companions was one of wrath, and I had to promise not to give way again to any of my whims, which, they said, spoilt their pleasure in a fine excursion.

Another time we explored the Catacombs, walking, I believe, seven or eight miles underground. Other excursions which we

had planned had to be given up on account of the brigands who infested the Campagna.

While I was thus spending the first part of my stay at Rome in amusement, General Saint-Cyr had come to take up his post at the head of the army. Berthier had not yet handed over the command of the Army of Italy to his successor, so that the necessary steps for the punishment of the mutinous officers had to be settled between these two commanders. The mere announcement, however, of repressive measures occasioned a fresh rising, quieted at once, and very cleverly, by Saint-Cyr, who was less severe and less trenchant than Masséna.

Nor could there be any doubt as to the danger of reviving a conflict which, all said and done, had ended in the victory of the mutineers. In spite of the just wrath of the Directory; in spite of its decrees, the severity of the Minister for War, the intentions of General Saint-Cyr, backed by all the corps-commanders; in spite of the insults to Masséna and the blow struck at discipline, and the indignation of all friends of order; in spite of the encouragement given to our foes—the crime of the mutineers was followed by no punishment.

Meanwhile, numerous troops with fresh generals were arriving at Rome, including Dombrowski's Polish Legion. More commanders and more troops followed, till the army corps seemed to be turning into a complete army, doing much more honour than he deserved to the King of Naples, who, in a thousand ways, was stimulating us to covet his kingdom. Finally, the presence of General Desaix, with the title of commander of the left wing of the Army of England, fully revealed the fact that, instead of a fraction of one army, Rome and the Roman territory contained two.

Desaix was accompanied by Donzelot—still adjutant-general—as chief of his staff, and by the three aides-de-camp I have mentioned. Savary, whom I had not seen since the days of the Army of the Rhine, and who seemed glad to meet me again, at once introduced me to his general, who received me kindly, not only making me dine with him every day, but taking me with him wherever he went out to dinner, even to General Saint-Cyr.

I cannot say how much I was interested by seeing these two eminent commanders together. I eagerly listened to their discussions of the operations in which they had shared. They talked, the one with that icy reserve which characterised him, shown by continual instances of reticence; the other with the openness and warmth which so well displayed his soul: both with perfect sincerity and great depth of thought. On hearing their slightest words, the thought arose that Saint-Cyr would be a competitor for renown whom Desaix might justly dread; but the impressions which I received of the character and nature of the two men were such as to give me an aversion for Saint-Cyr proportioned to my intellectual admiration of him, while the more I admired Desaix, the more I felt my attachment and devotion to him increased and strengthened. His talk was at once instructive and kindly; all the more striking from the profusion with which his intelligence was prepared to deal with all subjects, and from his way of imparting his thoughts with a freedom only equalled by the pride which Saint-Cyr often took in keeping his concealed. One day I was asking the aides-de-camp of the two generals if they could formulate them for me from a military point of view. They agreed upon the following way of putting it: "Success would never be doubtful, nor failure to be apprehended, if Saint-Cyr's plans could be carried into effect by Desaix." This opinion recalls Moreau's phrase: "Desaix would win you battles; Saint-Cyr would prevent your losing them."

Desaix was very fond of our soldiers' stories and jokes, so characteristic of our nation. He had a copious collection of them, which he liked to read, and I have heard no one tell droller anecdotes in this line. I did not collect them in those days, when I had no idea of writing, and those which I remember are, perhaps, not the best. However, here are one or two as specimens.

One evening after an action, when night had fallen, he was visiting the bivouac of one of his regiments when he saw two soldiers, returning from a neighbouring village, carrying a stretcher. They were coming towards him, and he waited for them. As soon as they recognised him, the first said, "Please

make way, general, for a wounded man." Desaix at once stepped aside, but, after looking closely at the figure which lay covered by a large rug upon the stretcher, and noticing that it had a very long snout and very short legs, he raised the covering and discovered that, at all events, there was no mistake about the wound, for the "wounded man" was a pig which the rascals had just stolen and killed.

Another time he saw a hussar coming in as hard as he could ride, with an enormous sack in front of him. He went up to him at once, and the following dialogue took place: "Where do you come from?" "Please, general——" "Dismount, and down with that sack." No choice save to obey; but no sooner was the sack on the ground than it began to move violently. "What have you got in it?" "A little black sheep, general." "Open it." And off bolted the little black sheep. The sack, however, fidgeted more than ever. "What else is there in it?" "A little white sheep, general." And on the sack being opened once more, the little white sheep galloped after the little black one.

Once Desaix happened to meet a grenadier as drunk as wine could make him, who, as he staggered along by the help of the wall, kept repeating amid his hiccoughs: "Red and white, red and white, if you can't agree with each other, out you both go."

General Desaix's kindness towards his aides-de-camp was quite fatherly; and as he treated me at Rome in the same way as one of them, and I dined with him daily, we naturally chatted away at his table with perfect freedom. One day when the conversation had got fixed upon the expedition against England which seemed to be in course of preparation, I fell to maintaining that though Racine might make Mithridates say that the Romans could never be conquered elsewhere than at Rome, it was otherwise in the case of England and the English; that gold was their strength, and India their Pactolus, and that it was there that the source of their wealth must be dried up. It was no doubt impossible for us to attack India by sea, but we were surely capable of taking an army across to Egypt, and through Egypt lay our road to their counting-houses.

As I began my harangue General Desaix had said a word

which should have stopped me; but I had before that discussed the idea of such an expedition with Jouy, who was then full of facts and documents which he had collected, not only in the immortal memorandum addressed by Leibnitz to Louis XIV, but during his own stay in India. Moreover, I was very keen about any means of threatening the eternal enemy of France; and, perhaps, carried away by the opportunity of showing off some learning, I had gone on. However, just as I was about to support my thesis by the aid of such knowledge as I had concerning the disposition of the chief Indian States, and the nature and strength of the help which they would unquestionably offer us, I happened to look towards the general, and was struck by seeing his eyes fixed on his plate with a serious air, to which I was not used in him. I saw that I had said too much—luckily no one else saw it. A joke served to change the subject; the general came out of his feigned brown study, becoming once more talkative and like himself. It was the last time that I ever took the liberty of talking about such delicate matters before him; but I remained convinced that I had hit upon the destination of this left wing of the Army of England, and as the discovery was due to myself alone, I thought I might reveal it to my two most intimate friends at Rome. I mentioned it to Count Daure, who went with Desaix as paymaster to his army corps, and to La Salle, whom it moved to take a step equally honourable to him in its motive and in its result.

I have already said how much La Salle was adored by his mother. What she suffered when he was absent or in danger cannot be told, and the punctuality with which she received news of him was her sole support, and formed a consolation all the more necessary as her health grew weaker. Poor La Salle was therefore quite upset by the idea that his mother could only get letters from him at remote intervals, that she would be in despair at knowing he was in Egypt, and that the certainty of a separation for some years would bring her to the grave. On the day after I imparted my discovery to him he went to Desaix, laid all this before him, and implored him to say if, in his opinion, the expedition would be distant and long-lasting,

declaring that if it were so no consideration would induce him to sail. Desaix heard him with every sign of tender solicitude, praised his feelings, and said how much he felt the confidence, but did not conceal from him that it might be dangerous to confide the matter to anyone else. Then, looking at the step from the points of view of honour, of the harm it might do to La Salle's already brilliant reputation, of a soldier's duty towards his Government, his chiefs, his comrades and himself, and taking advantage of the other's chivalrous disposition, he overcame this apparently inflexible resolution, and sent him away resigned and ready to obey, but in a state of despair which I in vain endeavoured to mitigate. La Salle actually did go; but his apprehensions were only too well fulfilled, and the poor mother did not survive his departure.

After what I have said of the kindness with which Desaix treated me, it will naturally be thought that he was anxious to keep me with him. Savary was bidden to sound me on the subject, and I answered, "With pleasure, so long as I am not dependent on Donzelot." The words were justified, if it be remembered how Donzelot had behaved to me with the Army of the North. The way thus cleared, the good general proposed to attach me to himself, but nearly made me smile when he added, "I say nothing of our destination; whatever it be, you will be in good company." As may be supposed, my only answer was thanks, and I should have gone with him if the insurrection of Lake Trasimene had not just then broken out.

It was not the first occurrence of the kind. The pillage of their treasures and the officers' mutiny had made the population of Rome rise. They had been at once put down; then Albano had taken up arms and been settled by the brilliant and rapid successes of Murat. Orvieto, following their example, had been reduced to order by General Mireur, while Palestrina and Frascati had been chastised by Colonel Girardon. These uprisings had been more or less serious, but that of Lake Trasimene looked all the more grave from its covering more country and threatening our rear.

General Saint-Cyr sent off two battalions in all haste to reinforce the troops of General Valette, commanding at Perugia,

and sanctioned the stoppage and employment against the rebels of the troops who were marching to replenish our army corps, from which General Brune, now commander-in-chief of the Army of Italy, had withdrawn all regiments whose officers had been concerned in the mutiny and which were not to embark with Desaix. This kind of dislocation was in progress and had gone too far to be annulled, when the insurrection broke out. Saint-Cyr further created a second division of the Army of Rome, under General Valette, and appointed me chief of staff to it, with orders to join at once at Perugia.

On receiving this order, I hastened to show it to General Desaix. He was kind enough to speak at once on the subject to Saint-Cyr, but the latter, under whose orders I now was, replied that, in the first place, the matter was urgent, and, in the second, he had at the moment no one but myself to whom he could entrust the duty. To tell the truth, that was correct enough; but I had some reason to think that he had not been sorry to find a good pretext for getting away from Desaix an officer whom that general was anxious to attach to himself.

Even when leaving Rome, however, I did not lose all hope. There was nothing to show that the expedition would start at once, and I thought that Desaix might have time to receive the order relative to myself for which he had promised to ask. Then I learned that the fleet had set sail from Civitâ Vecchia, and I missed the opportunity of attaching myself to the fortunes of one of our leading generals in a campaign that promised to be important. All the friends, too, that I had at Rome were gone, and thus, distinguished as my employment might be, considering my rank, I felt keenly disappointed. Fate, however, made up for the involuntary sacrifice, for Egypt would never have compensated me for all that I should have missed by leaving Italy, and could never have secured me more advantages than did the Roman campaign.

The insurrection of Lake Trasimene was due to the same causes as those which had preceded it: the composition of the new authorities; the choice of persons with a very bad reputation as agents; the forced contributions levied on the villages for the so-called patriotic festivals,—requisitions such as the subjects

of the Pope, one may say, had never known; the tyranny and extortion of the collectors; the billeting of soldiers upon private families, more annoying, perhaps, to husbands and lovers than it always seemed to be to the women; and the law which forbade members of religious orders to beg and priests to give alms.

Things happened pretty much as they did everywhere. On April 22, about five in the evening, when the inhabitants of several villages were assembled in the church of Castel Rigone, a certain Guerriero Guerrieri turned up with a decree relating to the expenses of a new civic festival, the preparations for which had already cost some thousands of piastres. One Egidio Vicente at once read out the decree, but in such terms and with such comments as were well adapted to make it food for a revolution. In fact all present armed themselves, and Vicente, having seized the authority, without delay dispatched orders to all the parish clergy to replace the trees of liberty by crosses, to send in all men fit to fight, to sound the alarm-bell, and to have the country scoured by friars and laymen preaching the revolt. At first only the peasants responded to the appeal, but the numbers were soon swelled by poachers, smugglers—all the vagabonds with whom Italy swarms, besides 1500 galley-slaves whom they had managed to get out of the prisons at Cività Vecchia. There was no difficulty about arms; anything that would kill was acceptable, and most of the old castles contained armouries.

For some days this rush to arms spread like a house on fire; all the more easily that General Valette, who was in command of all the north of the Papal States, had just then left Perugia, where his headquarters were, to pacify some disturbances in the departments of the Tronto and the Musone, and had left hardly any force in that of Trasimene. Their organization, therefore, meeting with no resistance, the insurgent leaders of Castel Rigone grew enterprising and went about with bands of 400 to 800 men, headed by the Papal flag—cut down all the trees of liberty still standing, tore the tricolor cockades off all whom they caught still wearing them, and made forced levies of men and money to the cry of "For Christ, the Pope, and the

Emperor!" At length they announced that they were going to attack Perugia and massacre the authorities and all the French.

Meanwhile, Major Breissand, governor of Perugia, with the sixty or eighty men still left there, had made a first sortie against the rebels, dispersing them and capturing a flag, and had then called for reinforcements from all quarters. On their arrival a flying column was formed, under the command of a captain of the 11th, named Guiminal, and sent at once to Città di Castello, where 120 men of the 15th, who had stayed there in spite of the order recalling them, were blockaded. The column had to begin by destroying a strong party of insurgents entrenched at Magione. There it met with a vigorous resistance, and, in order to make its way to Città di Castello, it had to fight other small engagements, retreating at last by a long route, which brought it back to Perugia three days later. The result of all these delays was that, for want of help within the time they had looked for it, the 120 men found themselves in a position growing daily more critical.

General Valette had returned to Perugia a few hours after the relieving column started, but communication with it was already cut; and as he had only the eighty men necessary to defend Perugia, he could only act feebly and in a quite subsidiary manner. The insurgents, meanwhile, determined to take Città di Castello at any price. It was the place whence the country that it commanded drew its supplies, besides being a rallying-point, owing to its strong walls. They also needed the encouragement which a success would give them, and, above all, they wanted to be revenged on a certain Buffalini—a wretch who, having extorted special powers from the Roman consuls and General Dallemagne, was abusing them to the general scandal. It was he who had, from some interested motive or other, prevented the garrison from complying with Major Breissand's order recalling them. The insurgents, to the number of 8,000, were besieging these 120 men, against whom they thought it necessary, also, to employ artifice. Assisted by many of the inhabitants, and in every sort of

disguise, three or four hundred of the bravest among them made their way into the tower. Having deluded the commander of the garrison by feigning to treat for a capitulation, they unexpectedly fell upon the scattered soldiers, and got possession of the gate, which they opened to their accomplices. These rushed in in a crowd, and massacred garrison, authorities, all those who had taken our side, and especially Buffalini, whose death was as just as that of the others was lamentable.

By Saint-Cyr's orders the 11th Regiment, which was on its way to Modena, was diverted to Perugia, where it arrived when I did, on May 5. General Valette was still unaware of what was going on at Città di Castello, though he was expecting every moment to hear that the blockade had been raised by Guiminal's column, of which he equally had no news just then. Still, he wished to take advantage at once of the reinforcement; but the 11th were too tired to leave Perugia before the next day, and then it rained so hard that they could only get as far as La Fratta. There Colonel Calvin, who was in command, heard of the loss of Città di Castello and the massacre of the garrison, and at the same time learnt that a large force of insurgents, with artillery, was posted at Montone. Forwarding this information in haste to Valette, Calvin added a request for two guns, not for use in the field, but to retake Città di Castello. It was hardly daybreak, in fact, when he advanced on Montone, and without delay attacked and routed the insurgents, capturing a flag.

Calvin's dispatch arrived during the 7th, and next morning General Valette sent the two guns, under the escort of Guiminal's column. The same day Calvin marched upon Città di Castello; but hardly was he out of Montone when he found the road covered with abattis and furrowed with trenches. As his march proceeded, the alarm-bells rang on all sides, and he was delayed by swarms of sharpshooters, who kept a lively flank fire on the column, with cries of "*Viva Maria!*" The insurgent forces, too, were no longer composed of a mass of peasants and adventurers, but included soldiers, organized and led by officers of the former Papal army, by French *émigrés*, whom we found wherever there was a chance of shedding the

blood of their countrymen, and by priests, who in ferocity were in no way inferior to the brigands of the mountains—all encouraged by the neighbourhood of Tuscany, where they could take refuge, and Siena, where the Pope was still residing. The march from Montone to Città di Castello was one unbroken combat, but nothing stopped the 11th, who arrived before the latter place about five in the evening.

Finding the gate open, and covered only by a few groups of men, the advance-guard hastened forward; but as our men came up the groups retired into the town, unmasking a heavy gun, loaded with grape. It was fired; we lost several men, and the gate was closed.

This was an annoying start. If the part of subordinates, in presence of the enemy, is to dash forward, that of the commander is to direct them, and, if need be, restrain them; and surely no great sagacity was needed to understand that a fortified town, defended by 6,000 fanatics, with numerous artillery, cannot be carried with a rush. The leaving the gate open had been merely a trap, and a clumsy one, while the closing of it might cover another. At least, the lesson he had had might have taught Calvin caution. But, instead of taking up a position, and waiting for the guns which were on their way to join him, he ordered the pioneers to break in the gate with axes, and allowed the soldiers, meanwhile, to keep in readiness to attack. At that moment, the insurgents having reloaded their 24-pounder up to the muzzle, fired through the gate, knocking over forty-four men, nearly all grenadiers or pioneers, seventeen of whom were killed on the spot. Simultaneously, a lively discharge of musketry took place from the top of the wall, from all the windows higher than it, and even through the breach made in the door, while several guns from the other side of the Tiber took our troops obliquely.

It took all this to enlighten Calvin, somewhat too late, as to the imprudence of attacking when he had neither ladders nor guns. He assembled his troops on a neighbouring height, and therein he did well; but hardly were they there, when this man, who was quite unfit to be anything but a very good private soldier, left the position and returned to Montone, thus

giving two cannon-shots all the effect of a defeat for us and a victory for the insurgents. Continuing his retreat on the 9th, he had gone half-way to Perugia, when he fortunately met Guiminal's column, bringing him the two guns and orders to capture Città di Castello.

Accordingly, on the 10th, having broken through fresh obstacles, and wearied his men unreasonably by all this countermarching, Calvin reappeared at 1 P.M. before the place, and took up his position so as to leave the insurgents no retreat save through the Tiber gate. It was leaving the road to Tuscany open to them; but in order to block that road we should have had to cross the river, which was not possible without boats, and divide our forces more than we could venture to do. Our four battalions, with their two guns, would not seem to have appeared formidable, for the insurgents, in no way intimidated, opened on them with eight or ten guns. Fortunately, their guns were not so good as our guns, and were soon silenced. Numbers of skirmishers then appeared on our front, but these were at once driven in; and a few shots having been fired from some houses dotted about the country, these were burnt or razed. Undisturbed by their first failure, the insurgents took up next day a very threatening position; and while three of our picked companies were turning them out of that, a force of some 1,000 men, in good order, and supported by the fire of several guns and by numerous skirmishers, emerged from the town. The second battalion of the 11th, being sent against them, charged them at such a pace that not only did they overthrow them, but got before them to the gate whence they had issued. This gate was at once closed, with the result that the greater part of the insurgent force was left outside, and shot down or bayonetted. The suburb of Santa Maria, whence some musketry had proceeded, was burnt to the ground.

The insurgents had proceeded, as insurgents always do, by way of successive attacks and disconnected movements. Thus they had weakened themselves so much that, in the night of the 11th, 5,000 of them having lost heart, and followed by those of the inhabitants who were most compromised, left the town by the road to Tuscany, taking with them four fieldpieces.

They left a howitzer and thirteen guns of various calibres, but had spiked them all.

At daybreak the tricolor flag floated on the towers and on the south gate of the town, and, at the same time, a deputation of the inhabitants came to Calvin to announce the evacuation and plead for clement treatment. In war some decisions are embarrassing. After the atrocities committed upon our soldiers and our partisans, in which the mass of the population had taken only too active a part, ought the town to be sacked and made an example of? In other words, ought a number of persons, who were at least innocent in act—not many were so in intent—to be included in our reprisals? I have, in similar cases, always held the negative, so that, even after a capture by storm, no place has ever been sacked when I was in command. Calvin forbade pillaging, but did not know the way to stop it. It would have been quite enough to let the picked companies occupy the town first, and then to have allowed the troops to enter only by battalions, and at sufficient intervals to permit of the duty being organized. Instead of this, Calvin, without considering their fury, let the whole mass of men pell-mell into the town, which was accordingly sacked in a kind of frenzy. To give an idea of it, I may mention the case of a light infantry man, whose brother had been one of the massacred garrison. On entering the town, he was seized with a fit of madness. Throwing away his musket and accoutrements, his coat and his haversack, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, his eye wild, and foaming at the mouth, he killed all that came in his way, making no distinctions of sex or age, and continued this horrible butchery until he was collared and locked up, a difficult and dangerous business.

General Valette, meanwhile, had reached Città di Castello almost at the same time. By no means at ease in regard to the way in which Calvin had begun his campaign, he had, at my suggestion, put himself at the head of a reinforcement. Our aim was to come up before Calvin attacked, so as to take advantage of our united force to cross the Tiber and cut off the insurgents' retreat into Tuscany. Calvin had, as we have seen, been compelled to precipitate matters by the attack of the

insurgents, and had entered the town without waiting for us, though he had thus missed capturing 5,000 men.

While a military commission, presided over by Major Walther, a man of great severity, was trying such of the ringleaders as could be caught, General Valette wrote to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, to demand the surrender of those insurgents who had taken shelter in his country with arms in their hands. This was a false step, all the more so that it was undignified and bound to be useless; nor would it have been taken if I had had any opportunity of advising the general except when he came to see me. But on our way to Città di Castello, about a league from the place, we fell in with an ambush of insurgents in a wood. A company of infantry accounted for them; but the horse of a trooper whom I was passing got a bullet in his rump, and lashed out so violently that, catching me on the right foot, he rendered me unable to walk for a fortnight, and made me limp for two months.

Of the garrison three men alone had escaped the daggers of the murderers; two of them by remaining for five days in an underground passage that served as a sewer, where they were every now and then swamped with dirty water up to the waist. The third had been saved by the superior of a convent, which was, consequently, exempted from all billeting and fine, though the act was set down to calculation as much as to humanity.

Other less melancholy incidents are mingled with the memory of that revolt and its repression. The quarters to which I was taken were in the house of one of the wealthiest inhabitants. He was absent, and so got plundered somewhat more than the rest; but I was able to get many articles brought back, so that the damage did not amount to much. Three days after my arrival he returned, and, after thanking me for what I had done, kept asking over and over again, till I grew impatient, if there was no further danger for his portable property. On my assurances that there was not, he got my two assistants to help him in taking away some articles which he wished to send to a place that he had in Tuscany, and proceeded to a large room, where a whole company of grenadiers,

who formed my guard, were quartered. Causing a large picture, which had not been noticed, to be removed, he opened a cupboard contrived in the thickness of the wall, and entirely hidden by the picture, and made four servants, who had followed him, take out four small cases, carefully made and extremely heavy.

The stupefaction of the grenadiers at seeing the cupboard and the cases which they had been guarding for three days cannot be described; and when they heard the miser exclaim as the last case departed, "If all my house had been sacked, I should have lost nothing when once I had got my cases back," and learnt that they were full of gold, astonishment gave way to such anger that I had difficulty in preventing them from coming to blows. Doubtless the recollection of this incident caused a good many pictures to be shifted.

On May 13 peace was restored, and we returned to Perugia.

CHAPTER XXII.

General Gardanne — General C—— — Ancona — Removal of Saint-Cyr — Insurrection spreading—A separate command—A bloodless victory—Fabvre and the powder—The old doctor of Perugia—A born hoaxer—Macdonald and Championnet—Evacuation of Rome.

GENERAL VALETTE was not a great warrior, but he had knowledge and judgement, and in addition possessed both zeal, which makes up for a good many other qualities, and the gentleness of character, trustfulness, and consideration for others which create and sustain loyalty. He was the first chief under whom I had ever had a part of my own to play, in my new capacity as chief of a divisional staff. I was therefore sorry when on June 6 he was replaced in the command of the division by General Gardanne, formerly called Handsome Gardanne, and still known as Moustaches Gardanne, from the magnificent appendage which he wore. It was he who, on the 18th Brumaire, carried Bonaparte in his arms out of the Council of the Five Hundred at St. Cloud, when he was in such danger; but afterwards, being unfairly treated by Ney and deserted by the Emperor, he died broken-hearted.

Our new general had only been four days at Perugia when he received from Colonel Lahure, commanding the department of the Musone, advices that the hundred of Amandola was in a state of insurrection, on account of the arrest in that parish of an insurgent leader, and that 10,000 men had assembled and were blockading the officers who had just made the arrest. He added, "I am starting for Amandola with the garrison of Macerata and two guns, and ordering the commandants of Tolentino and Fermo to march with their troops on the same point and reach it simultaneously with us."

Amandola was, therefore, to be attacked from the north and

east; but to the south-west, where the mountains were highest, the insurgents had a secure retreat, and General Gardanne, therefore, determined to march on them from that quarter. Troops of the line and mounted chasseurs, therefore, set out at once from Perugia, together with the staff and our horses; the general and I going to Foligno by carriage to join them. There we were reinforced by a half battalion, and the day after by another at Serravalle, so that on the following day we arrived before Amandola in respectable force. But Lahure was an expeditious man, and he had already dispersed the insurgents, and taken only one hour's fighting to do it.

Thus the only obstacles to be overcome were those presented by the roads, which, indeed, were stiff enough. We made our way among rocks so impracticable that no one could remember horses having ever appeared there, and, in spite of all possible precautions, two of our cavalry horses disappeared down the vertical precipices. At one point of the passage, after a laborious climb, we found ourselves near the higher end of a mountain mass overhanging a very deep ravine. The path, in places hewn in the rock, was not much more than two feet wide; it was rough and uneven, sloping towards the precipice; and as it followed the contour of the mountain, it disappeared not far ahead of us. At the advice of our guides everyone, the general included, dismounted. I alone persisted in remaining on horseback, simply because no one else did so. However, in a quarter of an hour, the danger became so manifest that I should have been only too well pleased to get off; but the abominable path had narrowed till no operation of the kind was possible. So I rode on between the rock-wall on my right and the gulf on my left, till I saw that some fifty yards ahead the path turned at right angles round a projecting rock, which seemed suspended over the precipice. I did not dare to slip off over my horse's crupper; he was pretty fidgety, and quite capable of sending me with one kick where I had no desire to go. So I left him to himself, and, as a last resource, bore on my right stirrup, on the chance of being able to throw myself off if the horse fell over to the left. Reaching the corner, he eyed the drop, snorted at the void, and offered to jib, giving a shiver

which covered me with a cold sweat in sympathy; but at the end of all, his cleverness proved better than my judgement, and I owed my safety not to my own good sense but to his good conduct.

At another spot, equally impracticable for horses, General Gardanne and I had agreed to ride mules, while the rest led. I went first, the general following. When the ground allowed of two going abreast, the general quickened his pace to get alongside of me, and received a kick from my beast which hurt him severely. Doubtless it was no fault of mine, but one does not need to have seen much service to know that most generals would have been in something more than a bad temper. Gardanne, however, while not concealing that he was in great pain, fell to consoling *me*.

The arrival of four columns, which had left the tracks of their combined and unexpected marches in all directions across this reputedly inaccessible district, and the presence of the general, struck the mountaineers so forcibly that they consented to be disarmed, and were subdued once for all. There was nothing further to keep us at Amandola longer than was required to eat a meal, at which we were served with the most finely flavoured and delicious cheese I ever tasted. It reminded me of the mountain butter in the Vosges, and is made at the season when the cows feed on the first aromatic flowers. On June 13 we slept at Montalto, on the 14th at Ascoli, whence we returned to Perugia.

To render the lesson which General Gardanne had given the inhabitants of Amandola more fruitful, he thought it right to impose a fine of 30,000 francs on them, to meet extraordinary expenses. As this fine was fixed and levied, I will not say without my knowledge, but without my co-operation, I did not expect the general to say anything to me about it. However, I was wrong, for as soon as the sum had been paid down in good honest gold, he said, "Major Thiébault, here is an almond-cake which our insurgent friends have given me. I am not in the habit of eating such cakes all to myself, so I beg you to take this equivalent of a slice as a gratuity." And he handed me 5,000 francs. I might have gone on a hundred

expeditions with General Valette, and earned nothing, nor should I have thought any more about it than he would have done. Anyhow, as I had nothing to do with this contribution beyond getting some of it, it seemed to me a lucky windfall.

General Gardanne was not destined to stay long in the Papal States. A dispatch from General Bonaparte, dated Malta, appointed him to the command of one of the first bodies of troops who were to join the army in Egypt, and on June 30 he started for Genoa, whence he wrote to me: "My dear Thiébault, I bid you farewell on my way to mount the big mule." But he never went. General Valette resumed the command of the division for a fortnight only, when he was replaced by General C——. The only incident I remember during this interim tenure is the following:—

The inhabitants of Perugia were pleased to see General Valette back, and a leading person there gave a party at his country-house in honour of him. In order at once to show attention and to avoid the heat, the general started early, leaving me to do the day's work. It was two o'clock before I could mount and follow him. The heat was extreme; I was climbing, half asleep, up a hollow sandy lane, pretty steep, with bushes on either side, when I was roused by something icy cold that was rubbing across my white duck breeches, pressing heavily on my left thigh. It was a snake, the thickest and longest that I ever saw out of a museum. Frightened by our horses, perhaps touched by a shoe of mine, it had risen up from the sand of the road, and taken my leg as a convenient purchase to return more quickly into the thicket. My two orderly troopers had seen it and warned me by their shouts; and as soon as I had got rid of this unpleasant companion by turning my horse sharply to the right, they leapt down and with their sabres hacked the bushes into which the snake had disappeared, without result. I may add that the territory of Perugia is as famous for the number, strength, and malignity of its snakes as it was for the ferocity of its inhabitants.

General C——,* our third chief in a little more than two

* [The index reveals the General's full name—Casabianca.]

months, was an old man. A Corsican by birth, and brave in the extreme, he was the most wretched general of division under whom French soldiers have ever been reduced to serving. As a foreigner he could speak our language but badly; only there are limits to everything, and he really disfigured the most familiar names and those in most common use beyond all moderation. Thus he called Buhot, the paymaster, "Bouillotte," and General Championnet "Champignon." He would talk of beating the Aponitans (Neapolitans) with a half-frigate (brigade) and so forth. This doleful successor to Valette and Gardanne brought three captains as his aides-de-camp. One of them, Fabvre, a mere barbarian, was a young fellow of ordinary enough abilities, and already beginning to go off his head. The second, Richebourg, a Frenchman, was full of vitality, as brave as his own sword, and one of the wittiest men I have ever met; while the third, Petriconi, was a Corsican, a highly distinguished officer of chivalrous courage, who, I may mention parenthetically, had a brother fifty years older than himself.

General C—— wished to visit his division, which occupied an immense district, extending to Ancona. The trip lasted from July 22 to August 4. His wife was of the party; and as it was the time of the fair at Sinigaglia, the most celebrated in Italy, I have always thought that it was her idea to make the inspection and review of the troops the occasion of an amusing excursion. Anyhow, to this I owed the sight of Ancona, which I should not otherwise have known; with its beautiful triumphal arch of white marble still almost intact; of Our Lady of Loretto, which retained only its stone carving; and, lastly, of Sinigaglia and its fair, brilliant in spite of the condition of the country. I bought, for 50 sequins, a beautiful cameo in three colours, representing a Bacchante. But if I may venture to say so, the thing that most amazed me was a fish, served at a banquet which the town gave us. Forty persons were helped twice (for it was excellent) from it with hardly any result to show. Then it was sent out to a company of grenadiers, who could not succeed in finishing it. Hearing of our arrival at the moment when a truly miraculous draught had produced it, they had had a special fish-kettle made to cook it.

During this journey, at Ascoli, I think, I met again one of my old comrades of the 24th Light Infantry—Dath. He was still a lieutenant, and serving in the 15th. A good fellow in every sense of the term, and brave enough for anything, he was not fitted for desk-work, but excellent at everything else, and a real fighting officer. On the strength of this, and of my friendly recollection of him, I appointed him my assistant.

At the same time the Army of Rome lost General Gouvion Saint-Cyr, and by further bad luck came under the command of General Macdonald, who had been commanding the first division. All General Saint-Cyr's transcendent merits, his glorious services, his honourable reputation, had to yield to the animosity of the civil authorities, who procured his disgrace. I will state the reasons, as showing on what apparently unimportant facts the position of a commander, who might have seemed quite above such influences, at that time depended.

Thus, Prince Doria possessed a jewelled gold monstrance of immense value, which the Roman consuls, being short of money, seized, by advice of the French commissioners. Indignant at this plunder, Saint-Cyr had it at once returned to the prince. Herein, as a man of honour, he was right; as a soldier, he was wrong, as it had nothing to do with the command of the troops. Nor, indeed, did anything come of it, for they frightened Prince Doria into sending it back in a hurry, as a patriotic donation.

Again, during the mutiny, a scoundrel called Matera had made a show of equal zeal on behalf both of the culprits and of Masséna, though really he belonged to our enemies only. When the first Roman troops were organized, he contrived to get appointed colonel; but the consuls, having at last seen through him, dismissed him. Saint-Cyr called a commission, which reinstated him. The consuls appealed to the Directory, who, relying on a censure of General Brune, ordered, on July 7, that General Saint-Cyr should be employed elsewhere, and that Matera should be turned out of Rome. For the final confusion of Saint-Cyr, Matera went into the kingdom of Naples, where he took command of some armed bands, and, being captured some months later, was hanged.

Besides this, Saint-Cyr worried the Directory by his ill-founded anxieties. No doubt, with the force we had at Rome, it might fairly have been judged impossible to oppose the Neapolitan Army, which was already being raised to 60,000 men; but how could the first tactician in the world go so far as to assert that a retreat from Rome, in which no doubt we might be cut off a hundred miles to the rear, but where we had the choice of two roads by which to retire, would be impracticable? Championnet carried it out five months later in a manner no less orderly and leisurely than successful. Saint-Cyr said that 40,000 men were required to win and hold our ground; with less than two-fifths of the number, Championnet annihilated the 60,000 Neapolitans, freed Rome, and conquered Naples. It is true that Saint-Cyr expected to be attacked by troops having some cohesion, and at that time he may have been right. But it is always a source of weakness in war to assume too much against your own chances. To conclude all, this nervous foresight at the outset of a command-in-chief was replaced by the thoughtlessness and chivalrous, easy-going ways of Macdonald, who, for the good fame and good luck of the army, did not command it during the campaigns of Rome and Naples, but for its bad luck had charge of it during its retreat, and on the banks of the Trebbia.

Hardly a single district remained in the Papal States which had not risen against us, and all the risings had been repressed and punished, in some cases with terrible severity. Suddenly, on July 31, a new and alarming insurrection broke out, extending from Terracina to the sources of the Garigliano. I will not delay over expeditions in which I took no part, and will pass on to August 28, when I heard that Monte Leone had become the focus for a fresh assemblage of insurgents, and that a depôt of arms and ammunition was being formed there; further, that the commissioners sent by the Prefect of the Clitumnus and the commandant of Spoleto, bidding the insurgents give up their arms, had been forced to fly. The inhabitants of the district, too, had ceased to obey orders, and were sending in no contributions or supplies. They were in constant communication with the Abruzzi, and were as much Neapolitans as

Romans, while their hatred towards France and the Revolution had reached such a point that a call to arms seemed imminent. Now this district, comprising six small towns and several villages, was on the flank of our most important line of communication, so that it was an urgent matter to disarm it, bring its resources to light, and prove to the inhabitants that their mountains would not protect them.

I reported the facts to General C——, and, wishing to show what I was good for, offered to take charge of the expedition. He accepted, and gave me a free hand. I was panting for an opportunity of planning and commanding an attack, and, full of ardour and enthusiasm, I hurried on my preparations. I dispatched troops from Foligno to Spoleto to replace the garrison of the latter town, and sent orders to that garrison, with fifty troopers of the 19th Chasseurs, to parade in front of the cathedral at daybreak on the 29th, with rations for forty-eight hours and fifty cartridges per man.

Having, by this arrangement, saved twenty-four hours, I posted to Spoleto and joined my men before daylight. While they were mustering, and the horses I had ordered for myself and Fabvre, whom General C—— had spared to me (Dath being detained by staff-duty), were being got ready, I went to the prefect to get information as to the position of Monte Leone, the route I had to take, and the kind and degree of resistance with which I was likely to meet. The prefect held to the opinion that if I appeared, even unawares, they would resist; but that if I would allow one of his subordinates named Rotondi, a native of Monte Leone, and beloved in the mountains, to precede me, they would submit. My despair may be imagined. My dream of command was to end with the management of a mere military picnic. The prefect seemed to be cutting down my first laurels. Duty, however, enjoined me to prefer conciliation to fighting, and I gave way, though reserving a last chance for myself; for I bade the delegate announce that if the arms and ammunition were removed, or even a single gun of the six that were there, I would burn the town.

The road from Spoleto to Monte Leone is very laborious, a succession of escarped hills and vertical descents. Troops are so

much delayed by the necessity of marching in single file, that, although I had taken the precaution of arranging to have refreshments for the men ready at a halting-place, and did all I could to shorten the halts and quicken the pace, we only arrived after dark.

Our march allowed us to observe one thing—namely, that while in compliance with repeated orders every village possessed its tree of liberty, every tree was surmounted with a cross, in place of the usual emblem.

About a mile from Monte Leone I was met by three deputies, accompanied by the prefect's delegate. I sent them back with orders to have the town brilliantly lighted up. Then the troops entered; and as soon as they were quartered in the convents and the service organized, I sent for the authorities and chief people, and administered a vigorous reprimand. They assured me that the bad behaviour of the prefect's first delegates had irritated the people, and that insurgents from Amandola had excited them; that they had themselves been powerless, but that they had no idea of refusing to give up their arms or to pay their contributions; and that, so far as regarded arms in private hands, they made no doubt they would be brought at once.

The business was completed the next day, and before noon the money and provisions were on their way to Spoleto, while guns, powder, and such of the muskets as were good for anything, were packed on mule-back to follow my column. Meantime, some disorderly acts were committed by the troops, and some articles were stolen. The patrols were at once doubled, and a citizen sent with each, while I ordered that one officer to every two companies should search the town until every man had come in. Those who committed the smallest offence were to be arrested, and made to march, during the rest of the expedition, with their coats inside out. I added that if these measures were not enough, I would make the troops bivouac on the top of the mountains. The companies of the 15th, in whose quarter a door had been forced, were put under arrest.

After this I started for Casina; but as soon as the rear of the column was a hundred paces out of Monte Leone, I halted them, and, in presence of the ædile and two inhabitants, who

said they had been robbed, I had all the knapsacks examined, and greatcoats, etc., unfolded. Nothing was found; at all events, it was established that nothing worth claiming was being carried off. The effect of all this was to make the expedition end in the most orderly style, the inhabitants everywhere applauding the discipline of the troops.

Cascia, Norcia, Visso, were disarmed in the same way. On the 7th I completed the operation at Trevi, and on the next day returned to Spoleto, having not only secured the submission of all that part of the Papal States, but having also organized a service of spies capable of letting me know exactly what was being planned in the Abruzzi, and having collected very important news as to what was going on in the kingdom of Naples. This I sent to General Macdonald at Rome, and General C—— at Perugia.

On my return to Spoleto, I had the satisfaction of most flattering compliments from the prefect. All the town-councils, with whom, I may observe, there had been no question of "almond-cakes," had written in praise of the troops and their commander, and the "patriots" had also written congratulations on the result. But what, above all, won the good opinion of the public, was the care and attention I showed for the convents of nuns; always, when I entered a town where there was one, sending a guarantee to the superior, and promising to call the next morning to hear if she had any complaints to make. I used to add that, if it would be in no way inconvenient, I should be glad to take a cup of chocolate at the convent. At the hour fixed, I would go attended by the oldest and most discreet officers in the column. Escorted into the best room, I would find a chair set for me beside that of the superior. Chocolate and sweetmeats would be served, and during the repast the nuns would be presented to me, and I would ask any questions about them that occurred to me before bowing my farewell. As may be supposed, the pretty ones most aroused my curiosity, but, after noticing any particular beauty, I was always careful to detain a plain one. It would have been impossible to constrain my twenty-nine years to more gravity or respect than I displayed. The protection I extended to the nuns gave an air

of justice to the severity with which I treated the monks. It was in the monasteries that revolt was most zealously fostered, and there that, by way of punishment, I billeted my soldiers.

Among other articles which the disarmament yielded, were 1700 lbs. of powder. The barrels had been so often loaded and unloaded, that, when I arrived at Spoleto, they were leaking all over, and I had them placed under guard in the basement of an uninhabited palace. Next morning I went with a captain in the 11th, named Gélin, another officer, and Fabvre to inspect the state of my barrels, and found the flags of the floor covered with powder. As I was in a hurry to get back to General C——, I told Fabvre to get the barrels mended, and superintend the transport of them and of the arms to Perugia, and their delivery to the governor of the citadel. "I have all that bother for two whole days!" replied the lunatic. "Better let the fire rid us of the whole thing." And, drawing his sword, he struck swinging blows on the flags, making sparks and powder fly into the air. Gélin and the other officer took to their heels, though, as the former was close to Fabvre, it would have been simpler to have caught him by the arm and stopped him. As for him, after giving I know not how many blows with impunity, he replaced his sword in the scabbard, saying very roughly, "It won't catch." During this scene I had been at the other end of the room, too far off to be able to catch his arm in time, and, fearing that any order might only excite him more, I remained, without moving, on the powder-barrel where I had taken my seat when I came in. When it was over, I made a rush at Fabvre, crying, "You are the biggest madman alive!" In fact from that day he seemed to be going off his head, and died two years later in a lunatic asylum at his native town of Chambéry.

Having escaped this danger, I returned to Perugia very well pleased with myself. In spite of its narrow and steep streets, Perugia is a charming place to live in. It possesses a hundred churches and convents for the edification of its 16,000 or 18,000 inhabitants; it has, like many towns of Italy, had its painters, whose masterpieces it carefully preserves, and if its snakes are the finest in Italy, its women, or many of them, were in 1798 of remarkable beauty. Among the learned men of the University

I made acquaintance with an old doctor who had a thorough knowledge of the history of the district. From him I got some very curious notes, which unluckily I lost by theft with a great many other MSS. in 1829—a loss which is the reason of my so often forgetting the names of people whom I mention.

He told me, among other things, the history of the famous *acqua toffana*. This poison was invented by a monk at Perugia. Under a promise of secrecy, from which his death has now set me free, and which, save for an exception in favour of Gassicourt, I have kept till the present day, the old doctor gave me the following account of its composition:—"*Acqua toffana*, to which there is no antidote, the smallest particle of which destroys life, leaving no trace, and of which the dose may be so regulated as to cause death after a stated interval of days, weeks, or months, is at once an animal and a mineral product. To obtain it, you must give a pig a strong dose of arsenic; then you flog him with a whip till you bring on a sort of frenzy in which he dies, discharging a foam. This foam is the poison." Delpuech, by the way, told me that you could poison eggs by boiling them hard in a strong arsenical solution, and so kill people without leaving any traces.

Whatever may be the facts as to this process, which, rightly or wrongly, I amuse myself by noting down here, it is in reference to another recollection that I have recalled of the old doctor. I met him just as I was starting for Rome. "You are choosing a bad time to go," said he; "malaria prevails in full vigour, and, if you do not get in before nightfall, your journey will not be without danger." "But," said I, "how can one detect the morbid action of the bad air?" "By drowsiness," he replied. "Do what you like, especially when alone, in spite of the jolting of your carriage, you cannot resist it; and if you go to sleep you are a dead man." "But," I continued, "is there no preventive?" "No preventive; there is a palliative. Take a bottle of rum, and when you begin to feel drowsy do not be afraid of a good pull." The use of quinine was then unknown either as preventive or palliative.*

* [Yet Marshal Macdonald tells us that he took plenty of it three years before this, in the Island of Walcheren.]

So I set out, fortified with my bottle, and went along as quickly as I could. While changing horses at Nepi, I was told that three Frenchmen, on their way to Rome, had arrived there two nights before, and that, not being able to find horses, they had had to wait. Instead of lighting a large fire and moving about, they had sat down and gone to sleep. When some one came in three hours to tell them that their horses were put in again, two were dying and could not be saved, while the third was so bad that he could hardly be taken to Rome. It was a warning, and I doubled the pay of my postilions to go faster; but, do what I would, night overtook me five miles from Rome. Soon I was seized by an irresponsible torpor. I fought it with the help of my bottle, and it disappeared, but presently returned. My rum revived me three times more in the next half-hour, till I drew near the bridge over the Tiber, and thought I was safe; and, in fact, I had not ten minutes more. To add any more to the immoderate use which, unaccustomed as I was to strong liquors, I had already made of the rum, seemed no good; and, as I thus reflected, I dropped off. I was hardly well asleep when I was awoke by stopping at the gate of Rome. I had a frightful headache, and a violent fever which, in spite of all the doctors could do, and all the care which the excellent Marchesa di Lepri took of me, stayed with me for three days.

When I was about again, my first visit was naturally to General Macdonald, commanding the army corps. I did not know him, but he received me very kindly. I spoke of the intelligence which I had sent him respecting the proceedings in the kingdom of Naples, and predicted aggressive measures without any previous declaration of war. He rejected this idea, making more of a joke of it than a general in his position should have done; but he shook my conviction as little as I shook his incredulity.

One day at dinner with him I met a captain in the 15th Light Infantry, named Piquet—a born hoaxer, and, as such, incomparable, and, as I told him, endowed with a first-class genius for playing the fool. He could do a deaf man better than it has ever been done; but he could play a score of other parts, or rather all parts, with inconceivable perfection. He

had begun by hoaxing General Macdonald at Rome, after hoaxing Bernadotte at Udine. He served from time to time to keep the commander-in-chief's table merry, and the first time I saw him I witnessed one of his performances. Another of his gifts was one of the most beautiful tenor voices I ever heard. He was a friend of Dath, who had often spoken of him to me; and as he was brave, did his duty well, had much ability, wrote easily and had pleasant manners, besides being able to keep a whole army amused for twenty-four hours in the day and 365 days in the year, I suggested that he should become colleague to Dath, who, both as a wag and as a singer, could play a very good second to him. He agreed, and joined me before long at Perugia.

During his first fortnight there, no one talked of anything else. On alighting from his carriage, he went into the coffee-house and found the stage ready for him. A "pal" was waiting for him, and had secured a young officer, a very good fellow, who, just because he was such, had been selected to be the first victim. Piquet, in the part of a deaf man, and feigning illness as well, at once became the object of general notice. The "pal" looked at him and laughed, as though seeming to deride him. Piquet went up and asked at what he was laughing; misunderstandings, a quarrel, a nervous attack followed. The victim-designate hastened to the aid of Piquet, who was in a state of convulsive twitching and retching. On returning to consciousness, he would receive help from no one save his butt. After two hours in the coffee-house, whither some fifty officers had hurried in, Piquet made the victim take him to his quarters, put him to bed, render medical assistance of various kinds, keeping the poor lad till three in the morning, when he ran away, tired out, and dying with hunger. The delight of the initiated spectators of this farce, who kept me posted up every half-hour as to what was going on, may be conceived.

All next day Piquet kept his new friend with him, never giving him a chance to take breath. The day after, he dined with General C——, with whom we had planned a hoax on Richebourg. A man of wit and imagination, Richebourg was

an excellent subject for a joke of this kind. He was placed beside Piquet at table, with a special charge to look after "that poor deaf man." Poor Richebourg! Piquet made him bawl himself hoarse, repeating and shouting ever louder, sentences which he affected not to hear or to hear all wrong. As we left the table, Piquet picked a quarrel with Petriconi, who was in the secret. Richebourg was told by the general to quiet him, and then the real play began. Richebourg had an appointment the hour of which had arrived. Piquet began by towing him into the corner of a window; but just as Richebourg was saying in a whisper, "All right, I will let you go directly," Piquet, with the most natural air in the world, slipped his forefinger into one of his buttonholes, and did not let him go, do what he would. "Devil take you, you cursed deaf fool!" grumbled Richebourg. Piquet flowed on in thanks for his kindness and politeness in listening. "But," cried Richebourg, "some one is waiting for me." "No one waiting for me," said Piquet; "and if there were, the pleasures of conversing, now so rare for me, but which you make so delightful——" "But," interrupted Richebourg, "I have an engagement." "Engagement! Not an engagement exactly; it was at the siege of Grave, and owing to a cannon-shot, that I became slightly hard of hearing." Then followed the whole story. We were in shouts of laughter. Piquet saw us and added, in a doleful tone, "Oh, captain, how ill they behave to me! What a difference from you!" and so on. "Look here," roared Richebourg, "I must go; I don't feel well." And the "cursed deaf fool," putting his best ear forward, as he called it, and seeming to listen with all his might, kept starting a fresh hare every time. An hour and a half passed in this way, at the end of which, the appointment being certain to have been missed, Piquet said, "Oh, by the way, do you happen to have anything else to do? Do not scruple to tell me; no one is more discreet than I." And as Richebourg accompanied his "yes" with violent nods, he resumed, "Why did you not say so?" and let him go. Richebourg dashed away as hard as his legs would go, while Piquet cried, "See you again."

An encyclopædia would not contain all his absurdities, of

which he gave us just as many in private as in public. I saw him once in a coffee-house get an Italian to hold his cup under pretence of feeling in his pockets for a paper which he wanted to show him. Not finding it, he kept mechanically backing, and made the cupbearer follow for a quarter of an hour. I remember, during the Naples' campaign, the town council of some little town were calling on me when I was at dinner. Piquet beckoned to the oldest of them to approach, and, under pretence of giving him important information, kept him stooping over while he poured into his ear a string of half-articulated phrases having no connection nor sense. Now and again he would stop, and, looking at the old gentleman, would say with the most perfect gravity, "You understand, sir?" to which the poor man, not daring to say no, would reply, "Yes, sir." Once I caught him, out of uniform of course, playing *morra* with some beggars at a street corner. By cheating scandalously, he won all their rags, which he at once restored with money by way of charity. I believe he could have got up a performance with a paving-stone, and I am sure he would have played to the four walls of a prison.

I shall have to come back to him, but I will finish for the present with a trick he played at Udine. He had noticed a worthy merchant who left the Exchange every day as regular as clockwork at two, and crossed the great square on his way home to dinner. Choosing a day when the heat was intolerable, and, taking under his arm a money-bag full of round bits of lead, he went to look for his man, and met him full in the very middle of the square. Stopping him, he said, "M. X., I think?" "Yes, sir." "Merchant?" "Yes, sir." "Banker too?" "Yes, sir?" "Very good. And you are doubtless acquainted with the principal commercial houses at Trieste?" "I have business relations with many of them." "In that case, sir, you can do me a real service." "What is it about?" "This is it. A year ago a merchant, a friend of mine, sent a consignment of beans to a house at Trieste, on which 200 sequins are still due. He writes to me to get this balance settled, and it occurred to me that you might help me." "But, sir," replied the Udine merchant, "what is the name of the house in question?" "Now

what is it?—wait—I have a letter from my friend somewhere about me, and if you will kindly hold this money for a moment I will tell you." Handing him his huge bag, he hunts among a number of papers, finds no letter and exclaims, "I have left it at home, but my lodgings are only two steps off. I will leave my bag with you and be back in an instant." Off he goes, without leaving the poor merchant time to answer, and without stopping in his run turns the corner of a street, enters the large coffee-house by a back door, and rejoins his friends, who have been witnessing the scene from the first floor; thence, well under cover, he watches his man, who passes a whole hour grilling under a blazing sun while his dinner is waiting for him at home. Believing himself to be in charge of a bag of money entrusted to him by a Frenchman, he does not dare to go near a house, while the sweat pours from him in great drops, and at every moment he shifts the bag from one arm to the other. At last, when three had struck, the poor wretch summons all the passers-by, puts the bag on the ground, has it opened, and, amid shouts of laughter from the bystanders, goes home melancholy.

Piquet could not always congratulate himself on the result of his practical jokes. Being in a coffee-house once with a Frenchman, he played an old trick on him—though it must be owned he could give a new turn to the stalest tricks. Putting his finger on his cheek, he said to the other, "You have a black there." The other began to rub. "A little higher." He rubbed higher. "A little saliva." At this the man got up, went to a mirror, saw that he was being chaffed, and demanded satisfaction. And Piquet, to use his own expression, got a good sword-cut to refresh him, which did not prevent him from recommencing as soon as he was about again.

More serious business succeeded these follies. Through my spies, I continued to receive very precise intelligence from the kingdom of Naples, and, as it confirmed my forecasts, I wrote again, in more positive terms, to the chief of the headquarter staff at Rome, and spoke again to my immediate commander. But no one would attend to me. I argued the matter as well as I could, and ended by making an official request for leave to forward to the outlying corps, besides their general instructions,

sealed orders, which their commanders were to be directed to open in the event of the Neapolitans unexpectedly assuming the aggressive, and to address similar orders to the generals of brigade, so that neither leaders nor subordinates might be left in any uncertainty.

As General C—— persisted in thinking any such step useless, no doubt for the same reasons as General Macdonald, I added that, for my part, it seemed to me so far justified that, unless he forbade me in writing, I was going to carry it into effect as part of my duties as chief of the staff. "Consider," I said, "the advantage of having, in these serious circumstances, no orders to give, and of knowing beforehand, day by day, one might say hour by hour, where every body of troops will be; of being able to regulate their further movements with certainty, and determine, accordingly, the movements of all the other corps." At last he yielded, and my orders and instructions were drawn up and sent off before the day was over. It was a real relief, for I had been incessantly beset by the idea of the risks the troops were running. There are few actions in my military life which I recall with greater satisfaction. It was the salvation of several battalions. I got it adopted in spite of Macdonald's jokes, the incredulity of his chief of staff, and General C——'s obstinacy; and though it did not help my subsequent promotion, it helped to render it as flattering as it was.

On November 10 General Championnet arrived at Rome in his capacity as commander-in-chief, and Macdonald returned to the command of his old division, which had not been filled up. General C—— thought it his duty to go and greet his new commander, in order, he said, to retain his division. But in order to greet a chief you have to show yourself to him, and General C—— could take no step better calculated to get himself a successor. Richebourg thought as I did on this point, and even made interest with Mme C—— to get the general to give up the journey. But he thought himself bound to stick to it, and started with me, as I had persuaded him to take me.

We reached Rome on the 23rd, in the morning, and were at once received by the commander-in-chief. I was impressed by

the order and sound sense of his questions; with the zeal, solicitude, and attention which he showed; and with his persevering way of dealing with all matters which deserved it, forming a great contrast to General Macdonald's at least apparent want of reflection, and too real flippancy, in settling the most serious questions, as with his cocked-up nose and his bantering face he looked as if he was laughing at men and things alike. We dined with General Championnet; and, as he heard from Lacombe-Saint-Michel, our envoy at Naples, that it would not be long before he was attacked, General C—— received orders to come at ten the next morning to take his final instructions, and to be in readiness to start back immediately. He was to transfer the divisional headquarters to Macerata, and at Foligno, which was at once a military position and the junction of important roads, form a camp, in which the whole of the troops not indispensably employed for garrison duty might be assembled, in touch with the advanced posts.

From the commander-in-chief's I went to the theatre, where I found all the ladies of the city. When I went away, some hours later, I did not think I was bidding them a final adieu. Returning home about one in the morning, I had just gone to bed when I heard the guns of Sant' Angelo. It was the alarm-signal. General C—— and I were dressing again in all haste, when an aide-de-camp hurried in to tell us that the Neapolitans had just attacked the first division along the whole line occupied by it, and that the commander-in-chief was expecting us. We went with him, hearing the rest of his news as we went along.

"What will have become of your advanced troops?" were the words which General Championnet uttered directly he saw General C——. The latter reassured him by stating the orders that had been given, and how they had come to be so, giving me all the credit of this piece of foresight. General Championnet looked at me with an air of full approbation. "Start at once," he added; "I do not know if you will still be able to get by at Terni and Spoleto, but do your best to reach Foligno quickly. You will make the Spoleto garrison fall

back thither, and you will proceed to Macerata, followed by everything belonging to your headquarters. Take saddle-horses if you are obliged to quit your carriage, diverge to the left if you cannot keep the direct road, but get there somehow. Concentrate your troops, form them into masses to enable you to manœuvre, and cover or flank the left of the road into Romagna. I shall not remain at Rome. To defend the city would be to give it up to the horrors of war, and cause a terrible reaction against those who have taken our side, and, besides, it is not connected with any military position. At this very moment I may be taken in rear by troops that have come from the Abruzzi by way of Aquila. Lastly," he added indignantly, "I find here hardly sufficient ammunition for a day's fighting. So I shall begin my operations by a retreat on Tuscany, if I am obliged, but, I hope, only on Foligno. Then I shall concentrate the troops at my disposal, and those that I am expecting, and re-organize the army. Your division will then be the third. It will form my left, along the Adriatic. I shall resume the offensive from Foligno."

I was, for my part, thoroughly satisfied with the plan of campaign as set forth by the general, and felt as if I was once again among soldierly ways of thinking and acting. Events, and one's share in them, seemed to grow larger, and this was especially the case with mine, for I had made a favourable impression on a commander-in-chief who seemed to me destined for great things, and I was chief of the staff for the left wing of the army—that is, to the most important of its divisions, and that which had a separate and independent part to play. So I set out full of confidence and enthusiasm.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Neapolitans' attack—General C—— at Porto di Fermo—An obstinate old man—Bayonets *v.* cannon—Defeat of the Neapolitans—Operations round Rome—Re-entry into Rome—No credit to Macdonald.

THE Court of Naples had nothing national about it except its name. Thanks to Acton, the Queen's paramour and chief minister, the government was English; thanks to Mack, the commander-in-chief, the army was as Austrian as the Queen. Ferdinand IV, the most sinister of sovereigns, behaved as the most perfidious of allies, the most dangerous of neighbours, the most cruel of conquerors, but fortunately was, at the same time, the least formidable of enemies. However, I may pass at once to his doings.

Seven columns, four of them under the direct command of Mack, under the King in person, had crossed the frontier. General Championnet at once sent word of this to Joubert, who had just replaced Brune in the chief command in Italy. Then he wrote to the Directory: "Weak as I am, I beg you to have no apprehension as to the fate of the army which I command." At this time he was about to try conclusions with a force of 62,000 men, led by the Germans Mack and Metsch, and by Frenchmen like La Trémoïlle, Damas, Micheroux, Bourcard, and San Filippo. He had to act in a country to which he had but just come, and had at his disposal only from 12,000 to 13,000 combatants of all arms, distributed over 150 miles of ground, and with his wings separated by a mountain range. The reinforcements which he expected were nearly 200 miles off, and the enemy, in such superior force as has been said, was advancing to cut both his lines of retreat at once. Yet he did not despair.

The first action of this war took place at Ascoli. It had no

significance, and only deserves mention as opening a brilliant campaign. Ascoli, on the river Tronto, which divides the two States, was occupied by the 1st battalion of the 2nd Cisalpine Regiment. Some detachments were watching the line of the river to right and left when, about 4 P.M. on November 24, appeared a column of Neapolitan troops, forming part of Micheroux's army corps, raised in the Abruzzi—12,000 men strong, with 30 guns. Some troops who were in advance of it began a combat in front of the Porte Maggiore. It was an aimless attack, for the sake of attacking, and they paid for their excess of zeal by losing a good many of their number. Meanwhile, the 3,000 men forming the advance-guard of the main body deployed, and took up a position. Our garrison, who had already evacuated their sick and baggage towards Ancona, now opened their sealed instructions, and finding that, according to the directions therein contained, they were not to expose themselves, consisting as they did of a few hundreds, by a ridiculous resistance to an entire division, they withdrew by the Ancona road, and bivouacked on Monte Alto.

Micheroux thus found himself in possession of the first place on the Roman territory. It might have been thought that he would utilise it as a strong base of operations, to support his advance; but he merely left 1,000 men to defend it, and then, dividing his force into two bodies, he marched with the first upon Porto di Fermo with twenty-four guns, taking the coast road; while the second, with six mountain-guns, skirted the heights which flank the shore, and marched, in three columns abreast, upon the town of Fermo. It was, however, upon this town also that our Ascoli garrison, after leaving its bivouac at Monte Alto, had orders to retire.

While by this movement, and others foreseen in our sealed orders, our forces were concentrating on Fermo and making this a first point of resistance, General Rusca, in conformity with the directions that had been sent to him, was starting from Macerata, in order to collect at Porto di Fermo one regiment of light infantry, three squadrons of dragoons, and three fieldpieces. Thus the two points at which Micheroux's two corps were aiming, the town and the port of Fermo, wer

solely through the foresight of our orders, as well protected as with our insufficient numbers they could be.

General C—— and I had found no difficulty about getting past Terni, the only resistance we met with being on the part of the postilions whom we had to induce to gallop, whether by doubling their fare or by the use of our canes. Arrived without accident at Spoleto, we sent orders to the governor of Perugia to retain only so many men as were necessary to defend the citadel, and without delay to send on our entire outfit under the escort of the remainder. They overtook us by double marches, and on the 26th we had reached Porto di Fermo. Being reinforced that same evening by the arrival of the 17th and 73rd, we were able to set about the definitive organization of the division. The headquarters remained at Porto di Fermo with a part of the troops, forming one brigade under General Rusca, while a second was established at Fermo; this was to be commanded, when he arrived, by General Monnier.

On the evening of the 27th our cantonments at Porto di Fermo were in profound peace, when at 10 P.M. musketry-firing began between our shore pickets and some Neapolitan soldiers who had just landed from boats. The drums beat, and, in the short interval while the men were standing to their arms, General C—— and I ran to the beach followed by the men of the picket. The sea was covered with small boats which, at sight of us, not knowing whether to advance or retire, began to cruise about in all directions. However, they added their fire to that of the men who had landed; but these took no good from it, for I charged them at the head of the picket, and they were killed to a man. As for the boats, as soon as our guns took part with the musketry, and swamped some of them, they made off and disappeared. There could be no doubt that Micheroux had hoped to find the place weakly held, to surprise what troops were there, carry the position, get his first division together there, and the next day be in a position to support his second division in their attack on Fermo. He had not laid his plans badly; but, if he might have been deceived as to our numbers, he ought to have made no mistake as to the look-out we kept. So he started with a failure.

At ten next morning, no further news being heard of the enemy, General C—— went out to look for a position more in advance for his division. With fifty dragoons and three companies of carbineers he took the coast road; but when he was two miles from Porto di Fermo, he found himself, on emerging from a wood, at no great distance in front of the entire body of Micheroux's right. He at once formed his dragoons in line a doubly absurd thing to do, because he had too few of them to count, and it is wrong to show cavalry except at the moment when it can act with success. Then he threw his carbineers into the wooded heights on his right, which would have been sensible enough if he told them to keep him in sight; but he told them to occupy a summit, which took them too far from him. Finally he sent his aide-de-camp to Porto di Fermo to bid the troops stand to their arms. As Fabvre was coming in he met me; in conformity with General C——'s orders I was following his reconnoissance with a line battalion. At once I gave the order to double, and after telling Fabvre, in addition to the orders which he was bearing to General Rusca, to bid him march out of Porto di Fermo with all the rest of the brigade, and advance till he received a counter-order, I galloped on to join my divisional general.

I found him at the end of his little wood. My first glance was devoted to inspecting the ground. At half cannon-range in front, on a slope running to the sea, the enemy had mounted a double row of batteries, in rear of which were massed the infantry in battalions and the cavalry in column; to the right were the wooded hills where General C—— had lodged his carbineers, but to which Micheroux had also marched the other corps of his army. And in this situation I found my general as tranquil as possible, motionless in the middle of the road.

From his coolness, I thought that he had accurately taken in the respective positions; for, formidable as that of Micheroux appeared, it betrayed mere ignorance and incapacity in the mind which had directed it. Five thousand infantry were crowded into a space where two battalions would hardly have had room to deploy, and in such a way as to offer an enormous hold to our fire. If, as soon as Rusca's brigade arrived, we

could establish the bulk of it on the wooded heights that flanked our right, not out yonder where our carbineers could do nothing but get killed for lack of numbers, but close by and on the lower slopes, which were quite high enough to command the hill occupied by the enemy, it would be sheltered from Micheroux's cavalry and artillery, and could, by its tactics and its fire, get his infantry, condemned to inaction by the way it was crowded, at its mercy. But there are some men who are electrified and inspired by the sight of the enemy, some who are confused and stupefied, some who are intoxicated—that is, who, while their spirits are raised, lose all their common sense. Of this number was General C——, and to such a degree that I remained persuaded that he had not understood me.

Next moment I remarked to him that the enemy's disposition looked like beginning with artillery fire, and that his fifty dragoons would be destroyed without compensation. Without answering me he sent off an order to General Rusca to detach a field-gun at once and send it to him. Just then my battalion, which I had outstripped, came up, and the general ordered it to join the carbineers. He had no idea of their distance, and in point of fact they were four or five times farther off than they should have been. "Why," said I again, "will not you keep at least half the battalion to support the gun you are expecting, in the event of a cavalry charge?" He said nothing, and I could only think he was mad; an opinion which I certainly had not to withdraw when, on the arrival of the gun, he ordered it to unlimber and open fire.

This was the signal awaited by the enemy; his first battery opened at once on us, since no one else was in view. Two-thirds of our gunners and our dragoons, being entirely exposed, were killed or wounded in a few moments; and after its third round our piece had to cease firing. The enemy could be under no mistake as to the damage he had done us, and seeing nothing in front of him but a general acting as vedette, and a scattered score of men, charged with 200 cavalry. It was evident—over and over again evident—that the withdrawal of the gun and our own retirement were urgent; but just as poor old C—— had imagined that he could silence the united fire of fifteen

guns with that of one, he conceived that with the fifteen or eighteen dragoons and the few gunners he had left he could check 200 horses at full gallop. So he did not give ground by a foot's breadth until the moment when the cavalry were on the top of us. In spite of the efforts of some dragoons and those of the officers with him, in spite of a pistol-shot which saved his life and which is the only one that, so far as I remember, I ever fired at an enemy, poor C—— was all but knocked over, and received a blow from a sabre which sent his hat flying in the air. By this time flight at full speed was the only resource left to us: our gun was abandoned, together with its tumbril; but the drivers, who hurriedly cut the traces of their horses, some of them being wounded, had got mixed up in a headlong flight, and blocked the road just at the same moment as a second gun which General C—— had sent for and, having come up with us, had faced about. All this confusion enabled some of the Neapolitans to wound a few more of our men. Thanks to the quality of our horses, the general, his aide-de-camp, and I got out of this hurlyburly, he still quite unmoved, they swearing like Pagans, and I with my mind made up to serve no longer with him.

However, we had had to undergo a furious pursuit—due more to the horses than to the riders, and it had been murderous for us until the moment when we luckily fell in with a battalion and a half of our men deployed across the road. Why they halted in the rear instead of advancing where we were, I do not know; but their brave commander, Wouillemont, seeing our discomfiture and the fury of our pursuers, had caused one of his battalions to change front and line the road. As the 200 cavalry passed they fired a volley from both ranks point-blank into them. Not having perceived the danger soon enough to avoid it, all but the first fifty, who had got by before the fire opened, were exterminated, while these, having their retreat cut off and being thereby demoralised, allowed us to re-enter Porto di Fermo without further pursuit.

The success of his manœuvre had given Wouillemont hopes of regaining possession of our gun, and, though he had or

half a regiment with him, he advanced. Thanks to the inconceivable slackness of the Neapolitan division, he succeeded in recovering both gun and tumbril; but how was he to follow up the success, or what was he to do without orders? On returning to Porto di Fermo, General C——, without troubling himself about what was going on in his rear, had decided to throw himself into the hills with some troops and to rejoin his carbineers and the battalion which he had sent after them. It was a good bit of tactics to organize a pretty strong force in the hills in which the enemy had troops and from which the slope to the sea could be commanded; but it should not have been decided upon too late, and it was not right for the sake of it, at a time when it could only be a second string, to disregard the manœuvres of the troops who had been left in position by the seaside. As for General Rusca, in opposition to the orders which Fabvre had given him, and instead of bringing up all the rest of his brigade, he had detached part of it towards the hills without finding out what it could do there; he had left the other part shut up and doing no good at Porto di Fermo; and, so far as concerned him personally, he was just then amusing himself, at the head of seventy dragoons, in taking prisoners the fifty Neapolitan dragoons who had been cut off by Wouillemont's fire and were only too glad to surrender.

All this time Wouillemont and his men, left to themselves, remained deployed in their position across the road; but the enemy, having not seen one of his 200 troopers return, and having perhaps taken our opening performance for a trick, hesitated about engaging his troops. For want of anything better, he re-opened the fire from his battery, this time on Wouillemont's battalion, whose position soon became untenable. It seemed as if the only thing to do was to retreat, and that promptly, when Lieutenant Petriconi, General C——'s aide-de-camp, who happened, I do not know how, to be there, yielding to a chivalrous inspiration, started the suggestion of capturing the enemy's guns with the bayonet. A sort of council of war was held. Dath, my assistant, supported the proposal energetically; Colonel Wouillemont, his major, Gassine, Piquet, captain of dragoons, and some other officers adopted

the suggestion; and in spite of the havoc which the enemy might make in its ranks, the battalion and a half, which, for the honour of the regiment, I may say belonged to the 73rd, advanced right up to the guns with shouldered arms. There they halted, fired one deadly volley, and charged with the bayonet. The six guns of the 1st battery and the nine of the 2nd were carried; the 250 men remaining of the Neapolitan cavalry, instead of charging us in flank, fled at full speed, and the 5,000 infantry, who now were in column, instead of marching on their assailants, were panic-stricken and at once thrown into a state of confusion, to which Captain Piquet put the finishing stroke by charging them with fifty dragoons in loose order. Micheroux's reserve artillery and pack, which were separated by no interval from the battalions, were abandoned as well as the baggage. Whole columns were pierced and sabred by our dragoons, pursued and skewered by our infantry; and this brilliant charge gained us three colours. But nothing slacked the ardour of our troopers; and as Piquet had not halted them soon enough, his feeble squadron was soon unsupported. The greater part, however, at last fell back of their own accord upon the infantry, and assisted them in collecting and bringing in some hundreds of prisoners. A few of their comrades let themselves be drawn on in the wake of Piquet, whom nothing could stop, while Petriconi and a young lieutenant called Chété stuck to him. Of the soldiers not one reappeared: as for the three officers, they only came back, thanks to wonderful presence of mind, after having escaped a thousand chances of death by going a long way round through the mountains. Piquet had a horse killed under him, and Chété was severely wounded; but Petriconi, to whom alone was due the bold suggestion of this incredible feat of arms, was no less lucky in fighting than he had been magnificent in his inspiration. The credit of the suggestion, as my notes taken at the time prove, was entirely his, though long afterwards Piquet, who rose to be lieutenant-general, while Petriconi fell in battle soon after this, used to assert a claim to it.

General C—— had, as I have said, decided to go over the mountains, but this I heard only afterwards. When I left him

he was going home to get another hat, and I to get another horse, mine having lost a shoe. Losing no time, I returned along the coast-road, expecting to join my general again; but, as I found no sign of him, I went forward till I came where Wouillemont was collecting his people again after the charge, in a great anxiety about Piquet, Petriconi, and Chété. Having no orders, we debated what to do; and I had just persuaded him to advance three-quarters of a mile or so, which might facilitate the return of the missing men, and would place us in a better position, when General Rusca turned up at last. He told us what had become of General C——, and gave orders to retire at once to Porto di Fermo, abandoning our prizes, and that when Micheroux was in flight towards Ascoli.

This distressing because stupid retreat was General Rusca's sole contribution to that day's feats of arms; though, by the way, I am wrong there, because he had found two of our men tied together and barbarously mutilated by the Neapolitans, and, by way of putting himself on their level, had, in my presence and that of a hundred other witnesses, slaughtered with his own hand five of the prisoners whom our soldiers had respected. However, an order of the day, dated Ferni, 10th Frimaire (November 30), signed by Leopold Berthier, interim chief of the staff, mentions that General Rusca, commanding a column of 3,000, against 18,000 infantry and 15,000 cavalry, had completely routed the enemy. The historical document ends with the words, "He is in pursuit of them."

The enemy, however, was fortunately so well frightened that, in spite of our retirement, he did not recapture our trophies. There were left in our hands 24 guns, 38 tumbrils, 200 ammunition- and baggage-waggons, 150 cavalry and I know not how many team horses; 400 prisoners, 12 officers, and 3 colours. Our loss was 160 men. It was one of those feats of arms which seem so improbable that one would not dare to set them down if one had not witnessed them.

In the mountains the victory had been less easily won. Micheroux's second corps had first come across our carbineers, who had fallen back without mishap, and the battalion after

them. General C——'s force stopped its advance, and fighting ensued, in which the general's deficiencies as a tactician were luckily supplied by the superior capacities of the commander of the 17th. The enemy having the advantage of six mountain-guns, while we had none, clung stoutly to his position, and was only forced to retire, abandoning his artillery, by a combined charge of two of our columns, in which the general got a wound in the face, and had his second hat riddled with bullets. Next day the Neapolitans recrossed the Tronto. On December 1, General C——, accompanied by General Monnier, who had joined him with reinforcements, once more entered Ascoli and re-organized his division.

* While the left of the Army of Rome had been performing such a quaint overture to the glories of the new campaign, the centre and right had responded with successes more in the regular lines. The Neapolitans, appearing too late at Terni, had been repulsed by General Lemoine; Championnet's head-quarters had been established there, the administration departments at Viterbo, and the government at Perugia. The duty of evacuating Rome was left to General Macdonald, but we left a garrison in Castle Sant' Angelo, which the enemy were not able to dislodge. The commander-in-chief fixed his centre of operations about Cività Castellana, drawing Mack's four divisions upon that point. Of these, the first was checked at Rignano by Colonel Lahure, the second at Santa Maria di Fallari by Colonel Kniazewitz of the Polish Legion. The third, consisting of 8,000 men with artillery, started from Monterosi, under General Mack, to attack Nepi, which Kellermann was holding with two battalions, two pieces of horse artillery, and three squadrons of chasseurs. A clever tactician, he allowed the enemy to gain ground sufficiently to get out of order; then, rallying his men, he charged them, broke their columns, and pursued them to Monterosi. Among the booty taken was the military chest; and Kellermann—who, though a good soldier, was fond of money—was, till the day of his death, much

* [What follows, not belonging to Thiébault's personal narrative, is much abridged. It is interesting to compare his account of the operations with that given by Macdonald.]

annoyed that it had been plundered, and he had got no good out of it.*

As for the fourth corps, General Maurice Mathieu met it at Vignanello, after a night march through heavy rain and across such country that he had himself to set the example of pushing and hoisting the guns. The Neapolitans were driven back just in time, for General Mathieu was recalled to face Metsch at Borghetto, whither Mack had sent him to get hold of our park and cut the communications between Macdonald and the remaining troops. Getting there before the enemy, he joined Kniazewitz, fresh from his victory of the day before, and, when Metsch arrived, he found the place covered. Retiring to Calvi, he detached 2,000 men to take possession of the important post of Magliano, whither General Mathieu hastened with 300 men. Arriving at daybreak, and favoured by a thick fog, he succeeded in showing himself only when in contact with the enemy. Thanks to the surprise, the 300 were able to account for the 2,000, and Magliano was retaken. Thence Metsch marched on Otricoli, which suited his purposes nearly as well, for there he would equally split up Macdonald's division and threaten our park. Finding the place defended by fifty men only, he had an easy success, put the soldiers and "patriots" to the sword, and burnt the hospital, when General Mathieu, issuing from Magliano, drove him out with great slaughter.

Metsch retired to Calvi, which Mathieu was at once ordered by the commander-in-chief to attack. Macdonald, however, instead of letting him have his entire brigade, sent him off with only 800 men and one squadron, keeping the greater part to act as a supporting column under Colonel Kniazewitz, advancing from Magliano. With his small force, General Mathieu attacked the advanced posts with the bayonet, and drove the defenders into Calvi, where he kept up a vigorous fire upon them from elevated points. Hearing that Mack was coming to the relief of the place, he saw that no time was to be lost, and sent

* Kellermann said to me, in reference to some complaints made as to the sums exacted by him at Valladolid, when he was commanding the Northern Army in Spain: "Do they suppose that I crossed the Pyrenees for change of air?"

his aide-de-camp, Captain Trinquallyé, with a summons to surrender.

Luckily, Metsch had heard at the same time of the approach of the French supporting column; and, in reply to questions, Trinquallyé allowed the *information* to be extracted from him that Calvi was surrounded on all sides by the whole of General Macdonald's forces, and that it had not a chance of escape. His hearer's spirits, lowered by this, sank still further when Mathieu sent in an ultimatum, in the name of Macdonald, to the effect that if the place was not surrendered within an hour, it would be stormed, and all the troops in it put to the sword. Upon this, General Metsch agreed to capitulate with the honours of war, and his 4,500 Neapolitans, marching out, laid down their arms to 900 French.

Another attempt was made by the French *émigré*, Marshal de Damas, who marched through Tuscany from Leghorn, and appeared before Cività Castellana with 3,000 to 4,000 men, and summoned the place, which just then was held by only 150 men under Captain Müller. Being met with a firm resistance, and thinking that the capture of the place was not worth the time it would cost, he proceeded towards Rome, where he expected to find Ferdinand IV. The king, however, had abruptly decamped, and the commander-in-chief, who was about to cross the Teverone, had just sent his aide-de-camp, Romieux, to let the garrison of Sant' Angelo know that we were about to re-occupy the town. No sooner had Romieux started than he heard of the approach of Damas, and sent General Rey to block his road. But Rey had not got half-way when Damas appeared before Rome, and sent his scouts forward to Ponte Molle. They were, however, dislodged, and the position retaken by Romieux with the garrison of Sant' Angelo, and the night passed quietly, to the general surprise.

Next morning Damas still remained stationary, and, by some audacious bluster, Romieux and Adjutant-general Bonnamy, who arrived at the moment, succeeded in keeping him so till Championnet came up with troops. Attacking at once, he drove Damas back to La Storta, and sent orders to Kellermann to account for what remained of his force, which was satis-

factorily accomplished at Orbetello and Montalto. Then he re-entered Rome on December 15, seventeen days after he had left it, and took up his old quarters. An attack from the direction of Frascati was repulsed without difficulty.

Thus ended the campaign of Rome, in which General Championnet, with less than 14,000 men, killed or wounded 12,000 of the enemy, captured 4,000 horses and mules, 101 guns, and 21 colours. All Italy was impressed by it, and Europe astounded; while praises came from Bonaparte on the banks of the Nile, and thanks were voted by the Legislature. I am not writing the history of the campaign, and ought not, in these *Memoirs*, to relate events at which I was not present in person. But I took full notes at the time with a view to writing the history, and I have also had the advantage of seeing the account written for his own use by General Maurice Mathieu, which quite tallies with my own recollections. I have been drawn on to say more than I should have done by the fact that nothing which has been written about the campaign seems to me to be in agreement with the reality, and I do not except the reports of Championnet and his adjutant-general, Bonnamy. The former, while not devoid of capacity, was not in the habit of writing and found it laborious; while the latter was even feebler, at times indeed a mere ninny, and neither of them had anyone by his side who could supply the deficiency. Bonnamy had, besides, the grave fault of exaggerating the enemy's forces and understating ours, to make the victories look more brilliant, when a plain statement of the facts would have been eloquent enough. Commanders, too, have other things to attend to than the editing of their dispatches; they have to draw them up before they have got exact information, and often set down what seems to them true from the first reports, and take no trouble to correct it by later information.

My statements have been made after what was nothing less than investigation, and I must not be accused of forgetfulness or partiality if I am unable to credit General Macdonald with any of the feats of arms I have recorded. The truth is, that in his annoyance at having lost the command-in-chief, which he had held provisionally, and owing to pride and jealousy, he allowed

himself to become, as was said at the time, the one auxiliary whom the enemy possessed in our ranks. And, in fact, he was the one of our generals whose name cannot possibly be placed anywhere in connection with those glorious fights.

The army was sent into cantonments round Rome, and General Maurice Mathieu replaced in command of the city. By December 19, the authorities were re-established, the wants of the troops attended to, and the artillery material, thanks to the ability and activity of General Éblé, again in good order. At the same time, the commander-in-chief heard of the defeat of Damas by Kellermann and the occupation of Aquila by Lemoine, and ordered an advance.

Ferdinand IV decided to retire with his court to Sicily; but his defection only excited the spirit of national independence, so that we gained nothing by his loss of his subjects' esteem. Moreover, the Neapolitans are never less formidable than when they are in regiments and battalions. Discipline, which trebles the strength of other armies, destroys theirs, until a Neapolitan insurgent is as efficient as a Neapolitan soldier is the contrary. And we had to face not only the army, which was still superior in numbers to ours, but the insurgents of the towns and the country, as well as the 400,000 inhabitants of the capital. In thus plunging into the depths of a population risen as one body, and fighting over 500 miles from the Adriatic to the Mediterranean, with the chain of the Apennine dividing our forces, we were hurrying to our own destruction, to the loss of the glory we had earned and the republics we had won. But it is one thing to calculate the chances, another to be dragged on by fortune. So the bold course was decided on, and, with the confidence characteristic of that period, we thought only of preparing to attack a kingdom which we already looked upon as a new republic to found.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A general from the Army of the Rhine—Better than he looks—A serious rising—Taking the measure—Sketching a constitution—How to get boots—Transport for the wounded.

WHILE our right wing was returning triumphantly to Rome, and getting ready to invade the possessions of the King of Naples, the left had continued to operate in the Abruzzi; but an important change had taken place in the command of it. On December 3, just as we were mounting to reconnoitre Civitella del Tronto, with a view to investing it next day, General C—— received orders to go and take command at Ancona, thus returning to an inferior post, which had been held by his subordinate, General Monnier; and to make it worse, the dispatch ordered him to hand over the division to another subordinate, General Rusca. Two hours later he had left Ascoli and the division.

As I have said, I had determined to serve with him no longer, and no one at the headquarters regretted him. But the reasons for his supersession were forgotten in view of the way it had been brought about, for we at once knew that it was due to calumnious insinuations on the part of Rusca, and we were the more disgusted for knowing that, if one commander was incapable, the other was worthless. But General Championnet, in other respects a fair man, carried the vehemence of his republican sentiments to the point of exaggeration, and had allowed himself to be taken in by the revolutionary jargon and manners of this ruffian,* who, in the action of November 28,

* Rusca was terrible to look at with his bull-neck, his frizzly, disordered black hair and beard, and his ill-looking face. His letters were certainly the last to bear the superscription "Fraternity or death"; and the only day of disaster that he allowed in the annals of the Revolution was the 9th Thermidor.

had only drawn his sword to kill five defenceless men. General C——, though he would never hear reason, and did not know what he was doing when before the enemy, was at any rate a man of honour, devoted to his duty, and, in spite of his age, second to no grenadier in courage. It was simply in order not to get into trouble for his blunders that I wished not to serve under him any more; but as for serving under the other, not merely interest, but duty made me decline it. I at once wrote to the commander-in-chief to that effect.

Having written my letter, I submitted it to General Monnier, a clever man, of sound judgment and good manners, as well as a distinguished commander. He had, moreover, a liking for me, and it was natural that I should ask his advice. "My dear Thiébault," he replied, "I comprehend your repugnance; and if this state of affairs was going to last, I should not be much longer before I thought about my own. But a general from the Army of the Rhine is coming to command the division, and it cannot be long before he is here." I thanked him for letting me know; and, struck by the expression, "A general from the Army of the Rhine," which promised order and method, I at once drew up situations, states, and reports, suitable for posting up the general with everything relating to the troops, the duty, the enemy, for I took a pride in showing him that the division possessed a chief of the staff fond of his duty and understanding his work.

On December 6 our new chief arrived, and we learnt from himself that General Duhesme would command us in future. Having been on the look-out for him, I was the first to greet him. His pimpled face and sullen expression did not prepossess me in his favour. His reception of me, too, was not very gracious, and his tone, when I introduced the staff-officers, the commissary, and the military governor (as well as myself, for I had no wish to appear under Rusca's auspices), was disagreeable. On leaving him, I asked for orders as to the hour at which I should bring him my report of matters relating to my office. "When my messenger has gone to the commander-in-chief," was all the answer, in a dry tone enough.

When the hour came, I stayed a pretty long time with him;

and when I left him, I think I had told him more than he could have learnt in a week with the division. He could put no question to which I had not an answer, verbal, written, or documentary. At times he would look hard at me, but without dropping his look of severity; to the end his manner was dry and his tone curt.

I was at my wits' end. I had hoped to win his favour by this evidence of my zeal and knowledge of my business, but there was no sign that I had succeeded, and I made up my mind to do my duty on principle. I never entered my chief's presence, except to make my morning report, unless sent for, and then I adopted with him the same serious manner and laconic way of speaking.

General C—— was, as I have said, preparing to invest Civitella del Tronto at the time when he was moved elsewhere, and the investment began the next day. It was a strong place, on a perpendicular rock, all the works in perfect condition, the armament consisting of twelve bronze guns, and the garrison of a hundred men. Luckily, its ammunition and provisions were short. Hardly had General Duhesme arrived, when he ordered General Monnier to attack the place instead of investing it. The operation was so ably conducted, that in eighteen hours this almost impregnable fortress opened its gates to us. It was an invaluable capture, depriving the enemy of a formidable rallying-point, protecting our communications, and impressing the fierce inhabitants of these regions. The general manned the place with eighty of the most overworked or sickly men, adding, for want of gunners, twenty of a stouter kind, with an artillery non-commissioned officer to train them, and put Lieutenant Guillaumet of the 73rd in command.

All these vigorous and precise dispositions showed that we had the chief the division required, for even during Rusca's short interval the discipline had begun to go to pieces. Thanks to the firmness of Duhesme, order was restored, until the inhabitants, who had got into the way of deserting their houses at the sight of the French, and of assassinating all stragglers, returned to their houses, and, for the most part, suspended their trade of cut-throats. Communications were opened with the

general headquarters; a bridge was built over the Tronto near its mouth, and covered with works mounting two guns, the duty of guarding it being entrusted to a battalion levied at Ancona. The division was re-organized after certain shiftings of the troops, and pushed forward to Teramo and Giulianova, and the headquarters established at Corropoli, pending the arrival of reinforcements from Ancona and further orders from the commander-in-chief.

I was much struck by the rigorous accuracy with which each of these organizations had been made. Although General Duhesme had not altered his manner towards me, I none the less felt the advantage and the pleasure that there may be in working under a chief who knows how to direct. One day, about two o'clock, never having set foot in my rooms before, he came, wrapped in his cloak, paddling through the snow, which was falling in large flakes. Without taking his hat off, he entered the room which I used to work in, and sitting down near my working-table, and also near a brazier which was our only source of warmth, he said, in the grumbling tone from which he seemed to think it his duty not to depart, "Chief of the staff, your correspondence-book." I did not know what in the world this meant; I could only obey, so I handed him the book, and, without saying a word, the general devoted half an hour to reading it. Then, throwing it on the table, he said, "Your order-book." He subjected to the same scrutiny all my orders, from the latest back to my arrival at Porto di Fermo, after which he threw that also on the table, stood up, wrapped his cloak round him again, and saying, "Chief of the staff, follow me," went out without looking at me, and still less at my assistants and secretaries, and without returning their salute. I took my sword, hat, and cloak, and before the somewhat dismayed witnesses of the scene I followed him out, inwardly swearing at the bad luck which had transferred me from an absurd chief to a most disagreeable one. On reaching his quarters, without having turned round or said a word to me, he took his correspondence-book, and, pointing to a paragraph of his first letter to the commander-in-chief, said to me, "Read that." I read: "I find here only a major as chief of the staff

You know, my dear general, it is a principle of mine that no one ought to discharge any functions but those of his rank; it is the only way to command with firmness, and to prevent slack obedience. I beg you, therefore, to dispose as you will of Major Thiébault, and to send me Adjutant-general Bonnamy, whom I do not think you can greatly need."

Having read this, and being satisfied to learn that the severity of his behaviour towards me had nothing personal about it, delighted also by his frankness as well as flattered by the mark of confidence, I closed the book, and put it back on the desk. "Well," he resumed, "what do you think of that?" "I think you're quite right, general." "Yes! Well, if the commander-in-chief sends me Bonnamy, or anyone else, I shall find him a command in the advance-guard, but no one will take your place as my chief of staff. However, for the good of the service, as you're performing the duties of a rank superior to your own, it's best that you should be thought to hold that rank; consequently I shall never style you anything but adjutant-general. But to obtain a step with me you have to earn it, so you will be expected to add to your duties as chief of the staff those of a commander in the field, and to owe to powder what you're not the man to owe to desk-work only."

This is one of the recollections on which I look with most complacency, and, in truth, this campaign, in which I made my start in a superior position, was the most brilliant in my military career. It was at this period that I soothed myself with the fairest hopes, but, as the sequel will show, the events of the 18th Brumaire, later on my gratitude towards Masséna, and lastly misplaced stiffness, shipwrecked me, both against the First Consul Bonaparte and against the Emperor Napoleon, though I was among those who ought not to have had a bad chance with him.

No instructions had come from the headquarters, and prolonged inaction suited neither the general nor the troops, least of all in face of a hostile force. It was therefore decided to march forward. We reconnoitred the enemy, crossed the Trontino, and established the troops at points sufficiently near to allow of their keeping in touch. The headquarters were

transferred to Giulianova, fords across the Vomano were sought for, and a bridge thrown over it. The enemy seemed inclined to dispute the passage. He made a threefold attack upon us, which to many of us seemed to announce a more general attack for the next day. General Rusca held stoutly to this opinion, but General Duhesme had seen too much of war to be taken in, and, with the clearness of view that so seldom failed him, he concluded that the object of these demonstrations was to put us off the scent of a retreat. It seemed to prove that this was the true view, when news, too widely spread not to be false, reached us from all quarters to the effect that the Neapolitans were going to resume the offensive, and would use our bridge to get at us.

Anyhow, at nightfall all was ready for attack or defence alike. Admirably arranged, either to meet the enemy directly and obliquely if they advanced or to cut off their retreat if they retired, our troops were in movement as soon as the day dawned. But we had hardly crossed the Vomano, when we learnt that the enemy had been in retreat by several roads for the last three hours, and, keen as they were, our soldiers could only overtake one column and make 300 prisoners. Colonel Broussier, with a battalion of grenadiers, caught some battalions of peasants, who, seeing that they were abandoned by the royal troops, laid down their arms. Our headquarters advanced to Atri. We had now reached the Pescara, at the mouth of which, and across it, lies the town of the same name. The possession of this town might be of decisive importance for us, but in order to invest it it is necessary to be master of both banks; and as the Pescara is the strongest stream south of the Po flowing into the Adriatic and is not fordable, as we had not a single boat to help in making a bridge, while the place was regularly fortified, mounted eighty guns, and was defended by 2,000 well-supplied troops, and as we could not attack without a siege-train and had only four guns, General Duhesme was in a considerable perplexity. Just then came instructions from the commander-in-chief ordering General Duhesme to conduct the campaign exactly as he had, of his own accord, begun it, and assigning as his objective the occupation of the river

Pescara, and any attempt that might be possible upon the town. The general had just decided to leave his artillery under the guard of General Monnier and 800 men, sheltered by entrenchments, to go up the river, force a passage above the bridge of San Clemente, and thus reach the right bank, and then to take Chieti, a wealthy and important town, and thence march to invest Pescara. At the same time he wrote to the commander-in-chief, asking that General Lemoine, who ought by this time to be in possession of Aquila, should march down to Solmona, and thence concert operations with him. This was so clearly the right course, that it had already been enjoined on Lemoine; and things were accordingly going better than General Duhesme knew, when quite spontaneously a general insurrection broke out, not only in the Abruzzi, but in that part of the Roman territory which formed the department of the Tronto. We had it not only all round us, but in our rear.

Every isolated Frenchman was massacred without mercy, and our partisans shared the same fate. Our bridge over the Tronto and the works defending it were captured, and the insurgents pressed on to Giulianova in pursuit of the artillery and ammunition which was on its way to join us from Ancona. Adjutant-general Planta, now a general in the Roman army, was sent to retake the bridge; but he parleyed, was repulsed, and sent briskly back to Giulianova, leaving the breach in our communications greater than ever. To complete the serious character of our position, General Duhesme learnt that General de Gambs, who had replaced Micheroux, had just reached Chieti, only eight miles from Pescara, with a reinforcement. I may add that on the night when this news came four feet of snow fell.

General Duhesme determined to play all or nothing. He reinforced Planta, ordered him to restore communications at any cost, and then, taking no thought for his rear, he resolved to march on Pescara. It was going full tilt into unknown dangers. If General de Gambs, who was said to have a head on his shoulders, happened to think of the counter-movement, and could get to the crossing at San Clemente before us, nothing could prevent his effecting a junction with the insurgents, and blockading us in the corner between the sea and

the Pescara. But fortune evidently favours the bold, for almost simultaneously we learnt that General de Gambs had been imperatively recalled to Capua. It was almost salvation for us, and, at the same time, an assurance that the commander-in-chief was advancing successfully. Our duty was clear. We must get ourselves into such a position as to be able, at the first summons, to join the commander-in-chief on the road to Naples, and clear the way by taking Pescara.

General Duhesme therefore, in spite of the impudence, as he called it, of the attempt, decided to attack the town at once. General Rusca occupied Cività di Penne and Civitella dell' Abbazia; General Monnier advanced to Pianella, and the reserve, with the headquarters, was at Moscufo. The heights of Castellamare were cannonaded by the horse artillery, which had at last joined us, and the outposts covering the advanced works were driven in. Then a flag of truce was sent in to the governor, with an audacious summons from General Monnier to surrender, under the usual threat of putting the garrison to the sword in the event of its being necessary to storm.

The general's aide-de-camp, Captain Girard, was entrusted with the duty, and discharged it admirably. He noted that the place was in perfect condition, and that the garrison, really numbering 2,000 men, wanted for nothing; and amused us by describing how, to make him think the force larger than it was, an old trick had been revived for his benefit, consisting of making the same band march past several times in different uniforms. The governor had naturally answered, as in duty bound, that he would defend the place to the last.

The story ended, General Duhesme took up the conversation with Girard as follows: "Who commands at Pescara?" "There are two commanders." "What is the rank of the one in superior authority?" "Brigadier." "His name?" "Marquis of Pietramaggiore." "How old is he?" "Nearly seventy." "Stout? High-coloured?" "No; thin and pale." "Sonorous voice?" "No; weak, and he is deaf." "How does he wear his hair?" "In little curls, with a great deal of powder." "Has he boots and spurs?" "No; silk stockings and shoes with large buckles." "Large buckles!" cried General Duhesme; "ad-

vance the artillery and commence firing. The place is mine." It was pushing impudence almost beyond its lawful limits. However weak Pietramaggiore might be, whatever notion he might have of our troops, it was a hundred to one that we should pay for it by a ridiculous failure. However, it was so far successful that the place capitulated next morning; and old Brigadier Pietramaggiore, with his worthy second in command, Giovanni Precari, marched out at the head of one regiment and one volunteer battalion, who laid down their arms and colours on the glacis, took an oath not to serve again against the forces of the Republic, and retired to Ortona.

Having now access to the sea, General Duhesme sent a light vessel to the governor of Ancona containing duplicate dispatches to be given to the first messengers who should pass, one on his way to General Championnet, the other from him to Milan. Both arrived safely. Meanwhile the surrender of Pescara, having taken the heart out of the insurgents, General Planta had been able to account for those on both banks of the Tronto, capturing their entrenchments at Corropoli and Nereto. Our bridge and guns were gone, but we had compensation for them a hundredfold.

I tried to find something to do, and the possession of Pescara with the resources of its arsenal and port, together with other favourable circumstances, inspired me with an adventurous fancy. I had persuaded General Duhesme to appoint Major Coutard of the 73rd governor of Pescara. He was a capable and practical officer, with whom I was on friendly terms. In the port were several decked vessels capable of being armed for cruising. There was no lack of guns; the district furnished sailors and even pilots, while, as luck would have it, three of our officers were pointed out to me as having sailed, and when questioned they assured me that they were excellent seamen. All this attracted both Coutard and myself, and during the few hours that I spent in the town I succeeded in arming three privateers, which I furnished with letters of marque of my own devising. They ought, before their existence was known, to have taken millions' worth of prizes in the Adriatic, but, short as had been the time required to conceive and execute my

design, those days sufficed to bring it to nought. Hardly had our three privateers set sail when a terrible storm arose; one of them was totally lost, the other two went ashore, and the crews had much difficulty in getting back to Pescara. So much for my doings.

Immediately after the surrender of Pescara, General Duhesme had sent for me and said, "The pay is in arrear, and I am short of money for various purposes; besides, I have a family, and reckon that it and my rank are worth 200,000 francs. Select a dozen honest and intelligent officers, and send them with the necessary forces to levy half a million in the Abruzzi." I pointed out the objections to this way of raising money, the bad example to other commanders, the certainty that the officers employed would do some business on their own account, and probably set the country in revolt again. He seemed impressed, but said he must have the money: "Find me a better way and I will adopt it; but I can only give you two hours."

It struck me that the best way would be to give a general, if provisional, organization at once to the Abruzzi, treating them as a division of the Parthenopeian Republic which I imagined we were going to found. I drew up regulations for the general administration, for justice, and for finance, and created a superior council to govern in subordination to the military authorities, and proposed, as president of it, a Baron Nolli, who lived at Chieti, and was pointed out to me as the richest and most respected man in these provinces, leaving him to choose his council.

It took me an hour and a half, in the smoky kitchen of a village public-house, to put together this sketch of a constitution. The general saw at once the advantages of the plan by which no French officer was mixed up with any question of money, and the officials of the Treasury were charged with the duty of collecting contributions for military purposes. It centralised and regulated everything just when everything seemed to be given over to disorder and arbitrary action, and could not fail to do credit to the general.

He, therefore, had no hesitation in approving my scheme. "But, general," I added, when we were agreed upon the method,

"your sum is too heavy. We should not get a quarter of it by way of military execution, and from the moment that we have to act through an intermediary, it becomes impossible." So he reduced his claims by half.

When we got to Chieti, I sent for Baron Nolli and explained the plan to him. The good man was much moved. "The general," I added, "is in the best of frames; but his acceptance involves one condition which I find it hard to mention, but which leaves the whole measure in your hands." "I understand," he replied; "we must make a sacrifice." "Yes." "I expected it; but what is the amount?" "A hundred thousand francs!" "It is a good deal for the country, though not much for the service you are doing it; the general shall have it. We shall then have to discharge our debt to you." "It will be discharged," I said, "if I have your good opinion." He shook my hand warmly, and next morning 20,000 francs in gold and 80,000 in bills of exchange on Naples, "as a small mark of the gratitude of the country," were paid in.

When I next saw General Duhesme, he asked what the country had done for me. "Nothing," I said, and added, with a smile, "I did not start as extempore legislator on speculation." "All the more reason," he said, "for my not forgetting you. If you would not take anything from the country, you will not, I hope, refuse a gratuity from your general such as custom authorizes, and the way you do your work renders only an act of justice." And he handed me bills of exchange for 20,000 francs, of which I realised 14,000. He had given me those which were of longest date, and, when we had to evacuate the kingdom of Naples, one still remained unpaid. It had been endorsed by Baron Nolli; and though fear was no longer a guarantee, I thought the Baron would honour it in remembrance of the service I had done him. However, the house of Lagreca, who had undertaken not to discount the bill, but to get it cashed, wrote that it had been repudiated, which made me reflect that the endorser must have much regretted that our reverses had not come quite soon enough.

As soon as it had appeared certain that Pescara would surrender, General Rusca had been ordered to cross the river

at San Clemente and pursue the enemy; and when the head-quarters had been transferred to the right bank, Colonel Broussier was sent to assist him. A sudden thaw had made the roads almost impassable, but the rear battalions were overtaken and dispersed with the loss of the artillery and baggage of the whole division. The two corps united at the bridge and marched towards Popoli to get news of General Lemoine. Captain Girard, Monnier's aide-de-camp, had obtained leave to go with Broussier. Marching at the head of the scouts, some way short of Tocco, he perceived a detachment of French chasseurs coming to meet him. They brought dispatches both from Lemoine and from the commander-in-chief, the latter announcing his arrival on the Volturno, and ordering Duhesme to effect a junction with Lemoine without delay, and, after leaving the necessary garrisons, to cross the Apennines by Venafro, where he would find further orders. A final and decisive battle had to be fought with the Neapolitans who had concentrated on the left bank of the Volturno, and were covering Capua, the last bulwark of Naples.

General Lemoine's dispatch gave an account of his proceedings, and appointed Solmona as the place of meeting for the two armies. He had had to march through almost inaccessible ravines and precipices, and carry Aquila street by street, almost house by house. Being an inferior general, he had made many mistakes, and was pulled through by the heroism of his troops and the courage of General Point, who was unhappily killed in the attack on Popoli. That town had had to be carried with the bayonet, and the inhabitants, all but a few hundred prisoners, had been put to the sword.

Rusca halted at Tocco; General Lemoine's officer went back, and Broussier returned to Chieti with the prisoners and guns he had taken, at the same time bearing to General Duhesme the dispatches which had been handed over to him. He ought not to have undertaken this, for, in strictness, Lemoine's officer, before returning to his brigade, should have communicated directly with General Duhesme and received his orders, whereby a fatal catastrophe would have been prevented. The detached troops were recalled to Chieti. The council of which

I have spoken was organized under the presidency of Baron Nolli, and directed to create town-councils, composed of persons attached to our cause. It also was entrusted with the organization of a national guard, which, among other things, served as a means of employing the prisoners we had taken. A Neapolitan legion under Colonel Hector Caraffa, Duke of Andria, a refugee from Naples, was levied. Coutard was appointed governor of the Abruzzi, and information of our movements was sent to the commandant at Ancona.

Nothing remained but to carry out the movement as ordered; but just then a serious difficulty arose. All our men were barefoot: this was the reply with which the order to march was met on all hands. The commissary could only suggest that the shoemakers should be set to work; but I pointed out that at that rate it would be three weeks before the last battalions could be got off, and they were expected to arrive in a fortnight. General Duhesme was in despair, when my usual good luck came to my aid, and inspired me with the following idea. "You have," I said to the general, "only 8,000 men wanting shoes, and you are amid a population where at least 50,000 are walking about in good ones—well, a few thousand of them must take their shoes off. Requisition a dozen local agents in every garrison town and any others where detachments can be sent; let them go round with a corporal's guard and some men carrying baskets, and call at every house, beginning with those which are best off, without respect of class or business, and take all the good boots and shoes they find till they have made up 10,000 pairs. They will give receipts for value, and take the articles into store, where they can be distributed, the boots being reserved for cavalry and officers." The general embraced me in his joy; and within five days all Rusca's and Monnier's men were shod.

We marched in three brigades, the first under General Rusca, the second under General Monnier, while the third, which ought to have been commanded by Colonel Broussier or Colonel Méjean, was, by General Duhesme's deliberate intention, confided to me, a major! When I mentioned to him my gratitude but at the same time my surprise, he said, "You will lead it

very well," and then, alluding to the business of the shoes, he added, "Besides, it is entirely owing to you that we can go at all."

Of these three brigades, the last was to leave Chieti as soon as it could; the first two were to unite at Solmona on January 5, and march thence under General Duhesme. Agreeably to the orders given him by the commander-in-chief, the general outstripped his troops and went on to Solmona in person to meet General Lemoine; but when he got there, Lemoine had departed. Besides being a gross piece of rudeness, this was a serious breach of the commander-in-chief's orders, according to which the two generals were to meet to concert their plans; and, judging from its result, it was abominable.

Meanwhile, General Monnier, who was to join with his brigade at Solmona as soon as possible, heard at Ortona that a large assemblage was collecting at Lanciano, and, believing General Duhesme to be in safety near General Lemoine, took upon himself to march against it. He completely broke it up. No doubt, and but for his intervention, the band might have succeeded in organizing and rallying others to it, while it would certainly have tried to block the road to any brigade which was left behind; but whatever his excuse, he should not in any case have deemed himself free in the matter of time, and made a mistake in delaying his arrival at Solmona for three days.

Nor was this all. General Rusca had been obliged to attack and carry with the bayonet two villages on his way, so that he reached Solmona twenty-four hours late; and the result of it all was that General Duhesme found himself left with thirty cavalry of his escort, the same number of infantry, Commissary Odier and his aide-de-camp. However, he decided to wait, and waited accordingly during the evening and night of January 5. Hearing nothing, and being unsupported, he ought to have gone back at daybreak; but he put it off until the morning of the 6th, when he was told that things were looking very awkward in the town. He then resolved to go; but just as he was mounting, two priests asked to speak to him, and by some pretended revelations made him lose the little time that remained. In fact he had hardly got rid of them when his house was sur-

rounded by armed peasants, uttering frightful yells, and beginning to fire. His guard wanted to drive them away, but after losing some men without hope of success they were forced to retreat. Odier exclaimed, "Let us shut ourselves into the house and defend it." "No," replied the general; "better die on horseback than be burnt or have our throats cut." The desperate course was also the only chance of safety, and, surrounded by his dragoons and officers, the infantry-men following, the general dashed at the raging crowd. The imminent danger made a hero even of Odier, whose business had hardly prepared him to be one; and by dint of extraordinary efforts, amid a hail of bullets and a fight which became a butchery, they succeeded in cutting their way through a long, narrow, winding street crowded with ruffians, and in getting out of the town. But several men had been killed and others wounded, including General Duhesme, who was hit in the left shoulder and in the mouth.

Rusca's brigade, meanwhile, was at hand, and, quickening its pace at the sound of the firing, soon met the general. The soldiers were furious at seeing him covered with blood, and hurried forward, but the brigands did not evacuate the town. On the contrary, a regular attack was needed to chastise these peasants. They only gave way before the bayonet, and, though driven back into the mountains, remained in a threatening attitude. One Pronio had headed the attempt, which the town ought to have atoned for by sack and fire; but as it was necessary to wait there for General Monnier, and leave it as a halting-place for my brigade, all that was done was to arrest and shoot thirty of the inhabitants denounced and convicted as having aided Pronio. A regular crusade had been proclaimed, and bishops and priests were preaching war and massacre. Isernia, which General Duhesme's division reached on the 10th of January, was even more stubbornly defended. Doors were banked up with earth, the houses loopholed, convents and churches turned into very forts. Our troops had to scale the walls and fight their way in under fire from the windows, paving-stones, firebrands, boiling oil and water hurled from the housetops. More than 1500 of the insurgents perished, which

did not prevent three of our sentries from having their throats cut in the night. The town, which had deserved burning and complete demolition, was saved, like Solmona, by the fact that it was wanted as sleeping-quarters for Monnier's brigade and mine; but it was sacked and more than decimated. On the 12th General Duhesme reached Venafro.

General Monnier had got off from Solmona as ordered on the 10th; but he had been delayed and turned back by a storm of wind in the dangerous gorge south of Pettorano, known as the Five-Mile gorge. His scouts, who had imprudently ventured in, were blown into the abyss and all perished. Actually, therefore, he did not start till the 12th. He reached the Volturno without trouble, but, like Duhesme before him, had to fight in order to cross that river.

The departure of these troops and the delay of the last detachments, which were not to join me till the 11th, appeared to the insurgents of Pescara circumstances favourable to their plan of massacring the small body of men whom I had at Chieti. The moment for these Abruzzian Vespers had been fixed for 10 P.M. on the 10th. As I went about the town on the afternoon of that day I had noticed some new faces that appeared to me more ill-looking than usual. I had ordered double vigilance; and having, by means of money, stimulated the zeal of a priest who happened to be among my spies, I was informed that a surprise was on hand with an attack in full strength. This information coincided with a hint that I received from Baron Nolli, to the effect that there were signs of something unusual in the town and its neighbourhood. At once all the priests in Chieti, except a few known to be moderate men, were shut up in their convents or put in prison, and notice was given that at the first sign of revolt they would be shot as a preliminary step. I need have done nothing more; however, I had the gates of the town shut before night, doubled posts and pickets, and increased the patrols. Each man was ordered to be ready at the first signal, and had his part assigned to him; it is no doubt needless to say that no one stirred.

Leaving Chieti on Jan. 12, I reached Solmona on the 13th. I had hardly seen to the billeting of my troops when a sergeant

of grenadiers was shown in to me, wounded and walking with crutches. In a calm but firm tone he said, "General, I am come in my own name and that of sixty of my comrades, wounded at Popoli and left here, to beg you to have us shot." "What's that you say?" I exclaimed. "We are unable to march," he replied; "there is not a carriage in the place. Our general could not take us away, and those who followed him could do no better. We must, therefore, believe our removal to be impossible; and as when you're gone the insurgents will return to the town and torture us to death, we beg you, in the name of humanity, to have us shot." "Sergeant," I answered, taking him by the arm, "return to your comrades, give them my word of honour that I will get them all away, and say that I will see them before night."

I had yielded to what was no doubt a natural outbreak of feeling, but left to myself I felt that I was in a cruel fix in a place where carts and horses were almost unknown, where our artillery could only be got along by hand or by the help of double teams. I was very angry with the generals who had preceded me, especially with Lemoine, who was responsible for his own wounded and might easily have removed some. Those who came after would have followed his example, and I should have had only fifteen for my share instead of sixty-one. However, my indecision did not last long, and I wrote to the town council that I had a most important communication to make to the authorities and the inhabitants, and that the fate of them all and the preservation or total destruction of their town was at stake. I ordered that the authorities should immediately have my letter, which I had written in Italian, read in the public places, and should announce that at four o'clock precisely all men over twenty-one were to meet in the principal church; finally, that I should take severe steps against recalcitrants, and that the gates of the town were closed from that moment. I then told all my commanding officers to have their arms piled, and to confine their men to quarters and themselves to be with me at half-past three.

As four struck I was told that my orders had been executed; having given my last instructions to my officers, I repaired to

the church indicated and found more than 700 men assembled. I passed through the crowd without a word, went up into the pulpit, and began my discourse in very intelligible Italian. I recalled the grave incidents of which the town had been the scene, and the calamities which had resulted from them. I spoke of the sixty-one wounded men whose safety up to then had been guaranteed only by the actual or impending presence of our columns; and I added, "I am sure that if it depended on you you would take all the care of them which the laws of war prescribe among civilised people, and which are, among Christians, a first duty of our religion; but the country districts are in revolt, thousands of fanatics are assembled, and you would not be able to oppose them. Our wounded would be massacred, and, as such a crime could not remain unpunished, your town would be utterly destroyed, and you would all be put to the sword with your women and children. Now I am going to say—not that I ask a favour of you, but that I am laying a duty on you in your own interest—when I announce to you that the sixty-one wounded who are at Solmona will be carried, and carried by you, to Capua. Any old or infirm men who are present may find young and vigorous men, recognised as such by the major who has to guard you, as their substitutes. From this moment, with the exception of the town council, not one of you will leave this place except by getting such a substitute." During my harangue the church had been surrounded by troops and all the exits guarded. When I had finished speaking, and while the men were looking at each other as if to know what they were going to do, companies of grenadiers silently took possession of the principal door and the two side doors.

Having now plenty of porters, we required litters, and seventy were made in the course of the night. I was obliged to allow some score of carpenters and joiners to leave the church; each of them was guarded by four men, while two officers and two sergeants superintended and pushed along the manufacture. The poor wounded men received me as a saviour, while the authorities of the town thanked me for the forced labour which was saving them at the expense of the inhabitants. Next, when the columns started, sixty-one mattresses and as many

rugs were placed on sixty-one litters; knapsacks served for pillows, and every wounded man had his four porters, with the same number to relieve them, furnished with straps or cords of twisted linen. Besides these 488 porters I had sixty-eight in reserve, which brought up the number selected from the population of Solmona to 556. Six squads under a captain were charged to prevent them from running away and to maintain order and obedience. Every night I had them lodged in a church and food and straw distributed to them, and whenever I got the chance I relieved those who were most fatigued. Still, when we got to Capua the greater part of them were foot-sore. A medical officer marched with the ambulance between my second and third battalions, another went forward with the advance-guard, so that when we got in the wounded men always found their quarters ready, and needed only to have their wounds dressed, take their food, lay their wants before me, and go to sleep. Finally I had the satisfaction of getting them into hospital at Capua without losing one.

I got through the Five-Mile gorge just in time; when I was not three hundred paces from the further end, I was caught by a strong blast of wind from the north and had only just time to throw myself from my horse, with the men in front of me, and let myself be swept along by the wind until sheltered by the slope of the ground. The insurgents left me in perfect peace, though, as my column was the last to cross the Apennines, it had been thought that their supreme effort would be made against it. No doubt the defeats inflicted on them by the preceding columns had calmed their frenzy. The weather was not less favourable to me than all else, and I rejoined the division at Caserta without having lost a man in that dangerous transit.

Thus, in spite of all difficulties, the left wing of the Army of Rome had responded by brilliant feats of arms and unhoped-for successes to the inspirations and calculations of the commander-in-chief, to whom all the credit of it was due. Meanwhile the right wing had obtained no less decisive successes, had been first to reach the Volturno, and had even crossed that river without waiting for the left.

CHAPTER XXV.

Resistance overcome—An armistice—A visit from General Mack—In the Caudine Forks—Attack on Naples—Duhesme's mistake—Fifty-four hours' fighting—Where to find cartridges—Naples taken—Adjutant-general on the field of battle.

MEANWHILE, the right wing of the army, meeting with a less obstinate resistance, and passing through San Germano, had made its way southwards till it was in front of Capua. General Championnet's plan had been to wait for our division at Cajanello, where the roads from San Germano, Venafro, and Capua meet. But Macdonald, eager, as I must suppose, to win the chief credit of the campaign, had pushed forward, and established his headquarters at Sparanise, while Maurice Mathieu's brigade was at Cajazzo.* Gaeta, an almost impregnable position, had surrendered to General Rey; but Macdonald had suffered a repulse in assaulting the entrenched camp which covered Capua, before the commander-in-chief had arrived with the reserve. In this action General Maurice Mathieu had his right arm smashed by a grapeshot, and many officers of his column were more or less severely wounded. General Macdonald spoke of the affair as a reconnoissance; but Championnet was much distressed by its untoward result. He was, however, no less loyal as a comrade than kind-hearted as a man; and, instead of bringing Macdonald before a court-martial, he took steps to mitigate any bad effects which the reverse might have on the tone of the troops. To this end,

* [It has again been necessary to summarise very briefly all this part of the work; but students of the campaign will find that Thiébault's account, given on the authority of Maurice Mathieu, differs very materially from that contained in Marshal Macdonald's Memoirs.]

while adhering to his original plan of waiting for the third division, he refused to abandon the advanced position, and even added to its offensive strength.

Risings naturally occurred at various places: Sessa—where our bridge across the Garigliano and our reserve pack were destroyed—Itri, Fondi, Castelforte, Castel Onorato. These were suppressed by General Rey, and severely punished; at Onorato, for example, not a single inhabitant was spared. These measures, however, instead of calming the revolt, seemed to stimulate it to a higher pitch. As soon as our backs were turned, the insurgents everywhere reappeared. They occupied San Germano, infested both banks of the Garigliano, and impeded our supplies. It began to be doubted whether Duhesme and Lemoine would be able to make their way through them. Nevertheless, the commander-in-chief declined four separate proposals made by Mack for an armistice; the second being in the name of Prince Pignatelli, whom the King of Naples, at his departure for Sicily, had invested with vice-regal powers.

Fortunately, at this juncture, on January 6, General Lemoine reached Venafro. One brigade, then, was safe, and the commander-in-chief visited it the next day, mainly in order to get news of Duhesme. Thanks to the foolish way in which, as we have seen, he had left Solmona, Lemoine had no news to give, and Championnet was left in a state of keen anxiety. He would, in all probability, have changed his plans, and tried, by a bold stroke on the other side of the Volturno, to escape from the increasing danger of his position. But just then Prince Pignatelli's envoys returned, for the third time, with instructions to cede everything except Naples.

Inexplicable as was this piece of good fortune, it would have been madness to hesitate, criminal to refuse. I dwell upon this point, because the Directory, on the strength of clandestine information, and without waiting for the general's official report, carried malevolence so far as to blame, in the harshest terms, the excellent general who had saved the entire army; and afterwards took credit for itself, not for blaming only, but for condemning.

Anyhow, the agreement drawn up on January 11 for the suspension of hostilities handed over to the French Capua and its entrenched camp, victualled for three months, and provided for the evacuation of all Roman territory by Neapolitan troops, and for the payment to the army of 10,000,000 francs. Directly after nightfall, General Éblé entered Capua to take over all artillery and ammunition, accompanied by a commissary to take possession of the stores.

Lastly, as a final favour of Heaven, on January 13 the commander-in-chief heard of the arrival at Venafro of General Duhesme and his whole division, except my brigade. At 10 A.M. on the 14th Capua was occupied by our troops, and the headquarters established in the palace at Caserta. General Lemoine had already been sent to Paris with the news of the Convention of Capua, and with a request for reinforcements. Generals Rey and Dombrowski maintained our communications. Macdonald had retired to Rome, and Maurice Mathieu was disabled. Consequently, General Duhesme was the only divisional general remaining at the front, and to him fell the command of more than half the entire force. This, the left division, contained 7,000 men, and was of splendid quality. Duhesme had also got rid of Rusca, whose place was taken by Colonel Broussier.

It had been arranged that half of the ten million francs was to be paid in within forty-eight hours; and on January 17, the paymaster-general, M. Arcambal, was sent into Naples to receive it. An uproar arose; his life was in danger, and he escaped, only thanks to the courage with which he was defended by some of the patriotic party, one of whom was murdered. In a moment the *lazzaroni* were in a state of general insurrection. Two regiments of infantry and one of cavalry were disarmed, the military chest pillaged, the arsenal ransacked. Thus armed, 20,000 of them marched on the forts, taking possession of three of them—Nuovo, del Carmine, and dell' Uovo; the fourth, Sant' Elmo, was fortunately occupied by the same patriots who had saved Arcambal, and who now, under Prince Moliterno, barred all entrance to the insurgents.

The insurrection soon spread to the country, while in the

town two-thirds of the troops joined the *lazzaroni*, and the rest deserted to us. A price was set on General Mack's head, but he contrived to make his escape. It was just at this moment that having, as I said, reached Teano on the 16th, I came up with my division at Caserta. General Duhesme had followed the commander-in-chief to the castle; he received me with open arms, and took me to General Championnet, to whom I was thus presented a second time. From him I received praise and encouragement; and he was so kind as to remember, in my favour, the business of the sealed instructions which I had sent out to the commander of advanced posts.

The commander-in-chief spoke to us of the insurrection, of the annulment of the armistice owing to the non-payment of the sums due to the army, of the annihilation of the authority with whom the treaty had been made, and, lastly, of the difficulty to be anticipated in the capture of Naples; that is, in the defeat of 60,000 fanatics backed by more soldiers than we had, for we had not more than 15,000 to 18,000 combatants all told.

The two generals were seriously occupied with these and similar matters when an aide-de-camp entered and said to Championnet, "General Mack wishes to speak to you, general." "What is that you say?" asked the commander-in-chief. The officer repeated his words. "General Mack?" said he again, in a tone of inquiry. "Yes, general; he is in the sitting-room." We looked at each other, and the generalissimo was shown in. I shall never forget his entrance, which was by no means devoid of dignity. I give his first speech and Championnet's reply verbatim. "General," said Mack, "you see a commander-in-chief who, in order to escape a mob let loose and the daggers of his own men, has been compelled to take advantage of the armistice concluded by you, and to hand in to the viceroy his resignation as generalissimo of the Neapolitan Army. It has been accepted, and I am now merely a general in the service of the Emperor. In this capacity I come, relying on your good faith, and offering you my sword, if necessary, as a guarantee of mine, to ask for leave to pass on my way back to the dominions of my master." As Mack was putting his

hand to his sword, as though to hand it over—which seemed to me inconsistent with the position he wished to assume, and the Austrian uniform he was wearing—Championnet stopped him with a gesture, and said, "Keep your sword, general. The sword of a man of honour is always best in his own hands. But pray tell me," he added, making him sit down, "what events have led you to take such a desperate step?"

Hardly mentioning the beginning of the campaign, he spoke of his reverses, due, he said, as much to commanders of whom no one could have been made into officers, as to men of whom no one could have made soldiers, of whom the only thing you could be sure was that they would commit crimes, and of whom he had at last more reason to beware than he had of us. He represented the surrender of Capua, that is an armistice at any price, as the only means he could devise for checking, or rather for making us help to check, the dangerous mob, and so to enable him to treat for peace. He regretted that the arrival of M. Arcambal at Naples had upset all his plans, and gave a detailed account of the horrors which were taking place, speaking finally of the advance of the *lazzaroni* on his quarters at Aversa, which had taken him so much by surprise that he had had no time to send a flag of truce to inform General Championnet of his resignation, and to ask permission to go through.*

It was an awkward situation for Mack, and I have always been glad that I witnessed the interview. General Championnet decided that the Directory alone was competent to settle whether he could be regarded as a Neapolitan or as an Austrian officer, and that he must learn their decision at Milan. He was, therefore, allowed to go thither on parole, together with the officers who were with him, and accompanied by a staff-

* Marshal Macdonald relates a similar scene in which he took part. According to him, General Mack, on his way through Capua, caught him in bed at five in the morning, and remarked, among other things, "Ah, you broke my neck for me at Calvi." Historians may make this story agree if they can with Thiébault's. At any rate, the Marshal makes a mistake in saying that Mack passed near Gaeta just when it was surrendering to General Rey, for Gaeta was taken a fortnight before Mack's departure. —Ed.

officer; but as they could not start for three days, the general gave them quarters in the castle of Caserta, and invited them to his dinner-table.

Our generals were not particularly anxious to approach Mack, their own style and manners not being precisely of the same kind as his, so that I was frequently his neighbour on the right, he being always on the right of the commander-in-chief, and in this way I came to have a good deal of talk with him. If as an army-leader no one could well have been more unlucky, it would have been hard to find anyone who could speak more consummately on military science. Marshal Marmont used to remind me of him from both points of view, for, thanks to him, we have had our Mack. On the other hand, one cannot say that Mack's employers had their Marmont, for Mack never, to use the soldier's term, "ragused" * anyone, least of all his sovereign and benefactor.

On the fourth day after his arrival at Caserta, just as, by an odd destiny, Championnet was setting out for Naples, Mack and his officers started for Milan. There, by orders from the Directory, they were told to consider themselves prisoners of war, and were taken to the fortress of Briançon. Mack, who was very unwell, poisoned, as he declared, by the Neapolitans, could not be moved for some weeks, during which he drew up a memorial to the Directory, rebutting the various charges of desertion and so on that had been brought against him, and pointing out that, having come to Caserta, not as a Neapolitan but as an Austrian officer, they had no right to treat him as a prisoner of war. In the main his arguments were true enough, and the decision of the Directory might seem both unjust and brutal.

On the day after Mack's arrival at Caserta some thousands of *lazzaroni* attacked our cantonments at Ponte Rotto, but were repulsed by a single battalion. Naples, meanwhile, was one scene of carnage, incendiarism, alarm, and death. The Duke of La Torre and his brother, Clemente Filomarino, were burnt alive. The 60,000 armed *lazzaroni* and galley-slaves had chosen four chiefs from the most fanatical of their number.

* [See p. 305.]

The first was a flower-dealer named Puggio; the name of the second I forget, though I fought against him for a long time; the third was known by the nickname of Pagliacello; the fourth, Michele di Laudo, known as Il Pazzo, or the Madman, was generalissimo. Under such leaders as these the revolution had been organized, while nearly all the people of honour, or owners of property at Naples, were longing for our arrival.

General Championnet had let it be known that he would not attack until the "patriots" were in possession of Sant' Elmo. As I have said, they had succeeded in establishing themselves there, but they were blockaded, and urged us to come as their only chance of safety. These appeals, and the dangerous character which the insurrection had assumed in the country, decided the commander-in-chief no longer to delay his advance on Naples. He still hoped that a city without a government, and troops without commanders, would offer no very strong resistance; all the more so, that he had neglected no means of strengthening our partisans in Naples, whether among the patriots who loved freedom, among the victims of the late government, or among the rich who dreaded an insurrection.

As a preliminary, he proposed to send a column to Benevento, to scout on the left of the army, and guard against any attack from that side. This duty falling to Duhesme's division, Colonel Broussier had been appointed to carry it out. On January 16 he had left Caserta, and having overthrown the insurgents, who were holding the defile of the Caudine Forks, had occupied Benevento. On his way back, however, he was briskly attacked in flank and rear by bands of insurgents, whom he had difficulty in keeping off, and when he reached the Caudine Forks he found the place again held by a force that might be reckoned at 10,000 men. To meet these he had the 17th Regiment and thirty-six troopers of the 19th Chasseurs. They were isolated, surrounded by foes, and cut off from the army.

Broussier saw that his battalions were unsteady and ill at ease, as indeed he was himself. Only a bold and crafty stroke could pull them through. Wishing, in the first place, to be done with the body that was following him, he decided to take

advantage of a favourable spot and try an ambuscade. On one side of the road there was a large ditch, covered by thick brushwood. In this he made his whole second battalion lie down, and drew up his troopers in rear of a house near the ditch. Having made this arrangement, he ordered 400 of the rear-guard to make a show of attacking the Neapolitans who were on their heels, but only to push the attack far enough to excite them, then to give ground, and finally to bolt. All this was intelligently carried out. The insurgents massed themselves at the first sign of an attack. As soon as our men halted their fury redoubled, and no sooner did they see them in flight, than they dashed forward without scouts or flankers, uttering fearful yells. As they drew near the ambuscade the rear-guard slackened its pace, closed up, and was reinforced by some picked companies.

By the time the insurgents had reached the point where Broussier was waiting for them, they were nothing but a mass almost incapable of action; and hardly had they reached it when the battalion emerged from the ditch, and poured in a murderous fire at point-blank range. At the same moment, the rear-guard finished facing about, and charged them furiously, while Broussier hurled himself upon them at the head of his thirty-six troopers. The rout was complete, and the ground was strewn with 800 corpses. Over 1,000 were wounded, and the insurgents, who viewed the slaughter from the heights, deserted their positions, and retired without defending the most formidable bit of the Forks. This combat took place between Arienzo and Arpaja, at the very spot where the Romans went under the Samnite yoke.*

On January 20, our division left its cantonments and Caserta, and marched on Naples. This movement, which the Neapolitans ought to have foreseen, resulted in the surprise, at Aversa, of 300 cavalry, with a colonel, the materials of a pontoon, 15 guns, and 150 tumbrils, which fell into the hands of General Dufresse without an attempt being made to defend them. The left had to fight for the passage of the ditches called Regi Lagni, and for the possession of Pomigliano d'Arco.

* [This identification is not universally allowed.]

This place was carried with a rush and burnt, the inhabitants being put to the sword. Towards evening the first division pushed its advance-guard towards Licignano, that of the third reaching Melito.

Next day the army continued its advance, with orders to shut in Naples to the south-east, and to crown the heights which command it to the north and the north-east. Girardon's brigade accordingly marched on the fine position of Capodimonte, where it met with a resistance to which our troops were not accustomed. Musketry-fire remaining of no avail against men who were fresh, and more desperate than those whom they succeeded, attacking columns had to be formed, in order to pierce their lines and rout them. By evening we were masters of the position. At the same time the first division was marching on Capodichino, which was held in force by the enemy, with cannon. Swiss troops of the line figured in the front rank; and as each man had a number of *lazzaroni* behind him, ready to kill him at the first sign of shirking, they all fought like heroes. The engagement was long and fierce, but we at length took the position and the guns which defended it.

General Duhesme's division meanwhile was heavily engaged. About eight in the morning General Monnier advanced from Pomigliano, to take up a position beyond Poggio Reale. On approaching that hamlet, its scouts had been checked by a brisk and sustained fire. The advance-guard, coming to their support, had been met with volleys and cannon-shot, but the main body, combining a front attack and a turning movement, captured the guns and destroyed the Neapolitan force, few of whom made their way back to Naples by the broken ground to right and left of the Capua road. Then General Duhesme committed the only mistake I ever saw him make, a mistake both of strategy and of discipline. He had reached the point where he ought to have halted, having been originally bidden to wait till the columns of the right were aligned with his. Having started later than the left, they could not yet be so, nor indeed were they so till the afternoon. Moreover, he had orders not to attack Naples till next morning. Lastly, Colonel Broussier, to whom he had entrusted his finest regiment, had

not yet come back, so that it was, on all accounts, his duty to undertake nothing that day without further orders. But the advantage gained by his leading troops, and the chance of profiting by the dismay which the sudden return of 1,000 fugitives might spread in Naples, enticed him into allowing the enemy no breathing-time, while, no doubt, his hopes were further raised by the luck that had befallen at Pescara, Gaeta, and elsewhere. Nor was the general, who in the Army of the Rhine had been known as "General Bayonet," a man to be easily stopped. In a word, Duhesme did before Naples what Macdonald had done before Capua, and tried to take the place all by himself. He advanced towards the Capuan suburb, near enough to find himself obliged to open an artillery combat. This began to show him that he had been imprudent, yet he could not afford to be the first to leave off, lest the appearance of an advantage should stimulate the frenzied ardour of the Neapolitans.

Finding himself obliged to maintain the offensive at all costs, he ordered General Monnier to carry the suburb. That general at once formed two attacking columns from the 64th of the Line and the 2nd Cisalpine Legion, and, supported by the fire of our horse-battery, advanced on the suburb, which was defended by six guns, and by thousands of *lazzaroni*, soldiers, and inhabitants. Everything gave way before him. His aide-de-camp, Demoly, with two grenadier companies, hurrying forward, captured three of the guns; the general followed. There was a hand-to-hand fight, in which the bayonet soon had the best of it, and our soldiers were in possession of the Piazza Capuana, having an ancient gate, flanked by two towers, still between them and the city. But it was one thing to have got the Piazza, and quite another to be masters of the suburb. Every house was shut, and filled to the very roof with marksmen; from the windows on every floor, through loopholes, and from the tops of the houses, from balconies as from skylights, came a deadly fire. General Monnier, being the mark for all these madmen, soon fell seriously wounded. An effort was made to get him out of danger of further shots, and, though many of those who carried him were struck, he was safely brought off.

But the men, deprived of their chief, lost heart, and, as before Capua, a retreat was effected, after many brave men had been lost, and one of the three best brigadier-generals in the army disabled.

General Duhesme, who, with me, had followed Monnier's movement, rejoined the remainder of his troops as soon as he judged that that general was in possession of the suburb. At the same time, however, he caught sight of a Neapolitan column, of not less than 3,000 men, which, having debouched from the bridge of La Maddalena, was marching past our left, and endeavouring to join some bodies of insurgents which were watching us in our rear. He at once ordered me to take one battalion and one hundred chasseurs, and drive it back into Naples. Being much nearer to it than it was to its objective point, I could attack the head or the tail of it as I pleased, and I marched upon its left, so that it could not possibly fight without manœuvring. This gave me a decisive advantage, since it could not move without exposing a flank to my cavalry. No sooner was my intention perceived than it halted, and a moment later, not even daring to retire by La Maddalena, it withdrew towards the spurs of Vesuvius, whither I had no motive for pursuing it. I had only needed to engage my skirmishers. As for my squadron, I took care not to risk it against 3,000 men, who were marching in good enough order to convince me that some of them were regular troops. Half an hour sufficed to make sure that they would not return, and I rejoined General Duhesme.

He had learnt General Monnier's disaster directly after I had left him. In the hope of retrieving it, he at once arranged a fresh attack. Calling up the 30th and the 27th, though the wound in his mouth hardly allowed him to articulate, he addressed them and sent them off, bidding Ordonneau, his senior aide-de-camp, take his place at their head. Ordonneau attacked vigorously, broke the Neapolitan line which tried to stop him, and cleared the formidable entrance of the suburb; but he had hardly reached the Piazza, when he was hit by a cannon-ball, fired through the gate. His wound produced the same effect as Monnier's. The troops wavered; the renewed fire

from the houses, to which men were every moment dropping, made the position untenable, and a second retreat was effected. Excited by their new victory, the Neapolitans swarmed after our soldiers, directing a murderous fire upon them; and at length, seeing clearly the importance of holding their suburb, they covered it with thousands of sharpshooters, with troops in line and in dense masses, and brought up in front of the entrance to it twelve fresh guns, so as to sweep the Capua road with a direct and a cross fire. This road is built on a causeway, and runs for nearly a league perfectly straight.

I rejoined General Duhesme immediately after this second failure. I found him in a state I cannot describe, so distressed was he at the miserable start he was making under the eyes of the commander-in-chief. He was paying dearly for his mistake; but he was committed, and to let the day end in favour of the *lazzaroni* was to own himself beaten. What was to be done? The suburb was more inaccessible than ever; and as it forms a kind of bastion on this side of Naples, there was nothing else that we could attack. The light would soon be gone, and not a moment could be lost, whether for decision or for action, while no doubt remained of the necessity for a third attack.

Duhesme had with him seven colonels, including two distinguished commanders—Méjean, of the 27th Light Infantry, and de Tocquigny, of the 25th Mounted Chasseurs. I was therefore no less flattered than surprised when, as I came up, he said to me, "Thiébault, I have no one but you to retrieve to-day's disasters, and I need your devoted service as much as I rely on it." After which he put me in charge of the third attack on the suburb, adding, that as it was the last that could be thought of, it must succeed. "What troops will you let me have?" "What you please." This increased my responsibility, and after thus giving me a free hand he left me and went in. I took the 64th, which had had time to rest since Monnier's attack, both battalions of the 73rd, the 1st battalion of the 30th, which had only been once engaged, and the 7th Mounted Chasseurs; but as I wished to take advantage of the security which the approach of night must be giving the

Neapolitans, in order to surprise them better I declined any artillery.

What I learnt as to the dispositions adopted for the first attack, and repeated for the second, did not edify me. In both cases the only thing done had been to march in two columns, preceded by skirmishers, which meant coming into contact at two points only with the masses of the Neapolitan troops, and leaving the greatest number of them free to fall back, as well as allowing them to concentrate all their fire upon the heads of two columns. Yet it had been so ordered by two men both my seniors, both able generals; and as neither of them had raised any question as to this manner of attacking, I had been careful not to express my opinions. But as soon as General Duhesme left me free to make my own arrangements, and was no longer on the ground, this was what I did.

The Capua road, along which I was obliged to operate, ran, as I have said, quite straight, on a causeway eight feet high, and was swept by twelve guns. The ground on either side was, as one came near Naples, cut up into market-gardens, where the fruit-trees, though leafless, stood thick enough to form a pretty close cover; while the gardens, divided by hedges easy to cross, were occupied by a swarm of skirmishers, whom we reckoned at 3,000. In rear of them and of a little brook, which flows near the suburb, was a line of troops, or rather flocks of *lazzaroni*, with their backs to the loopholed houses, and offering a formidable bar to all approach.

After explaining my plan to all the field-officers and to the captains of grenadiers, I extended the front of my lines so as to multiply the points of contact with the enemy, and the chances for a bayonet attack, while the cavalry was to clear the road and cut off the retreat of any insurgents posted outside the suburb who might try to fall back upon it. As for the artillery fire, I diminished its effect by offering less hold to it, till my cavalry could capture it.

With this threefold aim, I made the three grenadier companies of the 64th advance in line, with intervals of about one hundred paces, on the right of the road, while the rest of their battalions were to be ready to march in support. To the left,

in the same way, were deployed the grenadiers from the three battalions of the 30th and 73rd, with their own columns supporting them. The march began in dead silence, all the men having orders to stoop and keep their arms low so as to advance, as far as possible, hidden by the orchards which masked us. The grenadiers were to get up to the skirmishers without answering their fire, and force them to fall back; but when they reached the mass on the further side of the brook, they were to fire one volley point-blank and get home with the bayonet. Then the battalions were to advance at the double and annihilate all they met, while I completed the rout by charging down the road at the head of the cavalry regiment.

Hurried by the approach of night, and having no time to feel about or manœuvre, I made everything depend on one shock, bringing all my troops into action at once, and striking the enemy simultaneously at thirteen points.

There are some situations in which each man feels the necessity of succeeding, and where one can reckon, not only on blind obedience, but on all the efforts possible to valiant troops. This was one of them, and the punctuality and vigour with which everything was carried out, showed me that all bore in mind the necessity of winning, and were resolved to win.

As my infantry started, the cavalry regiment followed our movements, sheltered by the causeway; but as soon as I judged, from the redoubled fire of the enemy's skirmishers, that my grenadiers were upon them, I made the chasseurs climb the bank, and ordered them to charge in loose order. The colonel and I, with one of my secretaries, who was riding one of my horses and never left me, were the best mounted, so we reached the battery before the trumpeters, sabred the gunners, and captured eight of the eleven pieces. At the same time the grenadiers, reinforced by their battalions, advanced at the double, killing all who had faced them, all retreat being cut off by my cavalry. Not one Neapolitan remained alive on the ground we had crossed. Never but once in the campaign did I see so many dead at one time; nor could I have imagined that in so short a time so many people could have been destroyed.

While accomplishing this slaughter, we had reached the

suburb. Amid walls on fire cavalry became worse than useless, and I ordered the colonel of the 7th to go to the rear, re-form his regiment, bring up the rest of the 30th which General Duhesme had promised to send after me, and secure my flanks. Meanwhile, I halted three of my battalions at the entrance of the suburb. I flung myself with the other three into the Piazza Capuana, which had been so fatal to my predecessors. The situation was unaltered; the fire from the houses was still terrible. When I was with some grenadiers under that infernal hail, they surrounded me, shouting, "Go back, general—go back! We will not quit the place—but what will become of us if we lose all our chiefs to-day?" They had seized my feet, they took hold of the bridle of my horse, and I had all the trouble in the world to prevent them from dragging me away.

By way of reply to the murderous fire, I had begun by making my men fire into all the windows; but I gained little by that, and seeing that I should have, during the night, to storm every floor of every house, I had just ordered the pioneers to break in the doors with their axes when, turning into a pretty wide street with Vesuvius in full view, I noticed some large heaps of small deal planks. I at once gave the order to set fire to everything, and told the soldiers to light some logs under the staircases of the houses as fast as the doors were shivered. There was nothing of which our soldiers were not capable. I do not know how they set about executing my last order, but in a few moments the conflagration broke out and soon ran all round the piazza. By the sinister light that it gave, the detestable combat continued. All who tried to leave the houses were killed; all who remained in them were burnt. As the immense column of flame went up into the air, the alarm-bells which, as night approached, had been calling with a double clang for "Death to the French," were silent. I was master of the suburb; I had destroyed its defences. I was the first Frenchman who had got a footing in Naples; and if a few shots still reached me from the streets which opened on to the piazza, it was only ordinary musketry fire.

In this position I was when Colonel Broussier arrived, General Duhesme not having allowed him time to dismount on

his return from Benevento. I told him of what I had done, and he congratulated me, adding, "The general gave me orders to take command of your troops, but you have done too well for me to act upon the order." "I am keenly alive," I replied, "to your courtesy, but I withdraw." "No," he rejoined, "you cannot give up a command which I do not take, so I will confine myself to telling you that the general orders that the suburb be at once evacuated, and that the troops return to the position which they held before they were attacked." "Evacuate the suburb!" I cried. "Yes. The general is afraid that you may be surrounded and overwhelmed with numbers during the night." "Pray make him easy," said I, "on that point. Assure him that it is not my way to be taken by surprise, and that to cover my flanks and secure my retreat, if necessary, is quite compatible with retaining this suburb, which has cost us dear enough, and which we should have to retake to-morrow with further bloodshed." He appeared convinced, and promised to back up my remarks to the general. He did not, however, succeed in shaking him. A fresh order came, and sending in front of me the eleven guns that I had taken, I evacuated the suburb, amazed, I must own, and grieved at having to do what, even if it had been more useful, would have been deplorable.

After this first day's fighting before Naples, the commander-in-chief could no longer be under any misconception as to the quality of those terrible *lazzaroni*. But he had partisans in Naples, by whose agency he had got possession of Fort Sant' Elmo. He held all the heights that command the place; and as the Capuan suburb was now nothing but a sink of blood and ruins, he had thought that the courage, and still more the hopes, of the inhabitants might be wavering. Thinking, therefore, that the moment was coming for opening a door to repentance, and for saving Naples, it might be, from destruction, he sent Major Gauthrin with a flag of truce to the magistrates, bearing a proclamation intended to show the inhabitants their true interest. But there were no longer any magistrates; and the appeal of Gauthrin's trumpeter was only answered by a volley. Gauthrin himself received a bullet in the pommel of

his saddle, and several persons about him were wounded, so he could but retire.

Nothing remained but to continue the struggle; and, indeed, throughout the night cannon and musketry fire never ceased. Next morning two battalions were thrown into Fort Sant' Elmo, where Prince Moliterno continued to fly the tricolor flag, and General Kellermann performed the apparently impossible feat of carrying Fort dell' Uovo. Meanwhile Dufresse, with two regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and six guns, was marching towards the Toledo, which he reached, after some severe street-fighting, towards evening.

The left wing had no less hard a day of it. Being unable to command in person, and having no brigadier left, General Duhesme had placed all his troops under the command of Colonel Broussier, retaining only one battalion of the 17th as his headquarters' guard. The soldiers were under arms from daybreak, ready to attack when the right should give the signal. But as soon as it was possible to see any distance, a strong column of Neapolitans was again seen debouching from the Maddalena bridge, and, as before, marching past our left to assist the insurgents in the country, and perhaps also hinder us from renewing our attack on the suburb. At once, and without informing General Duhesme—I never could understand why—Broussier marched upon this column, taking twice as many troops as I had required the day before, and drove it back. Then, however, luckily for me, he did what I had avoided doing, and pursued it in the hope of catching it before it reached Naples; but it was too quick for him.

He had been gone a good hour, and we had quite lost sight of him, when we heard the guns of Sant' Elmo. It was the appointed signal for going into action. At that moment I was in the front of the lines of the 64th. With all speed I went back to Duhesme, who was not yet up, and said, "General, the commander-in-chief is attacking; he reckons on us, and if he meets with a check for want of co-operation from us, it will be irreparable. Part of the division is engaged on a fragmentary operation which can have no more result than it had yesterday. We must act in Naples itself, and the rest of the division is

under arms, and might——" "But," said he, interrupting me sharply, "how do you think I can dispose of the troops when, as all the division knows, I have placed them under Broussier's orders?" "There are no arrangements," I said, "which do not remain subject to eventualities." I even ventured to add that the question was the capture of Naples, and not considerations of that kind; but he always came back to the same thing: "I will not put such an affront on Broussier; he is the commander-in-chief's friend and mine." I could get no further, and was in despair, when a way of reconciling everything occurred to me. "General," I said, "you have retained one battalion of the 17th for headquarters' guard. Well, keep one company, which is plenty, let me have the rest, and I undertake to recapture the suburb." "You are mad!" he cried. "I know the approaches," I returned. "I have ruined the chief defences. Shells of houses with no floors cannot be occupied, so I will guarantee you success, provided you will have me supported when I have got the position." This he was not a man who could fail to do. He hesitated still, but by insisting, I communicated my own conviction of the need for action, and induced him to give way. I left him, well pleased with myself, because, however risky the attack might turn out, he was certain to support me.

The battalion stood to arms at once. A centre company replaced the grenadiers of Duhesme's guard, and I let the commander of our troop of horse-artillery know that he must commence firing as soon as I was past the aqueduct, and fire in the direction of the entrance to the suburb till he judged I ought to be getting there. "But, general," he said, "what do you want me to fire at? I can see nothing." "At nothing, and at nobody; which means that I want two things: first, that your shot may pass over my men's heads while I am advancing; and secondly, that the right and the commander-in-chief may hear that we are attacking."

Starting my battalion in four small columns with some skirmishers in front, I took command of the two on the right, the major of those on the left; and making them march abreast, I took a diagonal course to the right of the road and through

the gardens, across which tracks had been worn by my columns the day before. In this way I reached the Neapolitans without loss. As soon as we saw them, we dashed forward with loud shouts, and in a moment they were attacked, broken, and overthrown. There remained the artillery which had been replaced during the night, eight guns in the place of the eleven we had taken. It was turned by my light company, and all its defenders slain. This bold stroke having been executed rapidly and almost without a blow, I flung myself into the Piazza Capuana, entering it at the double, followed by my grenadiers. As there was no further need to think of the houses, I had only the troops and the *lazzaroni* to deal with. But they were already shaken by the loss of their guns and a good number of their men, as well as by the sight of the frightful heaps of dead left from yesterday; and, moreover, being unable to believe that they were attacked by a single battalion, they took us for an advance-guard. They were assaulted resolutely, and, as there was no room for firing, the bayonet soon accounted for them, and in a few moments the Piazza was in my hands.

I at once sent to tell General Duhesme of this success, and to ask for reinforcements, but he had already ordered up several battalions, so that even after the battalion of the 17th had, by his orders, left me to join Colonel Broussier, I found myself in command of the larger part of the division.

As may be supposed, I refrained from pursuit. Indeed, pursuit would have no meaning unless on the further side of the Capuan Gate; but from that point five streets diverged, and I should have had to form five columns, without having any objective for any of them. Besides, I had formal orders not to leave the suburb, which was regarded as the pivot at which the right and left attacks met. So I could only endure the fire, and repulse some attacks, in particular one assault of 2,000 Swiss and *lazzaroni*, who behaved most intrepidly, and fell back in perfect order.

We had been enduring the steady fire of the Neapolitans for some time, when I saw a good many of my grenadiers retiring. "Hallo!" I cried. "You are on the wrong road; the enemy is not that way." "We know very well where he is," answered

one man, "but we have nothing more to say to him." "General," added another, "we are out of cartridges." "You will have some directly; and, meanwhile, you have got your bayonets." "Bayonets against walls?" "And besides," retorted a wag, "they say that fire from windows is unhealthy." I felt that a power making for a stampede was trying to manifest itself in action, and must be stopped at any price. On the other hand, I knew that the chief park was emptied, and that the ammunition of the divisional park was exhausted; nevertheless, the more critical the situation, the better face one had to put on it. I had dismounted, and, standing in the way of my grenadiers, I called out, "When people have come in company, they can only go in company; I have no more cartridges than you, and I am going to stay." Then I ordered the men who were falling back for want of ammunition to form up, and I made squads of cavalry bar all the outlets from the suburb.

While these orders were being carried out, I found myself mixed up with these grenadiers, and chanced to hear one of them say in a low tone to his comrade, "Bless you, if I wanted cartridges, I know very well where to find them." I turned round instantly, and, catching him by the arm, requested him to repeat his remark. He did not know I was so near, and it was with a smile at the way he had been caught that he replied, "I said, general, that if anyone really wanted cartridges, I thought I knew where they might be found." Then he told me that while skirmishing up a street, which he pointed out, on the other side of the Capuan Gate, he had seen civilians constantly going into a house and coming out with little packets, which they distributed to the *lazzaroni*. "And you know the house?" "Yes, general." "And you could take me there?" "Yes, general." "All right! Forward, grenadiers, we will go together."

A battalion of the 11th, belonging to the first division, by some mistake in its orders or in the execution of them, had just joined me; and while waiting till it should be sent for, or its commander should think fit to go away, I had placed it with one belonging to my reserve, posted in the street leading from

the Capuan Gate towards Vesuvius. I now decided to employ it in my little expedition. So I called up its four left companies, including the light company, and leaving the command during my absence in the hands of Colonel Méjean, I put myself at their head. Keeping always hold of my grenadier, I went through the Capuan Gate, on which the fire of five streets converged, and, covered by some fifty skirmishers, ran as hard as my legs would carry me to the house in question. Luckily—for whatever succeeds is, in some measure, lucky—some of the Neapolitans, as they fled before us, took refuge in that house, so that there was not time to shut the door. I dashed in with one company, while the other three stayed in the street and kept up their fire; and everyone in the house was killed.

My grenadier was not mistaken; it was not only a store, but a manufactory of cartridges. We found an immense supply of them, and I know not how many barrels of powder besides. It was a real piece of good fortune, for we found ourselves supplied by our enemies with ammunition wherewith to destroy them. As may be supposed, I quickly loaded all the men who were in the house with cartridges, and, when they were laden, sent them off to the Piazza Capuana. A second company was similarly employed, and then the light company, with whose last section I retired, preceded by such of my wounded as could march, while I placed the others in the house, leaving the company that had remained in the street to occupy and guard it. I agreed upon a signal and reply, in the event of its being necessary for them to retire, by reason of a conflagration or of their battalion being recalled; in which case they would be relieved.

Among those houses beyond the suburb from which we were still suffering most severely, was a largish one, which, with its fire from four stories, was doing a great deal to make the ground in front of the gate untenable. To carry it would have been a murderous business, and to occupy it afterwards would split us up; so taking the opportunity of sending to relieve the company of the 11th in my cartridge-store, I ordered two barrels of powder to be brought back. The approach of

night would double the effect on which I reckoned. When they came, I ordered four pioneers, under the fire of fifty men from the windows, to break in the door with axes, and thus clear the way for four gunners, who were to knock the heads off the barrels under the staircase, light fuses, and get away. It was all done so smartly that my men had not got back through the gate when the explosion sent, not only the flooring of the house, but all the *lazzaroni* who were packed into it, flying into the air, while the contiguous houses were shaken. The effect was decisive; not another shot came from that street; and soon even the fire of the neighbouring streets diminished enough to allow me to set advanced posts. The respite came all the more conveniently that the 64th was leaving me to rejoin Broussier, who at length had received orders to attack at daybreak next morning, to carry the Maddalena bridge, capture Fort del Carmine, and burn the Little Mole, the chief *lazzaroni* quarter.

All night long our men had to repel attacks from the insurgents, who still hoped for success; and it hardly was light enough to see, when our outposts were assaulted with redoubled fury. On the right, the fort of the Castel Nuovo was escaladed by the help of ladders that had been found during the night, and carried with the bayonet by the 11th. This was like a thunderbolt to the *lazzaroni*, who still were disputing that quarter of Naples and who were at once overwhelmed by the guns of the fort. General Kellermann meanwhile was clearing the approaches to the castle, and taking the last guns that still threatened us on that side.

On the left, all my battalions save one came into action, but, thanks to my horse artillery, the streets adjacent to the Capuan suburb, crowded as they were with fresh masses of *lazzaroni*, were swept in such a way that I could at last deploy on the other side of the gate. Broussier marched at dawn on the Maddalena bridge, and carried it after an obstinate struggle. The *lazzaroni*, once they were got at, were broken, and soon taken in flank by the 25th Chasseurs. From that moment it was all up with them. So long as these terrible overseers, who killed any man that did not fight well, held their ground, the

soldiers kept their ranks; but when rid of them, they fell on their knees and asked for mercy, and quarter was given them. A battalion of the 17th occupied Fort del Carmine, and Broussier was about to complete his task by burning the Little Mole, when a messenger from the commander-in-chief stopped him. Championnet, who possessed alike the qualities which do honour to the man and those which adorn the soldier, had never ceased his efforts to check the bloodshed and the ravages of war. He now sent emissaries to the "patriots" and the most influential persons, and succeeded, by the aid of money, in persuading some priests, who, in turn, persuaded the chief of the *lazzaroni*, Michele di Laudo (Michel, as we called him), and the carnage ceased.

Thus was accomplished the capture of Naples on January 23, 1799. General Duhesme now made his first appearance in the Capuan suburb. He had hardly informed us of the pacification, no less needed by conquerors than by conquered, when the commander-in-chief came up, followed by his whole staff, and halted in the midst of ruins, rubbish, and trophies. General Duhesme went up to him at once, and, in spite of the difficulty that he still had in speaking, gave him an account of his operations against Naples, in which my part in them was related in the most honourable terms. The general ended with these words, spoken in a clear voice: "Being wounded, I could not lead the attacks; but wherever Thiébault was, I felt as easy as if I had been there myself." Instantly the commander-in-chief, who knew the part I had played since the campaign began, and had under his eyes evidence of the success I had gained in that suburb, which had witnessed fifty-four hours of desperate fighting, rode forward three paces, and, addressing me in a loud voice, said: "Citizen Thiébault, in the name of the French Republic, and in virtue of the power vested in me, I appoint you adjutant-general on the field of battle."

Hardly had this appointment — the only one which I ever saw made in that way—been announced, when General Duhesme embraced me, and that nothing might be lacking to this, the finest moment of my military life, said, "Come, now, that is what is called reaching the higher grades by the gate of

honour." It was impossible not to feel enthusiastic at such a moment, and I was feeling so, not less on account of the rank itself than of the manner in which it had been conferred on me, when the commander-in-chief, whom we had followed to the Piazza delle Pigne, was assailed by four leaders of the *lazzaroni*, with Michel at their head. In a state of great excitement they begged him to send a guard for San Gennaro. The request was granted; and as the general looked round for some one to whom he could entrust the duty, his eye lighted on me. "Take a company of grenadiers," he said, "and go with it yourself as a guard of honour for San Gennaro. These men will show you the way."

It was a more risky business than General Championnet had supposed. The submission of the city was far from being universal, and in several directions renewed firing could be heard. Making no mistake as to the seriousness of the duty, I caused my assistants and secretaries to hand me all the small change they had about them; then I made Michel and his merry men go in front of me, not only to guide me, but to announce the nature of my mission.

We started easily enough, but a threatening crowd soon collected, and at times we could not stir. My officers and I, being mounted, had guns pointed at us more than once. Then, seeing that the position was growing critical, I shouted at the top of my voice, "Viva San Gennaro," and hurled a handful of piastres into the air, in the direction of the more ill-looking faces. The most infuriated dashed to pick them up, the road cleared a little, and I took advantage of it to make progress. Four times I was reduced to this expedient, and when I got to the church it was none too soon, for my pockets were empty.

Reaching the portal, I drew up my grenadiers, and sent Captain Girard (who afterwards fell, as lieutenant-general, on one of the battle-fields of 1815) to announce my arrival to the venerated prelate, Cardinal Zurlo. We were admitted, and I posted two sentries inside and two outside the screen of the saint's chapel, kneeling myself before the altar, while the men presented arms and the drums beat a roll. Quarters were found on the premises for men and officers, and the grenadiers,

who were not much used to church duty, were strictly cautioned to abstain from the smallest pleasantry. With the aid of Michel and his men, I made my way back to the general, though not without danger, as I had no more small change to keep the crowd occupied. He had begun to realise that he had been a little premature in deferring to Michel's request; but the business had been managed, and the effect was good.

Honours and promotions were lavished as the result of this campaign, some less well merited than others, while in certain cases there were complaints that justice had not been done to those who deserved most. But if there was one piece of injustice which the army deplored, and which delighted our enemies, more than another, it was that of which our commander-in-chief was to be the victim. To reward him for his triumph, he was to be dismissed and put on his trial, with Generals Duhesme, Rey, Dufresse, Broussier, and Bonnamy, and that because, of all abominations, their Excellencies Count Merlin of Douai, La Réveillère-Lépeaux, and Barras so pleased —the first as the Fouquier-Tinville of the generals, the second with I know not what object, the third in order to gratify his covetousness by setting his scoundrelly creatures free from all oversight, and facilitating thefts of which he shared the proceeds. But let me not further anticipate the way in which the Directory, in this matter, betrayed the country, and simultaneously brought on the disasters which hastened its own ruin.

CHAPTER XXVI.

At Naples—The Parthenopeian Republic founded—Championnet and the Directory—Operations in Apulia—At Manfredonia—A naval operation—Dismissal of General Championnet.

WHEN I came back to report to General Championnet that his orders in reference to San Gennaro's guard had been executed, he had been unable to help smiling at having sent me on a premature errand. However, he was kind enough to approve all that I had done, and to add, "There is a place laid for you at my table, and you will take advantage of it when you like." So I went to get ready for the first meal I had had for four days, and to dress for the first time since leaving Caserta.

The general had hardly sat down when he received several messages inviting him to attend the opera that evening. It was a curious mixture of joy and wild applause with the lamentations and groans of grief and agony. Up till then, whenever we took a town, even without fighting, the fall of it had always been marked by the closing of the theatres. At Naples, however, we had disarmed a frightful anarchy. It even appears that the night which was then beginning had been fixed upon for theft, pillage, and burning, so that people of the middle class, all who owned anything, and whose lives we had saved, greeted us as liberators. I can still hear the deafening applause with which General Championnet was received at the San Carlo. All the ladies rose when we entered and made all the other spectators rise; thousands of white handkerchiefs were raised and wildly waved, so that the theatre seemed to be draped with flags from top to bottom, while interminable cheers rang out for half a quarter of an hour.

As may be supposed, the body of the house was the stage for

us, so that all I remember of the performance is that they gave the *Matrimonio Segreto*, and that the author was present. At the end of the first act the commander-in-chief rose, bowed thrice to the brilliant assembly, and retired amid applause and cheers, of which it is impossible to give an idea, and which, indeed, would have been impossible in any less volcanic air. The only possible comparison might be found in the frantic enthusiasm which, four months and one day previously, had been displayed in the same place for Nelson on his return from the battle of the Nile.

This was only the beginning of the festivities; splendid dinners followed, and on February 4 Prince Luca Carracciolo gave a hunting-party at the Lake of Agnano. It was followed by a banquet served in a magnificent tent, and the party ended with a sumptuous ball given in the prince's palace at Naples. When I left this ball, it was after one o'clock in the morning. I was lodging in the palace of the Duke of Gravina. Having alighted at the gate and sent my servant off with the carriage, I was betaking myself to my rooms alone. Except the two sentries at my door, everyone was asleep; the lamps were gone or going out, and I advanced through the darkness. Suddenly a last flicker of one lamp revealed a figure of more than human size which, with arm outstretched towards me and with imperious finger, seemed to be bidding me halt. A profound darkness succeeded the feeble light, and I was beginning to imagine that the apparition was only an illusion; but a fresh gleam showed me once more my spectre or phantom in the same attitude, blacker than night itself, with its finger so near my face that it seemed to have moved towards me. "Who goes there?" I cried at once, seizing the enormous finger that felt as cold as death. I called, but my valet, aroused by the noise of the carriage, was already descending to meet me, carrying two candles, and lighting up a bronze statue which had been temporarily placed under the columns during the day without my knowledge.

After conquering Naples, we had to remain masters of it. The Parthenopeian Republic had to be founded, and it was once proclaimed. Naples had to be victualled, communicat

with Rome and Upper Italy to be re-established, all the needs of the troops to be met, the army to be re-organized, arrangements to be made for completing and consolidating the conquest of the kingdom: with our small number of troops it was not an easy enterprise.

On the very day of our entrance into Naples a provisional government had been set up by the commander-in-chief, to provide for the needs of the nation and prepare the way for a definitive constitution. A legislative assembly was formed of twenty-five persons, among them a M. Laubert, of Neapolitan family but born in France, who was acting as dispenser-in-chief on the medical staff of the army. Further, in order to be in a position to attack Sicily, he did his best to keep the manufactories and dockyards in activity, and made all preparations to employ the remains of the former fleet, which had been burnt by order of the Queen of Naples, in constructing several men-of-war and frigates. He published throughout Calabria and Apulia a proclamation preaching submission to the republic in the name of liberty. He even succeeding in transforming more than twenty monks into missionaries of liberty, and sent them to preach the republic and prepare the Calabrians to rally to our troops as soon as they were able to occupy that important province.

Cardinal Ruffo had just been charged by the queen with the task of raising Calabria and thus recovering the kingdom. He had distributed a broadsheet to the effect that we were the enemies of God and religion; that to kill us was a meritorious work worthy of reward in heaven. The commander-in-chief induced the Archbishop of Naples to give the lie to these odious statements in a sort of pastoral, with which he deluged Naples and all the places which we could make it reach.

General Kniazewitz, the old companion in arms of Kosciusko, was sent to Paris with the captured colours, and at the same time to ascertain the intentions of the Directory with regard to the commander-in-chief. The tone of their dispatches was not what he had a right to expect after his successes, and it may be that he had his reasons for doubting the honesty of his former messenger, Lemoine. As a matter of fact, Lemoine was already

intriguing against him. But General Championnet's position was presently to become terribly complicated. When he replaced Macdonald in command of the Army of Rome, he found that his predecessor had been living at peace with all the world, beloved by the commissioners and their insatiable gang, whom Berthier had favoured and Gouvion Saint-Cyr had in vain tried to repress. Even before he got to Rome he had been deafened at Ancona by the public outcry against the abuses going on in the Roman States, and had sounded an alarm against the thieves, in a letter to the Directory, with the words: "I shall discover these blood-sucking leeches and make an end of them." No sooner was he at Rome than he hunted down all the speculators, and so angry was he at their brigandage that he was still writing from Naples only a few hours before receiving notice of his dismissal: "Stores which were provisioned to feed 30,000 men for three months are empty. The ever-voracious tribe of your commissioners and agents have destroyed everything." But the Directory listened only to the reports of the commissioners themselves, and decided that a civil commission, like that of Rome, should be attached to each of the armies of the Republic. In this way the Army of Naples had had attached to it Faypoult as civil commissioner, Méchin as controller, Chanteloup as receiver; the first-named being entitled to the same military honours as a divisional general.

As long as fighting was going on, the commissioners—*si vils*, as the soldiers called them—had been forgotten; but no sooner had Naples fallen than more began to be heard of them. It was soon known that they were observing, spying, slandering; yet no one attached much importance to their proceedings, or supposed that they could stand against a breath from the commander-in-chief. At a moment when the armies of France were weakened and dispersed, it should have seemed that the aid of a general like Championnet was providential. Yet these commissioners, depreciating all that he had done or might do, were incessantly preaching-up Macdonald. Thus two powers, and, as it were, two camps, were formed in the army—one composed of the troops and the generals, the other of the com-

missioner clique with General Macdonald as its fighting man. Championnet, without hesitating, addressed his cry of alarm to the Directory against a commission which, while arousing the indignation of the army by its exaction, was making freedom more hateful than royalty. He was especially indignant at the fact that the cashier, a person unknown in the annals of the Revolution and, as it happened, the civil commissioner's nearest relative, was entitled, by way of allowance, to a commission that might conceivably mount up to 3,600,000 francs; and announced that he would put any check in his power upon intrigue and extortion.

This resolution, and the dispatches announcing it, only served to bring into fuller relief the single fault that the Directory could possibly find with General Championnet. It needs no great acuteness to understand that the millions left at the disposal of Cousin Chanteloup were not intended for the cashier's pocket only. They were to be divided into three shares: one for Merlin, Barras & Co.; one for commissioners, controllers, and receivers; and one for the cost of administration. Thus too many people were in the way to be injured by Championnet's repressive measures; and Macdonald, who did not like him and was still remaining at Naples, was ready to be their ally.

In the midst of these intrigues, we reached the 5th of February. On that day, about four in the afternoon, the walls of Naples were suddenly covered with a decree of the civil commissioners, exceeding in audacity and dishonesty all that can be imagined in the way of spite, impolicy, and criminality, and that just when everything ought to have been sacrificed to encouraging the confidence of the Neapolitans, justifying their respect for the commander-in-chief, and showing that unanimity the lack of which weakens all authority. The general was denounced and, so to say, brought up for judgement before the people of Naples. His promise of an independent constitution was revoked, and the country declared liable to all the rights of conquest. The effect was immediate; a revolt broke out, and French blood was shed anew.

Generals Dufresse and Broussier had restored order before

night, but the cause of the revolt was none the less serious. What it was could not remain in doubt, when a letter came from Laubert, then president of the Government, regretting that a notice by Citizen Faypoult had been referring to rights of conquest at the moment when the Neapolitans were willingly paying the forced loan, on the ground that they still considered the French army as liberators. A more energetic remonstrance was addressed to the commander-in-chief by the town council of Naples, and the central committee of the Government entreated him to launch a proclamation which might paralyse the effect of that issued by the commissioners. General Dufresse, also, as military governor, expressed his indignation, and called on the commander-in-chief to interfere.

Before the end of the day, General Championnet issued an order requiring the commission to leave Naples in twenty-four hours, and the territories of the Neapolitan and Roman republics within ten days; a vigorous measure, but the only answer that a chief, responsible for order among a population like that of Naples, could have made to a handbill denying the existence of any authority outside of the commission, and seeming to declare that the payments already made were null and void, as not having been placed in the commissioners' hands. Unfortunately, no provision had been made to obviate the necessity of their halting at Rome; and consequently, on their arrival, General Macdonald received them, and kept them there, in spite of the commander-in-chief's orders, and it was at Rome that their last machinations were concocted. Faypoult was triumphant; in order to put General Championnet in the wrong with the Directory, he had been trying to provoke an arbitrary measure, and it had been taken.

Meanwhile the general was restoring peace and quietness at Naples. The Neapolitans were, however, not yet beaten. Under the direction of a Marchese di Gallo, the Abruzzi had become a second Vendée; the right bank of the Pescara was still in insurrection, under our old acquaintance Pronio, of whom, unhappily, I shall have again to speak; the road over the Apennines was blocked; Apulia was occupied by two armies, and a third was being organized in Calabria under

Cardinal Ruffo, whose authority ran on the Adriatic coast as far as Trani and Andria. Victors as we were, we were thus, so to say, blockaded in Naples and in all the other places occupied by our troops; we might anywhere be attacked any moment by ten times our number.

Several new appointments were made in place of generals removed, killed, or disabled. General Olivier replaced Macdonald in command of the 1st Division. In the 2nd Division, General Forest succeeded Monnier; and Broussier, now major-general, kept the brigade which he had commanded as a colonel. Championnet himself took more special charge of the 2nd Division. On February 17 he met Generals Duhesme and Olivier, and discussed plans for the reduction of Calabria and Apulia, and it was decided that the 1st and 3rd Divisions should pursue an independent course of action in each of those provinces respectively, ultimately uniting at Francavilla. The composition of each division was settled then and there, and their departure fixed for February 19.

I was to march with Duhesme's division as chief of the staff. We got off on the appointed day; and in the Army of Naples the conquest of the mainland was looked upon as accomplished, and Sicily as already threatened, attacked, invaded. Our enterprise seemed so certain of accomplishment that few people would have been surprised if we achieved the conquest by double marches. General Olivier's instructions were to take up a position beyond the forest of Nera, and thence, by means of flying columns, keep the country quiet, keep in touch on his left with General Duhesme, open communications with Cosenza, and get intelligence of what was going on in Sicily. The Neapolitan Government sent forward a small force, whose commander, Schipari, a man of crazy and romantic character, instead of going to meet the 10,000 Calabrian patriots who were awaiting him, went and ran his head against a miserable shanty, which a handful of men, properly led, could easily have answered for. His defeat made a great sensation; the opposite party took heart, and Cardinal Ruffo was able, at the head of it, to plan undertakings, and especially to occupy Cosenza, the capture of which was decisive. Other captures followed, and

the province which deserved freedom most of all in the kingdom of Naples was the first to return under the yoke. The cardinal was careful to avoid a pitched battle. Having intelligence of the new coalition that was forming against us, with which we should have to grapple in Upper Italy, he thought it his main business to fortify himself in Calabria; but he had Olivier observed by bands of picked men. When Olivier advanced, they retreated; when he fell back, they advanced. Sometimes he won an advantage over them, but he did nothing that he ought to have done, never once communicated with Duhesme, and got no intelligence that could not have been got without him. The expedition into Calabria did nothing in the province but take a name from it.

That into Apulia, on the other hand, went forward with order and success. Troja, Lucera, and Bovino, the three keys of Apulia, sent deputations to General Duhesme to declare their submission. On the other hand, Andria, Trani, and San Severo, which was called the headquarters of the joint army of Apulia and the Abruzzi, kept the standard of revolt flying. San Severo, an Albanian colony, and always a den of brigands, in addition to a force of 10,000 soldiers and peasants, under officers of the old army, contained a body of galley-slaves, whom the King of Naples had caused to be set free shortly before his departure for Sicily. The importance of this assemblage of men, and the commanding position of the town, made it clear that the first step in the campaign must be its destruction. Moreover, it flanked the line of communication from Apulia to the Pescara, by which only could we receive news from Coutard; who, as I have said, had been left to govern the Abruzzi, or send orders to the troop with him to betake themselves to Foggia.

An attack on San Severo was therefore ordered. General Forest was the first to come in view of the rebels; and as, in pursuance of his orders, he marched by the left, in order to turn them, they thought he was afraid to come near, and in their delight mingled the sound of their bells with howls of joy. At that moment General Duhesme appeared, which in no way affected their audacity. On the contrary, as soon as he was

within range, they opened fire on him with all their guns. He disdained to reply, and the movement of his troops, as they took their posts for the attack, was not for a moment interrupted. But hardly had they reached them when the signal-gun was fired, followed at once by the fire of our three pieces; the drums beat, and all the troops flew upon the enemy. The lines covering the town were overwhelmed, the town itself was entered, and set on fire at the same time, while the surrounding cavalry sabred all fugitives. As for those who remained in it, they, too, did not escape the rage of our soldiers, except those who, having taken shelter behind their wives and children, obtained mercy which they did not deserve.

Against the fanatics who defended San Severo with such courage that half of them were killed or wounded, General Duhesme had employed not more than 2,500 of the 7,000 men at his disposal. But it was a characteristic of that good soldier to calculate, with admirable precision, the force required for an operation. To send too many troops into action is weakness; to send too few is temerity. The stamp of capacity in a military commander, one may say, and the proof of his excellence, will always be the precision with which he makes the resources called into play agree with his requirements.

Duhesme had resolved to burn San Severo, and yet, at the moment of giving the momentous order, the sight of the piles of corpses that cumbered the streets, and the despair, expressed by piercing shrieks, of a population numbering 20,000 souls, stayed his hand. The picture was, in truth, so horrible that it impressed not only the chiefs, but the soldiers, who joined in the act of clemency, and even abstained from further pillage. Collecting children and mothers, they took them back, with the utmost gentleness, to their homes. Returning to Foggia, General Duhesme received the submission of Manfredonia, San Marco, Montemaggiore, and other places.

At the end of a few days Apulia was so tranquil that any orderly could traverse it by night or day, and General Duhesme got the Bishop of Foggia to publish a charge demonstrating the compatibility of Christian with republican morality, and the harmony of the dogmas of the Gospel with those of freedom.

The duty of communicating with Coutard was entrusted to my assistant, Dath, who had distinguished himself highly at San Severo. Being an active, brave, and capable officer, he neglected no precautions to ensure the safety and speed of his journey; and as by good luck he fell in at Vasto with a column which Coutard had sent thither, all further uncertainty was at an end. Coutard himself had behaved like a true leader of men, and his conduct would have done credit to an officer of high rank. He had cleared away Pronio's gangs from both banks of the Pescara, had punished a revolt at Ortona, and had destroyed two dens of insurgents, Lumano and Guardiagrele. When Dath reached Pescara, 6,000 men were concentrated there, awaiting orders to join the army at Naples, by way of Apulia, as soon as that province should be clear.

Meanwhile General Duhesme had received orders, on February 26, to revictual Corfu; twenty-five decked barges, laden with provisions, were to be sent off from Manfredonia. This duty fell to me, and I sent word to Colonel Goris, who was operating about Monte Gargano, that he was to dispatch to Manfredonia all the grain he could collect in six hours. He was to arrange to have his grenadiers and one centre company there by mid-day next day, and the officer commanding them was to let the bishop know that I should arrive immediately and put up at his palace. I set off the same day, in full confidence that my orders would be carried out. I went in a carriage, escorted by ten troopers only, and taking my assistant Piquet, Captain Couchaud of the Engineers, and Commissary Odier.

As two o'clock struck, I reached the gate of Manfredonia, and found no men posted there, not even an orderly to show me the way to the bishop's. I entered the town; everyone whom I met stared at me with surprise. I asked for the palace, and was taken there, but the bishop was no less astonished to see me than his flock had been. In fact, no one had preceded me or announced my coming. I was in an utterly false position, but the more it was so the less could I seem to be aware of it. So I sent for the head of the civil authority, and ordered him to prepare at once all that

needed for the board and lodging of 300 men; after which I asked him for a messenger to send to Colonel Goris, and told him to call on me next morning, in order to give me such information as I should require, and make any requests affecting his town. I heard nothing further till five o'clock next evening, so that I was left for twenty-seven hours in complete isolation at twenty-five miles' distance from Foggia.

I spent the time in going about the town, visiting the port, and seeing the churches, taking, at the same time, as careful notes as possible of the existing resources, so that, when the troops once arrived, there might be nothing to do except lade the barges, and get together the crews, which could not take a day—and, indeed, it was all done by after dinner on the 28th. My two companions had arrived, and the only thing remaining was to get the barges off and secure their being brought safely to Corfu. To this end I arranged for good payments to be made to the masters, but only upon receipts from the commissary in the island; and I further said that their families would be held responsible for their conduct, and kept in sight till their return.

The flotilla was to sail at dawn next day. When I had given my orders and instructions to the officer in command of the troops, nothing required my further presence at Manfredonia. Accordingly, after dining with the bishop, I was just going to start back for Foggia, when, continuing some conversation or other, we walked out on to a balcony whence there was a view of the whole gulf.

As I took a last look at its vast extent I noticed, about a mile off Punta Rossa, a vessel lying at anchor. On asking the bishop about it, I learnt that it was a Neapolitan, a large polacca or small corvette, pierced for twenty-two guns and mounting fourteen, with a crew of eighty men, and that it had gone out of harbour the day before we arrived. This showed that the commander had decamped at the approach of Colonel Goris. "What has she on board?" I asked, half mechanically. "Some cases belonging to the king." "Does anyone know what is in them?" "I do not know; but it is articles of little or no value." "Who commands her?" "One Pasquale Tor-

tora, a person about the king. He is on board with his whole family." "Do you know where he is bound for?" "Trieste." "And what is keeping him?" "The wind; it is dead against him now, but it is sure to change with the moon in a day or two." "My lord," I said, "this incident will delay my departure." And leaving him to regret the information he had given me, with a touch of swagger, not to say banter, I had my carriage unharnessed, ordered the gates of the town and harbour to be closed, and posted a few men on the tops of the towers, that there might be no signalling. Feeling sure that no notice would be given, I went down to the port. I chose two good-looking decked barges, had a gun brought from one of the harbour batteries and lashed on board each of them, and had each provided with twenty-one rounds, sponges, linstocks, and all that was necessary. To serve them I sent for six gunners from the Neapolitan navy, whom I caused to go through the drill of their gun during the remaining hours of daylight. Each barge was provisioned and furnished with sweeps, grapnels to get hold of the shrouds of the vessel, cables to make the barges fast to her sides at the moment of boarding, torches, lanterns, ladders, and so forth. Besides the gunners and crew I sent forty-eight grenadiers on board, eighteen of them disguised as fishermen, each having at his belt a loaded pistol and a boarding-hatchet. These latter were intended to keep an eye upon the sailors on deck, and, if necessary, help with the sweeps. The other thirty, being in uniform, were kept concealed below deck. Lastly, taking with me a Neapolitan officer, who was devoted to our cause, I took command of the first boat, and put Captain Couchaud in command of the second. However, as one should never in war resort to force when well-calculated artifice will take the place of it, I asked and, though he did not much care about it, obtained from the bishop a letter for the commander of the vessel. This letter was ostensibly intended to forestall all resistance, and reassure the receiver about whatever might concern him personally, but, in reality, to save us from any difficulty about the first hail, or about the first answer to be made to anyone who might be sent to take stock of us. I dictated this letter and saw it sealed.

About ten o'clock, in a beautifully smooth sea, my two craft rode out, the guns and all arms loaded. At ten o'clock we were going along without showing any light, and in dead silence, the two vessels close together and almost touching, so as to look like a single one. In this way we came close up to the man-of-war without being seen or heard by any of the watch, but then we were loudly hailed. The Neapolitan officer, who was close beside me, and who, like Couchaud and myself, was wrapped in a fisherman's cloak, replied: "A letter from his lordship the bishop for the commander of your vessel." "Wait till we can have a look at you," returned the officer of the watch, and we answered, "Yes." But in accordance with previous orders, now repeated in a low tone, we continued to row on hard, making for the stern of the vessel, so as to be sheltered from her broadside, for being at anchor, and all sails clewed up, there was no time for her to get about. Some men only were awake, and hardly that, such was the security on board the polacca. By this time we were aboard her, and as they were shouting to us, "Stop where you are!" my two boats were ranging alongside to port and to starboard; and by the time the men had been called to arms, we had grappled the shrouds, lighted our torches, and were boarding with loud shouts. In an instant I was on deck with my grenadiers and gunners, sixty men, that is, not including officers; and without having struck a blow either with sword or axe, without having fired or received a shot from musket or pistol, found there not a single man of the crew. It was all over, unless they set fire to the magazine, which no one wished to do, or even thought of doing.

So they had to surrender; the strictest discipline prevailed. The alarm of the commander, who was brought to me on deck in shirt and drawers, and the disorder of his wife and two pretty daughters, lasted only a moment. In short, when day came, with all sail set and the ship dressed, I returned to the port of Manfredonia with my prize, a very giant adorning the triumph of two Lilliputians, and I entered, just as my flotilla was going out, in the most brilliant sunshine.

This little expedition and its success pleased me: with two

walnut-shells to capture, by boarding, an armed man-of-war on the high seas, is an amusing episode in the life of a land officer. Moreover, I had got hold of a vessel which might be, and actually was, of the greatest use to us in our further operations along the coast of the Adriatic. Lastly, as it had struck me from the first moment, this vessel was intended to stop, and undoubtedly would have stopped, my revictualling of Corfu, which, if it did not save that place, was none the less accomplished.

The vessel was, so to say, in ballast, containing only forty-nine cases of candles. I ordered these to be placed in store to the account of their rightful owner; I never even saw them, and I never had nor asked for any news of them. There were also several cases and other baggage which the captain declared to me, on his honour, contained all that he and his family possessed in the world, but included nothing that did not belong to them. Whereupon I had them given up to him without having any of them opened, earning thereby the greatest possible thanks from him. Indeed, he gave me proof of his gratitude. During the trip I had felt uncomfortable from the motion of the sea, calm as it was, and he had offered me a glass of maraschino from Zara; it was first-rate, and I complimented him on it. After we had landed he sent me six bottles, which, later on, I presented to General Macdonald, who, as I heard himself say, was very fond of it.

So far I had not only fulfilled but gone beyond the duty on which I had been sent. After staying three days at Manfredonia, I rejoined General Duhesme at Foggia. The Abruzzi being reduced and Apulia loyal, he was preparing to clear the insurgents out of the Terra di Bari and the whole coast of the Adriatic and Ionian Seas. Then he would pass into Calabria, where, in spite of Cardinal Ruffo's success, a large number of patriots were still summoning us, and, uniting his army with that of General Olivier, he felt sure of becoming master of all Southern Italy. War with Austria was then imminent; the Russians were ready to appear on the Rhine and on the Adige. It was an especially serious moment, at which it was necessary, at all costs, for the best luck and the

most decisive action to go together, and for us to secure the last points where danger still threatened, by laying hands sharply on as much of Italy as remained to conquer.

Resolute and sure of his aim, General Duhesme was making his arrangements to leave Foggia and enter Terra di Bari, when he received the terrible news of General Championnet's recall and his supersession by Macdonald. With this news came an imperative order to leave Apulia at once, and to fall back with all his troops on Naples, where a fresh insurrection was said to be feared, though this was merely a false alarm, invented to justify the order for retreat. The tone adopted towards General Duhesme appeared to me all the more suspicious from its contrast with the cajoling manner of a letter addressed to myself by Leopold Berthier, now chief of the headquarters staff—a letter which I did not feel bound to show to the general.

At the first moment we both remained amazed, almost confounded, at the free and easy way in which the Directory was sacrificing its most brilliant and devoted servants, including the most excellent, most noble General Championnet, beloved as he was by his army, and constant to victory. But when our bewilderment was over, we tried to discover the key to this hateful riddle. If we succeeded in clearing up some points, it only served to throw a light on the odious part played by some persons, and on facts no less melancholy in the present than full of menace for the future. The avowed pretexts were what might be supposed, the head and front being the alleged attack by General Championnet on the authority and rights of the Directory, in superseding the commission and sending it out of Naples, as though a commander-in-chief, in the circumstances, could have acted otherwise—unless, indeed, he had left the army himself. The second offence was the gratuity given to the army, though it had cost France nothing, being independent of the indemnity. But though there was no law on the subject, no doubt at that time existed, unless in the minds of those with whose jobberies they interfered, that these gratuities on the part of a commander-in-chief were not merely a right, but, I might almost say, a duty of conquest. Bonaparte dis-

tributed them after the campaigns of 1796 and 1797; and all his life long he held the opinion that an officer of small means ought to be endowed, in proportion to the fame he had won, out of the property of the vanquished. On these terms only had he either the right to expect that illustrious names should not be sullied by plunder or extortion, or the power to lead his army by endless marches, through darkness, cold, mire, and snow, amid all the horrors of death and wounds, five hundred miles away from home, to conquests from which they could hope for neither promotion, comfort, nor repose. These are the destinies of war, and anyone who has ever commanded the smallest force knows that all a commander can do is to keep these matters within the limits of ostensible legality.

The real motive of Championnet's recall was the merciless war which, from his first arrival at Ancona, he declared against the gang of civil commissioners and their agents. Such was the consideration which struck both General Duhesme and myself. As for the results, of which we equally had a foreboding, the sequel of this story will make them only too plain. If the Directory now had a blind and subservient agent of its often imprudent orders, and if the commissioners had a provost-marshal of their own, in the full sense of the term, there could be no doubt that the government had lost its man of light and strength; and the only thing to be found out was whether the army had a leader worthy of it—a question only too soon decided.

CHAPTER XXVII.

New generals and new methods—A retreat impending—San Gennaro's approbation—Vesuvius and Cape Misenum—The retreat from Naples—Atrocities—Rome again—Illness—Genoa.

General Championnet had received his order of recall in pursuance of the Directory's decree of 25th Pluviôse (February 13) from General Schérer, the Minister for War, with the information that General Macdonald would replace him at ten in the evening of February 28. Three hours later he had started, and three hours after his departure Macdonald arrived at Naples, showing that he was quite prepared for his new appointment. His first act of authority was to restore the civil commission. By his instructions Faypoult, Méchin, and Chanteloup set out from Rome, arriving on March 7 and at once resuming their functions. As for Apulia and Calabria, he wrote to the Minister for War that the 1st and 3rd Divisions had been stopped and surrounded, and this on the very day when he received Duhesme's news of his decisive victories and the capture of San Severo, and Olivier's dispatch stating that he could hold his ground.

To leave Apulia and Calabria at that moment was to advertise the evacuation of the country and the desertion of all those who had rallied to our call, besides abandoning the column that was coming from the Abruzzi to serious danger. General Duhesme therefore took the responsibility of executing only a part of his orders. At Foggia, which was just completing the organization of its national guard, he left a company of infantry; he announced the early arrival of the Abruzzi column, caused General Broussier to take up a position at Ariano, and with the rest of the division set out on March 6 to march to

Naples. He had, however, scarcely passed Ariano, when he received a fresh order, bidding him halt at Benevento and Avellino. He at once distributed his troops between those towns, placed his headquarters at the latter, and went on in person to Naples, whither I had preceded him, to try and repair as far as possible the mischief done by this false and ill-starred movement.

In spite of the most vehement representations, Duhesme could not get permission to resume the campaign; but it was agreed as a compromise that General Broussier should make the expedition into the Terra di Bari. Broussier, on receiving these orders, at once returned to Barletta, where the order to fall back had reached him. He was all the more anxious to do so that he knew the town, which was thoroughly patriotic, to be threatened with reprisals from the insurgents who occupied Andria and Trani. By March 21 all the troops for whom he hoped were assembled at Foggia, and he could commence operations. First Andria, then Trani, the two strongholds of the insurgents in the Terra di Bari, were taken by storm, pillaged, and burnt. These were two terrible examples, and with any other adversaries than Neapolitans the submission of the whole country must have followed. Other assemblages still held out; one of them, brigands rather than insurgents, occupied Carbonara, which had always been a den of ruffians, famed for their audacity, and a place of refuge for all the thieves and murderers of Apulia. Though far more dreaded than the other Neapolitans, they showed themselves less valiant, and were annihilated at Carbonara and Ceglie. All these successes were due to General Broussier's vigorous direction, to the quality of his officers, and the intrepidity of his soldiers.

It was all over with the insurrection in the Abruzzi, in Apulia, and in Terra di Bari. Calabria alone remained to subdue; but it could now be taken both in front and in rear, and, in spite of Cardinal Ruffo, there was no reason to anticipate a serious resistance from it. There was nothing to prevent the campaign from opening; General Championnet's plans, which had just been of such service to Broussier in Apulia,

were about to be completed on the Calabrian side; the left was all ready to finish the glorious part it had played, when General Duhesme and General Broussier were sacrificed in their turn for having been the friends and, in their respective positions, the rivals of one of our best generals, and the most honourable man alive. They had taken no part whatever in Championnet's quarrel with Faypoult, and were above all devoted to their duty and to the interests of their country. Yet they were dragged away from the division whose pride they were, from troops who adored them and were accustomed to conquer at the sound of their voice. Treated with the utmost discourtesy, they were replaced, in most uninteresting fashion, by General Olivier, who will always deserve honour for his courage, but whose lack of ability left him far behind his predecessor, and by Adjutant-general Sarrazin, who gained nothing by this promotion except the advantage of going into penal servitude some years later with the rank of major-general. Olivier arrived at Bari on April 9, and from him General Broussier received such part of the hateful order as concerned himself; replying to it by handing in his report of the combat fought that morning, the last feat of arms of which our troops were to boast in those regions.

General Sarrazin had gone to Cassano, and there, on the 10th, he heard of the adventure of the *Généreux*. Having left Ancona with a convoy of provisions for Corfu and troops to reinforce the place, she had found the island in possession of the enemy.* Not wishing to go back up the Adriatic, she had attacked and taken the fort of Brindisi, which had at once been occupied by a battalion of the 8th. She had then sailed away, pursued by a superior force.† Thus the battalion,

* [It capitulated to the Russian fleet on March 3. The *Généreux* does not appear to have ever got beyond Brindisi. Putting in there for news, she ran aground. An action with the fort ensued; and though the captain of the *Généreux* was killed, the fort surrendered.]

† [She was hardly "pursued." Some weeks later, when the *Généreux* had again left Ancona, and was on her way to Toulon, Ancona was attacked by a Russo-Turkish squadron. It will be remembered that she was one of the two French line-of-battle ships that got away after the battle of the Nile.]

isolated at this point on the Adriatic, was sure to be attacked before long, both by sea and land, and it needed succour. A few battalions sent forward in échelon would have been enough; but no movement was ordered until the 13th, when General Olivier uselessly carried his troops in a body to Cassano, and without any more necessity made them occupy the coast towns Mola, Monopoli, Fasano, and Ostuni. At the last I joined him, for when he started from Naples I told him I should not leave General Duhesme before he set out for Milan.

When I got there, the whole division was about advancing on Brindisi, simply to join the isolated battalion, an object for which very few troops need have been moved if well led. I found the men quite puzzled at these useless directions, accustomed as they had been never to take a step that was not justified. On the road, however, I had been caught up at Foggia by an officer of the general staff, and from that place I had taken him along in my carriage, travelling even by night. He was bringing tidings of Schérer's defeats, and an order to fall back on Naples. As for the battalion of the 8th, it was requested to join the division at Ostuni, and I secured its safe journey by sending a regiment to meet it, which was all that was needed. I was sorry, however, to learn that Sarrazin had taken advantage of this movement to have all those who were pointed out to him as possible leaders of an insurrection arrested and shot. In this way 130 men were assassinated by his orders—a simply infernal idea, I thought.

In order to put people off the scent of our retirement, a general meeting was announced of deputations from all those districts; the place of meeting was fixed; there was talk of great schemes; and in the middle of all these fine words, which were all the more ridiculous as they could have no result and took in nobody, the division began its march to the rear. On April 20, after four days of slow but unbroken progress, part of it re-entered Foggia. Thence I sent Piquet with orders to Coutard to evacuate the Abruzzi, and make his way to Florence by Aquila, taking the garrison of that place with him. After this the whole division left Foggia, part to return to Naples, reaching it on the 26th, part to go up to Maddaloni,

to carry out Macdonald's new organization. The great retreat had in fact begun.

Meanwhile General Championnet had reached Milan, where he had been put under arrest and taken to Grenoble for trial. With one exception every French general, indeed every Frenchman worthy of the name, rendered ample homage to his qualities, his deserts, and his fame. Moreau, who failed to find him at Milan, having gone there on purpose to see him, wrote expressing regret and sympathy. Joubert declared officially to the Directory that the business of the Naples generals called for as much attention as suspension of judgement. Duhesme, Broussier, Rey, and Dufresse were also taken as criminals to Grenoble, and seventy days passed without any talk of trying them; but after the 30th Prairial the Directory, having got rid of La Réveillère-Lépeaux and Merlin, quashed the proceedings. They also made a first amends by superseding Faypoult, but his successor Bodard was not much better. Méchin came home with 600,000 francs, not to mention a number of valuable articles, including the cameo of Augustus.

A better appointment was that of Abrial, sent to form a constitution for the Parthenopeian Republic. He was an excellent man, esteemed by all who knew him, even the Neapolitans; as he was later on in the Ministry of Justice under the Consulate. In spite of his zeal, it was clear that from the day of Championnet's removal the administration was in a neglected state. His successor took no trouble to overlook or verify, but left everything to the civil commission that it could lay its hands on; nor did he meddle with military administration further than to get cheated by the contractors. Later on, when the troops were found with nothing to wear, by way of excuse he made the singular admission, "I relied on my agents; I had their word of honour." A pretty security! Nor had he any encouragement or advice for the infant governments; he hardly ever wrote to the Directory; he scarcely corresponded with the Minister.

It was a bad moment to make mistakes. Owing to Schérer's defeats, we had lost all the district of Mantua and most of the Cisalpine territory, while, as the result of a premature evacua-

tion, we had had to abandon four-fifths of the kingdom of Naples. In the Roman States, Viterbo was again in arms; the neighbourhood of Narni, Terni, and even Spoleto was so full of insurgents that the last messenger from the commander-in-chief had been murdered in spite of an escort of 300 men. Isola, which barred our road from Rome to Naples, was fortified in a way to baffle our troops, who in vain tried to storm it. An English fleet had been cruising off Naples since April 1, and together with the news of our defeats on the Adige and Adda came the news of the arrival of the Russians and the loss of Corfu. If Championnet's plans had been followed, we ought to have extended our sphere of action enough to have been victualled from Apulia and defended against Sicily by Calabria; Naples and other places ought to have been fortified, and our occupation maintained by means of them, with the help of the patriots whom our departure was to expose to reprisals, and of whom 130,000 were massacred. Nor would the march of the Army of Naples to join that of Italy have been so disastrous under Championnet as it was under Macdonald. Ten to one we should have won the battle of the Trebbia, and not have had to wait a year before bringing back victory to Italy.

As I have said, I reached Naples with part of the division on April 26. On the 28th I went to Maddaloni, to arrange for the encampment of the corps that were there. Just then General Olivier heard of a rising at Avellino, and undertook a most useless operation. The insurgents held a position in the defile of the Caudine Forks. Major Clément de la Roncière was sent to disperse them, but finding himself with insufficient forces before an impregnable position, he had to wait for help from General Olivier. Finally, if the insurgents were driven out of their position, they could not be got at nor damaged; if Avellino was captured, it was only to be evacuated directly, and the expedition ended, as it could not fail to do, in fatigue and bloodshed for their own sake.

In consequence of this affair, I had to get off the orders relating to the march of the troops, and on the 30th I went to report the whole to General Macdonald. Just then the

members of the Provisional Government, alarmed at the dangers which seemed to be threatening the "patriots," had represented to him that, as their last chance of safety in the event of the army having to leave the city, it was necessary to have recourse to the miracle of San Gennaro, and begged him to be kind enough to be present at it. Macdonald, struck with the opportune idea, hastened to reply that he approved the miracle, and would attend.

The news that the republican government was about to appeal to the judgement of San Gennaro had caused great excitement; but the astonishment was doubled when it was known that the commander-in-chief meant to be present. So great was the crowd, that it was with difficulty that General Macdonald, with a score of Frenchmen, of whom I was one—others being his aides-de-camp, General Éblé with his, a few other staff-officers, and the civil commissioners—made his way to the church, and with still more difficulty he entered and went up to the high altar. His appearance made a great sensation, which was increased when it was seen that he had no escort. He told me, long afterwards, that he had posted two companies of grenadiers in the church. I do not question his statement, but I can assert that neither Dath nor I, nor sundry other people to whom I spoke that day and afterwards, about the ceremony, either saw them or suspected their presence. In any case neither they, nor indeed several regiments, could have done anything in the event of a popular outbreak; the mere pressure of the crowd would have been enough to suffocate us all. At length Cardinal Zurlo, bearing the sacred relic in his hands, advanced to the altar, and the ceremony began with prayers recited in a low voice. The spectators were not in that collected frame which indicates respect and submission to the Divine Will. The church rang with shouts and howls—with imperative demands, addressed to all the most sacred personages, that they should beg San Gennaro to work his miracle. This state of things lasted for eleven minutes, and became every moment more threatening. The frantic crowd was at its last resource before taking active steps—I mean, it was resorting to imprecations against the Deity Himself. Then the President of

the Neapolitan Government, with perturbed countenance, asking me to make way for him, went up to the cardinal, showed him, under my very eyes, a pistol concealed in his waistcoat, and in a stifled voice whispered in his ear: "If the miracle does not take place at once, you are a dead man."

The cardinal was an old man, and it may be that his hands were not strong enough to open the valve in the reliquary, which admitted the air necessary to act upon the solution of antimony which, as I have been told, forms the red liquid that the people take for the blood of Saint Januarius;* or it may be that he did not wish to bear the full responsibility of the performance. At any rate, his vicar-general came to his aid, and the miracle was at once performed. Then the cardinal, showing the red matter liquefied to General Macdonald and those with him, advanced towards the people, and said, "You see, my brethren, San Gennaro accepts the Revolution." All recollection of the delay was effaced, and amidst universal applause and cheers for the republic, for the commander-in-chief, and for the government, we left the church, taking with us a memory that could not be effaced.

The effects of the miracle were as extraordinary as the ceremony had been. Fanaticism had come over to our side, and the people fought Cardinal Ruffo's army, when he came to re-take Naples, with the same fury that it had shown in opposing our entry, defending the republic as it had defended the throne. The cardinal who had performed the miracle, or allowed it to be performed, was shut up, it is said, when the day of reprisals came, at the bottom of a dungeon hewn in the rock, eighty feet deep. Even San Gennaro did not escape punishment, and was for a time replaced by Saint Anthony and his companion.

The hour for the retreat was fixed. Our division was to leave the camp at Maddaloni on May 8, and proceed to Teano. No one at Naples had any doubt that our departure was

* Marshal Macdonald thinks that no solution takes place, but that the reliquary has in the thickness of it cavities containing a red liquid, and that the whole thing is confined to the opening of valves through which this liquid flows.

imminent, but it was still kept secret, and as the moment approached double care was taken to let no sign of it appear. On the 5th I proposed to go and dine with a friend at La Favorita, and take advantage of being in the neighbourhood to make the ascent of Vesuvius. I did not yet know The Mountain, as the Neapolitans call it, and it was only through having accompanied General Duhesme on some of his excursions that I had visited the other sights of the country, especially Herculaneum and Pompeii, where, by the way, as befitted soldiers, we had our breakfast cooked in the fireplace, and ate it in the kitchen, of a Roman barrack. I made the ascent with Dath and two guides. I was the first to reach the crater, leapt into it, fired a pistol-shot, which was repeated by a thousand echoes, was helped out by my guide with a cloak by way of cord, and met, on the way down, seven Frenchmen, with whom we made an appointment for four o'clock the next morning to visit Cumæ, Baiæ, Misenum, the place where the elder Pliny was lost, and all the other sights of the country.

We started punctually next day, and were on our way to Cape Misenum when we found ourselves within musket-shot of an English squadron commanded by Commodore Foote. It was so near that one could have spoken to the sailors, and was sending boats ashore every minute. We were still more than half a mile from the cape, and had some hundred paces to go, during which we should only be sheltered to our middles. We halted, and it was recognised that we could not go any further without running the almost certain chance of being captured. Now, to be taken prisoners there, when we ought to have been present elsewhere, was too serious. Everyone had spoken except me. At the moment when my decision was expected, I went down on all fours, and in that attitude, laughing instead of speaking, I made my way towards the promontory. Dath followed my example, the orderlies did the same, and the seven other Frenchmen also. We saw all that we wanted, and coming back we passed the same place proudly, although rather quickly, without a single round being fired at us. I returned to Naples at half-past ten on the evening of the 6th. Various business detained me till the mid-day following,

at which time no Frenchman, except those belonging to the garrison, ought to have been left at Naples; if I was still there, it was by a breach of orders. I therefore stimulated the zeal of my driver in every possible way, but do what he would it was nearly five when I reached Maddaloni. No orders had as yet been given, and the regiments were distributed among various cantonments, though the division ought to have its rations and be off the next morning. I wrote out myself the list of the persons to whom the general order for movement, and the instructions to be joined with it, ought to go, dictating the orders and instructions meanwhile. While they were being copied out, I galloped round the cantonments to give the different corps verbal notice of the orders they were to receive, decide *vivâ voce* upon all objections and demands that might be presented, and send two officers and a fatigue party from each regiment to Maddaloni. The moment I got back I had them taken to the stores, where the commissary was awaiting me, and where all the leather, cloth, linen, all the materials from which there had been no time to make up shoes, clothes, and shirts, were distributed according to the strength of each corps, with the sole object of leaving the stores empty.

The Army of Naples had been re-organized; an advance-guard was entrusted to General Salm. There were two divisions, the first commanded by General Olivier, with Generals Watrin and Forest as his brigadiers, the second under General Rusca. The first division, in which I continued to be chief of the staff, consisted of the 12th, 30th, 73rd, and 97th of the Line, the 19th and 25th Chasseurs, and one battery of horse artillery. On May 8 the whole army got in movement at daybreak. The advance-guard escorted the headquarters, not forgetting the commissariat gang, holding fast to its prey, beside a convoy of works of art, which had been left behind at Naples in consequence of General Championnet's abrupt departure, and in which it had been forgotten to include the Farnese Hercules. This took the coast road, and arrived at Rome without difficulty or check on the 25th. The two divisions followed as far as Capua, where the second halted to leave a day's interval between itself and the first. As for the first, owing to the improvidence of

the commander-in-chief, it was destined to leave a good many corpses in a journey of thirty or forty miles. I brought my division through Capua, and fixed the headquarters at Teano.

At four in the morning of the 9th we left Teano for Torre, a hideous village, perched at the top of a precipitous hill to the west of the road, with only one tenement in it that could be called habitable. Here the staff was established, while the troops bivouacked in meadow-land between the hill and the road. Next day I was marching with the chasseurs of the advance-guard, silent and plunged in thought. It was about ten in the morning, and the weather was heavy with a coming storm. Wearied out, I began to doze as I rode, and was only roused from this half-slumber by the sound of a gun from San Germano. As soon as the head of the column came out into the plain that lies in front of the little town, the shot was soon followed by others, which sent the earth flying over us and killed one of our men. I at once sent word to General Olivier, and went forward with my orderlies to reconnoitre the ground. Generals Olivier and Watrin galloped up, followed by a gun and a howitzer, which unlimbered at quarter-range, and replied briskly to the fire from the town, the third shell setting fire to a forage-store. Followed only by our mounted orderlies, we got behind a church contiguous to the town, where some chasseurs, dismounting, replied with carbine-shots to a pretty lively fire of musketry. This, however, soon slackened, and we saw a large number of men flying towards the hill against which San Germano is built. Thereupon, judging that it was of no use to wait for the infantry, the two generals and I, with our officers and escorts, charged into the town, clearing abattis, ditches, and other obstacles which blocked the entrance. The insurgents' guns were captured, and everyone found in the streets was cut down.

The infantry soon came up, and pillage began, giving me much trouble to check it. We slept at San Germano, and next morning I learnt that the insurrection was general throughout the country which we had still to traverse before reaching Roman territory. The division proceeded to Arce, the advance-

guard being under fire all the way, and leaving several dead. The baggage-guard was harassed in the same way, several persons being wounded near the carriages, one of which, that of Count Scheel, had a bullet through it. To show what was the exasperation and fury of the fanatics towards whom we were advancing, one of them came out upon the high road, in spite of certain death, and fired a pistol-shot point-blank at General Watrin, whom he fortunately missed. After that our soldiers could no longer be restrained. Massacre seemed to them merely reprisals, and plunder only a right. Then plunder led to drunkenness, and finally, the weather turning to rain, the bonds of discipline were further relaxed, and every house within reach of which our troops passed was sacked. Arce, from which our advance-guard had been fired upon, was, by the time we reached it, partly in flames.

On the morning of the 12th everything portended an anxious day. By pillage during the previous day and night, three-fourths of the troops had got five times their proper share of rations, and, at the same time, they had made it impossible to distribute any to the last quarter of the division, who, finding everything plundered, had not even bread; thus some were swearing for want of food, while others were drunk before they started. Nor was this the only reason for alarm of which General Olivier had to think. He knew that all the insurgents of the country had taken refuge at Isola, a town standing on an island formed by the Garigliano, just where it forms a beautiful cascade 100 feet high, continuing to roll its raging waters between perpendicular rocks. The general knew also that the insurgents were cutting the only bridge by which we could reach the town, while the town itself bristled with batteries, and all its houses were loopholed. There was no possible communication between the road we were following and the coast road. Isola was consequently the only point where the artillery, the baggage, the ambulance-waggons, the carriages could pass. The soldiers, as I have said, had been for two days living solely on plunder, and every house within reach of the road for fifteen miles back had been sacked and burnt. The colonels declared they had no longer any means of checking

these excesses, for which hunger served as the excuse, and which the behaviour of the inhabitants provoked more and more. The commissaries had stated in writing that it was impossible to guarantee any regular distribution of rations, and such was the situation of the division that the smallest failure would bring about a general bolt.

As things looked so critical, while deploring that General Macdonald had not occupied Isola beforehand with a regiment, Olivier determined on sending a flag of truce to the insurgents, to make them understand that as the French army was retreating it would be all to their advantage to let it pass readily, and that as a second division was about to come up, it was to their interest not to offer an opposition which we had the means of overcoming. But the shots with which the flag of truce was received put a stop to all conciliation. The attack was therefore ordered, and, everything being ready for it, began at once. General Watrin commanded it, and pushed it vigorously, quickly driving the insurgents from the left bank and the bridge. But thenceforward the resistance became obstinate, and we could only reach the bridge by following the bank with our flank exposed for a distance of 300 yards.

To clear this unapproachable interval the artillery fired incessantly from 10 o'clock to 1.30; and when our fire had forced the insurgents partly to abandon the first houses of Isola, we could venture to follow the river-bank. Reaching the bridge, we noted that our furious foes had not had time to cut the last beam of the principal arch. In fact, they must have let it stand in order to leave a retreat open to their last men. General Watrin asked me if I would undertake to carry the town with six grenadier companies. Such a proposal was equivalent to all the orders in the world,* and I eagerly accepted. Its unevenness, its length, its enormous height above the water, added to the roar of the cascade and the rapidity of the stream, made the crossing of the last beam a rather nervous business; but at some moments obstacles disappear, and I crossed the beam under a front and flank fire, at the head of

* As chief of the divisional staff, I took my orders only from the general commanding, and General Watrin had only his own brigade with him.

my companies, though the crossing cost me sixty grenadiers. However, I got into the town, and made myself master of it.

General Olivier committed the irreparable mistake of sending all the troops in after me. Some drunk and some famished, the soldiers left their ranks, and then nothing could check their frantic excesses. By evening the unhappy town was no more than a heap of mire, ruin, and corpses. To save the women, children, and old people, who had swarmed to me from all sides, I had placed a strong guard over a house upon the door of which I wrote my name. Into this I had sent more than three hundred persons. After the combat I took thither a grenadier who had been wounded on the bridge while giving me his hand to help me over the beam, and lastly I took up my own quarters there. Several times I had to break up mutinous groups that had formed round the door, some of the soldiers declaring aloud their intention of forcibly carrying off the women whom I had sheltered. Presently order appeared to be re-established, but then a fire broke out in two houses only separated from mine by a small street, and at the same moment the disorder recommenced in fresh fury.

General Olivier was in despair; the recall having produced no effect, he had just had the general call beaten, but not a man had responded to it. Several patrols of officers were going round the streets with no effect. At last the general put himself at the head of a patrol comprising two generals of brigades, all the colonels and myself, but all that we gained was to run the risk of getting murdered twenty times over, and weakening the authority of our rank more and more. General Olivier swore that he would get killed in the very next action; and while I was lamenting the consequences of his mistake in filling the town with drunken soldiers, he lamented the fate of a chief having to command troops who had been long waging this war with a people, of all kinds of warfare the most destructive of all discipline, owing to the way it familiarizes soldiers with the crimes to which it gives rise.

I returned to pass the night in my carriage, while Dath, who preferred a bed of any kind, went into the house which I had reserved, and had, for a wonder, succeeded in keeping. Before

long, however, he and my secretary, Le Roy, came back at full gallop, with my coachman and servants, exclaiming, "Here is a terrible business; your house is on fire!" "I had to get out of a window," cried another. "I had to break through a partition." And the coachman added, "It's a miracle that your horses are saved." "But what about the grenadier I was having looked after, and all the poor people?" "Do not ask us, general; the fire broke out in three places at once. The soldiers on guard were drunk. We nearly got killed, all of us; only our clothes and our voices saved us."

All the orders for the troops were burnt, and had to be made out afresh. My carriage served Dath and me for an office, and then Le Roy got underneath it for shelter from the rain, and in this way we spent the rest of the night in writing out the orders for the movements which were to be performed by each corps on the morrow, including one which I drew up to warn them that we were leaving Neapolitan territory, and entering that of a friendly republic, when the smallest breach of discipline would be severely punished.

From Isola to Veroli, whither the division had to march on the 13th, the road is extremely difficult, from the steep hills and boggy ground. The distance was not more than seven miles, but we were so delayed at the start by the necessity of making the bridge passable for artillery, that by half-past six in the evening we had not covered much more than a third of it. My carriage had been broken twice, and the paymaster's waggon had been overturned in a bog and smashed; a terrible business for the poor man, who was in despair at seeing all his money-bags and accounts scattered in the mud, and no way of getting them out.

Meanwhile the day was drawing to an end. The sky was overcast. We had eaten nothing all day but a little polenta. Shots were constantly being heard all round us, and in increasing numbers. At length the carriages stuck fast for good and all. To crown everything, just then Captain Joachim of the 19th Chasseurs galloped up to me, and said, "Three or four hundred half-drunk stragglers of the 97th have just formed a plan to pillage and burn the equipages of the headquarter staff."

After a few more words he galloped on. Considering the state of discipline into which the army had got in the last three days, an attack of this kind looked only too likely. Wishing to meet it, I ordered my escort of twenty-four men to be called together. Five troopers were all that remained, and the baggage-guard was entirely dispersed. Finally I asked for the rear-guard, and found that its commander had allowed it to leave its proper place, and that, under pretence of finding a better road, the guide had taken the men a different way from that followed by the division. My usual luck, however, brought us out of the difficulty.

At the edge of the road where our carriages had stopped some fairly open forest began. I was walking along fast under the trees at the edge of it, when suddenly, about a hundred yards to my left, I saw a mounted chasseur. I called him to me; he had left his regiment in the morning to go and drink, and he was drunk enough to have much difficulty in getting back to it. "What," I said, "and have you been drinking alone all day?" "No, general, I was drinking with my friends the grenadiers of the 30th, who are not far off." Thereupon I made Le Roy, who was a sergeant in that corps, mount a horse, and sending one of my troopers with him, I told my informant to guide them, sending imperative orders to the officer in command to come at once, and letting Le Roy know privately the reason, that he might impart it to him. Would the man, three-quarters drunk as he was, remember the place? Would the grenadiers still be there? and if so, would they come in time? Some of the 97th men were already turning up, and to get an excuse for their looting, were insulting everyone in their carriages—and we had several refugees, including ladies, with us. I took them in hand, and tried to check them by using the last fragments of authority, which in all circumstances cleave to high rank; but this is a last resource, and soon used up. We were lost if Le Roy did not bring help, but I was determined to resist to the death. I went on, seeming not to hear the insults, so as to avoid letting the ruffians have any handle against me; and at length, after minutes which seemed ages, I saw the grenadiers in groups coming through the wood at the double. They were

the men with whom I had so often fought, and were devoted to me. I drew them up in line, and spoke separately to the officers, who vowed to die rather than allow such a crime to be committed. But it needed all this display of force to impress the hundreds of scoundrels, who, furious at losing their prey, hurled many threats at us before moving off.

Not long afterwards some one told me that not much more than a mile further there was a convent of Trappist Fathers. My informant had slept there; and after praising their hospitality, and saying that no Frenchman had ever failed to be lodged and refreshed by them to his heart's content, he urged me to go there. A party of us therefore set out. It was quite night and drizzling with rain when our caravan started. An hour's walk over frightful roads brought us to the convent. The main door was shut. My men knocked, but the echo of the resounding blows was the only answer. I dismounted and entered by a side-door. Profound silence reigned, and when I shouted, my voice was lost in the darkness. Presently I found myself among tombs, some closed, others dug, to be used shortly. Taking a passage at random, I presently made out a faint light; the last flicker of a lamp about to expire at the further end of the chapel. A grenadier lighted a candle-end, and we saw amid torn pictures, a demolished altar, smashed benches and windows, the corpse of a murdered priest.

Upon this I decided to search the convent, accompanied by several officers and a surgeon. On the lower steps of the staircase I was stopped by a second corpse, with blood still flowing, and turning the corner of a passage I stumbled over a third, lying on his own crucifix. At last I reached a cell, where one of the Trappists was still breathing. "Reassure yourself," I exclaimed as I drew near him. "I have nothing to fear," replied a feeble voice, though in a firm tone. It was an old man of eighty, who had been head of the community for thirty years. "Are you wounded?" He showed his clothing soaked with blood. "Who can have——" He made a sign that he would not give any indication. I was in the act of helping the surgeon to dress his wounds, when, holding me back with his failing hands, and trying to raise his voice, he said, "When I

took this dress, I renounced all aid of man. I submit to God, and will do nothing either to shorten or to prolong my life." When he added, "I forgive those to whom I owe this night of expiation," my tears flowed. He saw my emotion, and pressing my hand with his own, already cold, he said, "My children, all this is nothing."

Some grenadiers found one of the servants of the convent in a cellar, and brought him to me. When his terror was appeased, he told us that fourteen soldiers, after dining there, had committed all these crimes, and had stolen all that they could carry off. We got all the information we could, and took samples of the linen with the convent mark; but we could never discover anything. The servant found some bread, wine, ham, and salad for us. Slight as the meal was, in our condition at the time it made us all unwell. We could not induce the old superior to take anything but a little water, and he often asked to be left alone; but I made the surgeon visit him several times during the night. Towards seven in the morning he died. He had two bayonet wounds in the body, and sword cuts on the head, the right arm, and the left thigh.

We had three miles more to Veroli; and it was a real pleasure to be met by human beings who had not forsworn all human feelings towards us, and did not cause us any loss of men. Dath, who had got there on the previous day with the division, came to me, and took me to the bishop's palace, where I was to lodge. Spacious and well-furnished rooms were ready for me, and the frank and affable manner with which the bishop received us, seemed exceedingly kind, and we felt it deeply. We left the excellent bishop at eight o'clock next morning on our way to Anagni. Half-way we came to a fine convent, where the brothers served us with an excellent meal, during which the prior, a Frenchman by birth, told me that the day before, some soldiers of the 97th, drinking in the convent, had boasted of the way they had set fire to my house at Isola, and how they had sworn at the grenadiers who had prevented them from attacking our carriages. On May 15 we left Anagni, early enough to be able to overtake the division by doing a double march. We dined at Val Montone, and slept at

Frascati, getting in very late, and having all the trouble in the world to get anything for supper. The town council, indeed, behaved to me in a very off-hand way, in consequence of which I sent my guard to fetch all the members, and told them they would remain under arrest till supper was served. Four cooks promptly arrived, and at two o'clock in the morning, as I swallowed my first spoonful of soup, I set my hostages free; the joke saved us from having to fast and made us laugh.

It was half-past three when we rose from table; having to be off at four, no one went to bed. We started ahead of the division, and entered Rome as it was striking six. Here I thought that the division would make a stay, but towards evening General Olivier received orders to continue his march on Florence the next morning. At daybreak on the 17th, accordingly, I was in the Piazza del Popolo, engaged in seeing off every corps of the division. When the last troops had left Rome, I went and reported to General Olivier that the troops had gone off with rations as far as Viterbo, and marching orders as far as Siena. I did intend to leave Rome myself on the evening of the next day, but when the time came Dath informed me that all his inquiries had not been able to find a carriage, every horse in Rome that was to be got having been required for the army, and I did not get off till two o'clock on the 19th. We reached Viterbo at noon the next day.

General Cambray was military governor here, and to him I went for authority to get a carriage. He remembered that towards the end of 1793, I had received a commission for service under him in La Vendée, as assistant on the staff, from which Heaven had mercifully preserved me. He replied that I should have a carriage, but on condition that I dined with him, the only good way, he said, of making acquaintance. I could not refuse the invitation, and we did honour to the dinner without appearing to notice the bad style and general disorder of these odd headquarters.

We passed on through Tuscany, and on the 25th I settled the division at Barberino, and went on myself to Florence, where it arrived the next day, leaving for Pistoja on the 27th. At Florence I felt extremely ill, and, attributing it to over-

fatigue, I thought that a hot bath was all that would be necessary to put me right. When they told me it was ready I got into it; it was perfectly cold, and I ought, no doubt, to have got out immediately, but the hope of getting some refreshment from it made me stay in a little while. I came out chilled and breathing with difficulty, and then, thinking that sharp exercise would be enough to restore my circulation, I went on full trot to Pistoja. This only increased the inflammation, and I had to go to bed at once.

Unluckily Chauffard, the dispenser of our division, had to make a report to me, and came in just then to see me, and, finding me in bed, he wanted to prescribe for me. Being as bad a doctor as he was a good joker, he decided that my symptoms resulted only from overheating, and put me on slops and I do not know what potions. Next day I could neither speak nor breathe. I was advised to consult the surgeon-major of the 30th, named Papillon; no sooner had he examined me than he bled me, and pitched all Chauffard's remedies out of the window. His wise treatment checked the mischief, but I remained very ill for some days. On June 5, however, I was able to dictate from my bed the marching orders for the division as far as Modena.

I may mention here that Piquet, with Coutard and the troops from the Abruzzi, had rejoined the division at Florence, after hard fighting with the insurgents, who had entrenched themselves at Introdacqua, into which Coutard was only able to force an entrance after ten hours of slaughter, having even then to make his way through the village under a deluge of paving-stones, fire-brands, red-hot coals, boiling oil, furniture, and bullets. The combat and the passage cost him three hundred men and the loss of all his baggage horses and mules, and all the contributions levied in the Abruzzi for the last six months.

At Pistoja I had intended to call upon General Macdonald, the commander-in-chief, but was too ill to do so. Being unable to understand how I could accompany the army any longer, I sent for the chief physician and surgeon and consulted them on my state. Both declared that I was in no condition to undergo any fatigue, even half an hour on horseback, and that a single

day of hard marching would inevitably bring on a relapse. So they drew up a written statement, upon which the commander-in-chief authorized me to repair to Genoa. I was compelled to recognise that they were right, and that youth and the desire of action would not be enough to save me from serious danger. I had had inflammation of the lungs, a period of convalescence was indispensable, and I had to submit. I took five days to reach Lerici, whence I embarked for Genoa. The easy journey gave me time to recover my strength, youth got the upper hand, and I gradually became able to make up my mind to the pleasure of enjoying life.

END OF VOL. I.

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